Esquire

JUNE
1936

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

ARTICLES

GEORGE ANTHEIL
FRANK SCULLY
GEORGE SELDES
JOHN VASSOS
EUGENE WRIGHT
HARRY SALPETER
ORRICK JOHNS
WILLY LEY
LUIGI BARZINI, JR.
F. GREGORY HARTSWICK
JAMES W. POLING

FICTION

ERNEST HEMINGWAY
MANUEL KOMROFF
ROBERT M. COATES
GOUVERNEUR MORRIS
JIM TULLY
LAJOS ZILAHY
HERMANN B. DEUTSCH
R. H. TORRES
BENEDICT THIELEN

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JOHN SLOAN

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F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
FELIX SALTEN
LYNN MONTROSS
KENNETH MILLICAN

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JESSE STUART

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HAROLD TITUS
PARKE CUMMINGS
JAMES S. KEARNS
T. F. HEALY

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GILBERT SELDES
BURTON RASCOE
VAN WYCK POTTER
FRANK BLACK
MEYER LEVIN
MURDOCK PEMBERTON

CARTOONS

E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
GILBERT BUNDY
D. McKAY
HOWARD BAER
RODNEY de SARRO
PAUL WEBB
GEORGE PETTY
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ABNER DEAN
TY MAHON
SYDNEY HOFF
WM. RIENECKE
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(COVER)

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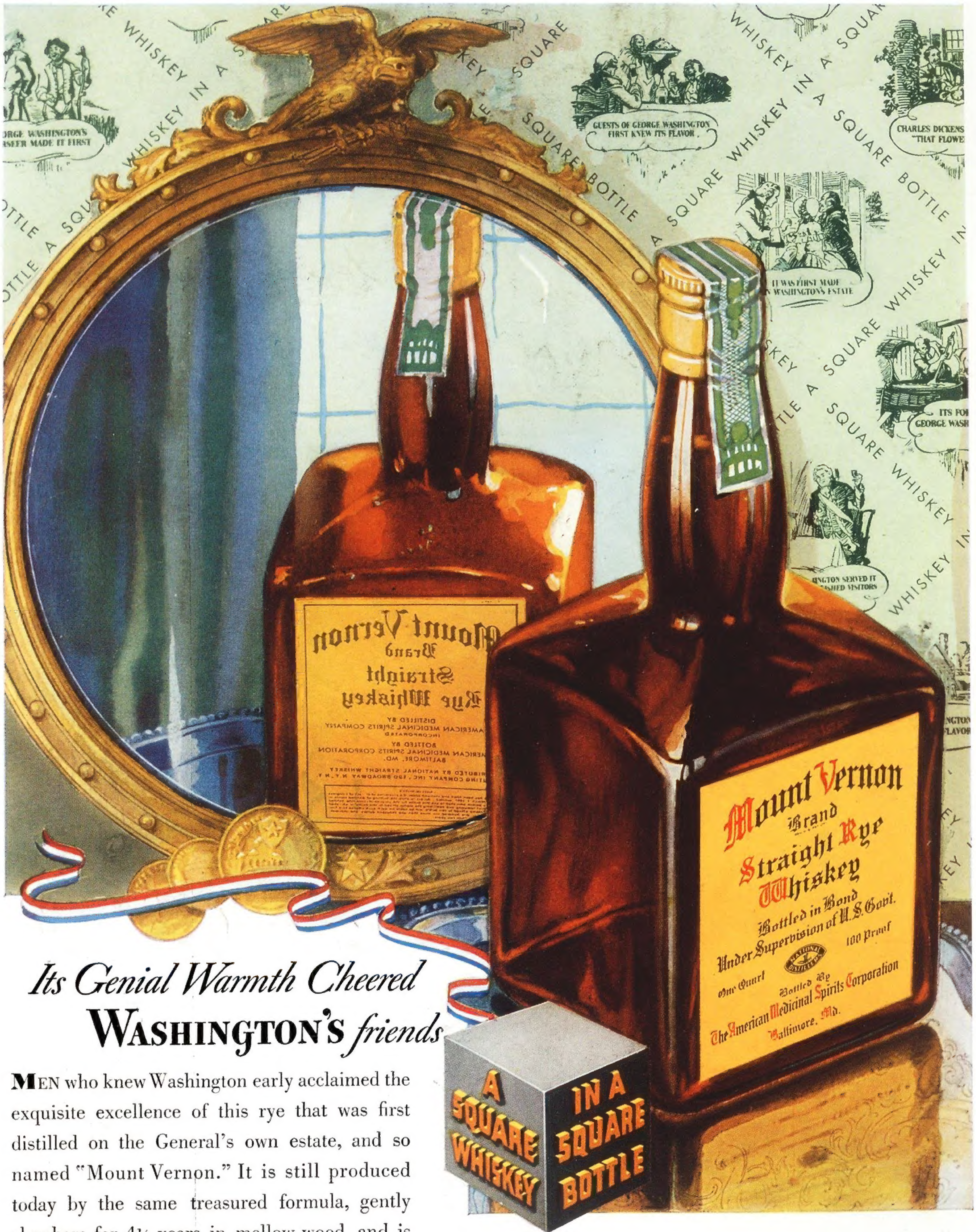
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IN A SQUARE BOTTLE

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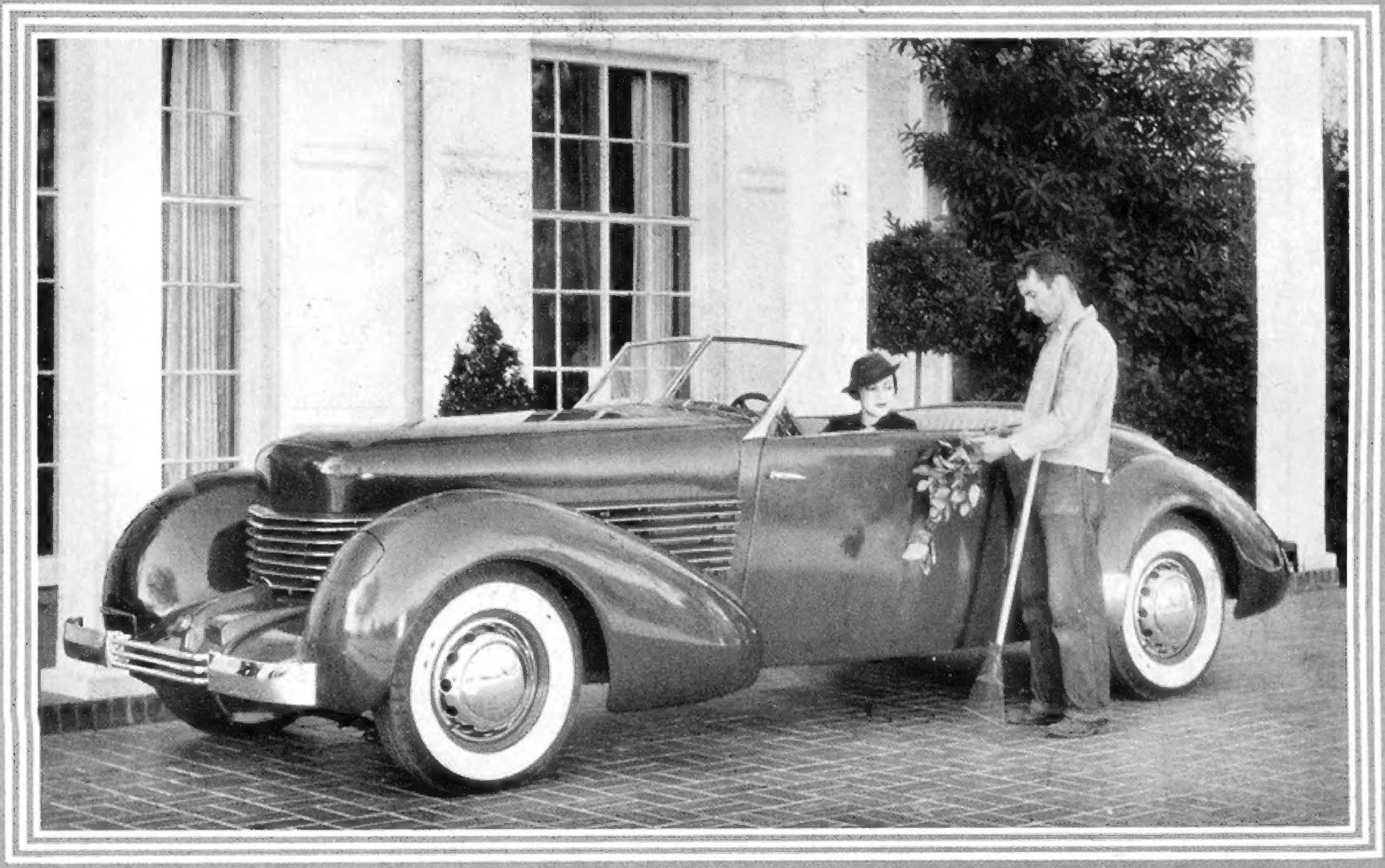

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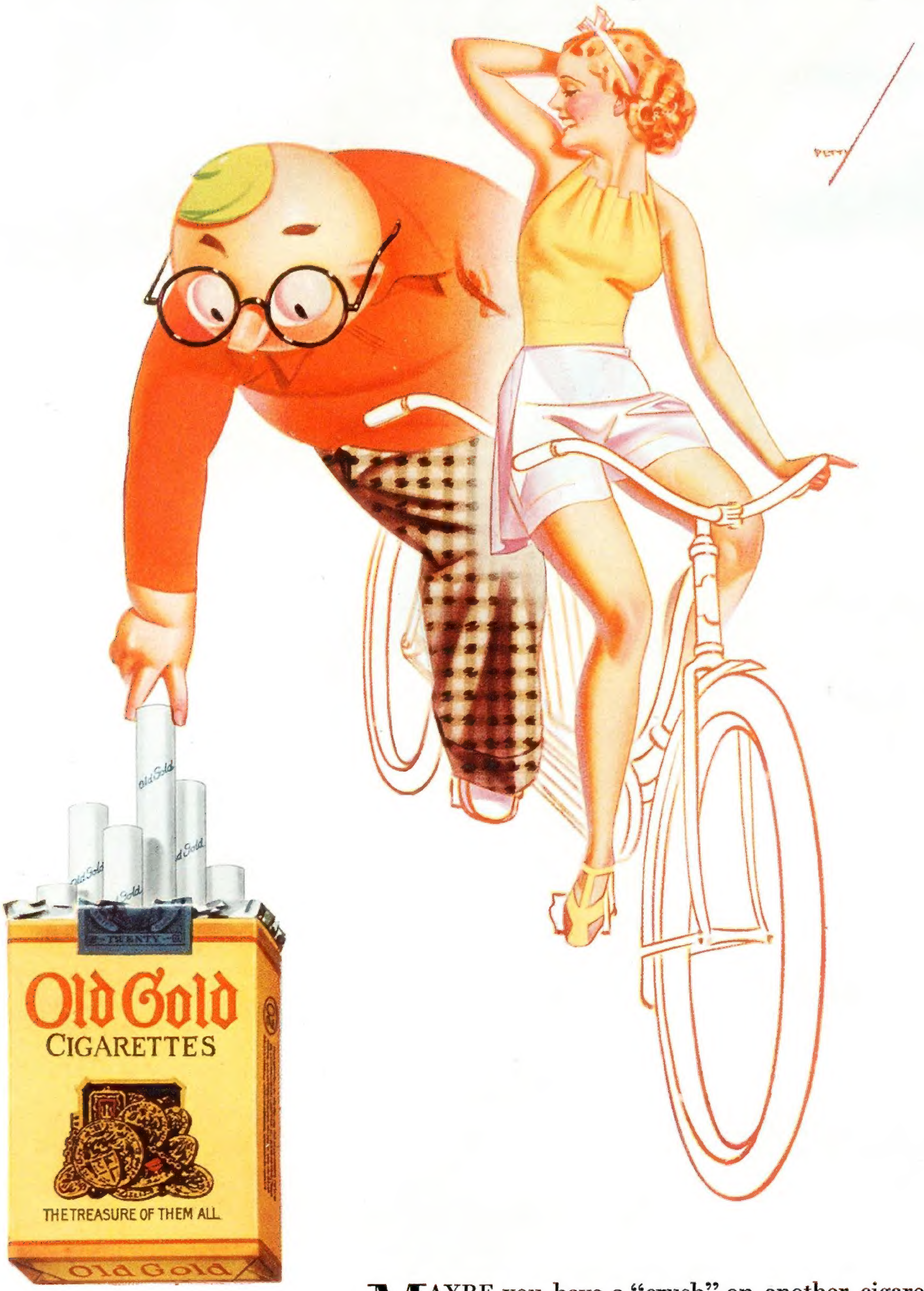
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CIGARETTES
THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL
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JACKETS, *DOUBLE "CELLOPHANE,"* KEEP THEM **FACTORY-FRESH**

Edited
by
Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
David A. Smart
Wm. H. Weintraub

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Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches ....
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Art Director: Eric Lundgren

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous essays is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

On the Scribes and Pharisees

Of all the letters we have had in recent months, none has made a deeper impression than the one from the man who said, "I find no fault with Esquire that I do not find with the age that has produced it." This is at once the only justification and the severest condemnation for those good souls who continue to clutter our daily mail with earnest protestations against Esquire's moral tone, or rather, against its lack of one. These people often prate of the sanctity of the home in imploring us to mend our evil ways. This is annoying on two counts.

First, we believe in the home, along with marriage and babies and books and Bach and fishing and other eternal verities that light our otherwise dreary lives. So it annoys us to see the sanctity of the home presented as a thing so frail that it can withstand no severer onslaught than that of printed pictures. The home whose sanctity will crumble before a few cartoons is a house of cards at best, on which all sympathy is wasted. We'll lay odds that ours would stand a stronger blow than that, yet it would never occur to us to write letters about its sanctity to strangers.

Second, letters of this kind annoy us because they betray a two-fold ignorance, an ignorance of both their subject and their object. Their subject is morality, which consists of living the kind of life you want to live without damaging the lives of others. Morality does not, as most of these letter-writers seem to believe, consist of attempting to remake the world in your own perhaps slightly sour image. But the ignorance of the subject of these letters, morality, is seldom quite so glaring as the ignorance of their object, Esquire.

To condemn Esquire as a wicked magazine is to confess a superficial acquaintance with it. It is to admit that you are jumping at conclusions, that you are prone to pass snap judgments. More than that, it is to class yourself with that naive minority who assume that a woman who uses lipstick or rouge is therefore morally abandoned. You can at least get your face slapped, and perhaps get tossed into jail, if you are consistent in jumping at conclusions like that. The point, not to labor it unduly, is simply that Esquire, like the use of paint and powder, cigarettes and liquor, is a spreading habit that is not, in itself, either moral or immoral. Like these other habits, it is a frankly nonessential adjunct to the adult enjoyment of present day living. It is no better nor worse than the people into whose hands it falls.

The main difference seems to be that those who find the use of paint and powder, cigarettes and liquor, not to their liking are, for the most part, content to leave them alone. But the old ladies of both sexes who find Esquire not to their liking seem determined not to let go of him—they show a strange desire to marry him, presumably with intent to reform him.

By and large, Esquire's cartoons are to its content as a whole about what cosmetics are to a woman's personality—they are a conscious and purposive brightening up of the magazine's face, to appear interesting enough to insure a second look. There's nothing wrong with that. But don't let it fool you. To borrow Brother Antheil's terminology, plenty of A2 and C1 women rouge their cheeks and paint their lips, but it takes more than that, nowadays, to mark the hoyden. To outward seeming, all women of today are cocottes, if you use the standards of another day for judgment. But homes are better run and children better cared for, yes and marriages more honestly preserved, today than ever before. The hand that shakes the cocktail has not necessarily lost either the skill or the desire to rock the cradle. In appraising people, as in appraising magazines, the important thing is not to lose sight of fundamentals and not to be fooled by the superficial.

Esquire's cartoons, beyond which most of the irate letter-writers seem never to have looked, are not meant to be its serious side, but that does not mean that it lacks one. Esquire's cartoons are simply the twinkle in its eye and the smile on its face. But these are characteristics, unfortunately, that the Puritans have always shown chronic inability to appreciate. Puritans for the past two hundred years have been at odds with the age. It would be news if they were not now at constant odds with Esquire.

ESQUIRE
June, 1936
T. M.
Reg.

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Departments, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Central America and South America, $5.00; Canada, $5.50; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Vol. V, No. 6
Whole No. 31
T. M.
Reg.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

MUCH ADO ABOUT SWING

In the many articles dealing with the re-discovery of swing music, which has recently sent the public and critics alike into sustained hysterical orgasms, a number of mistakes have been made. Rather than writing anything of true vital importance to the rag-time cause, most writers, Mr. Smith being one of them, only reconstruct legends and personalities of the past.

When *Honky-Tonk Train Blues* was recorded, it was a good example of the rag of that era. Now, however, it is the rankest corn—because the primary style of rag-time has changed. Compare it, if you will, to the style of rag-time played by Goodman's great band today. Both styles are part of their periods, but the one cannot successfully be compared to the other.

Most published articles dealing with rag-time music and personalities make the almost nauseating mistake of assuming that because certain recordings and men were once prominent in this field they—like the king—can do no wrong. The authors naively keep raving about Rapollo, Miff Moles, and Louie. They were all of them powerful figures of their eras—but only three outstanding men of that school, who were as legendary then as they are now, have kept up on their styles—Teagarden, Goodman, and Adrian Rollini. Bix was the one other man beside these three who could have done it, had he not received the final down-beat.

Choruses on unbelievably ancient recordings, made by the three men mentioned, are as vital and compelling today as they were at that time. Other choruses on these same records are so corny, judged by present standards, as to be laughable. Louie is no more than a walking ghost, and I say this in all due respect. He has been outmoded. Charlie Teagarden and Berigan set the new rag-time patterns which are sweeping the country just now. Few Negroes in this country—even the well-known ones—play the real Southern rag-time. They can't feel it, because their native rhythm consists of a strong four-four beat, while true rag-time stresses the second and fourth beats, changing phrasing and style completely.

The River Rats of New Orleans—a white band—and not the Dixieland Band, as commonly supposed, played the original rag-time, the type that is still good today, jamming such tunes as *Chicken Reel, Turkey in the Straw* and others, which are the real rag-time classics among modern Dixieland men. I imagine this will be somewhat of a shock to the many members of so-called "hot" clubs, which specialize, pitifully enough, in the collecting of utterly corny and sad old records, under the delusion that they are collecting the true essence of rag-time. The contemporary school is the best and lustiest ever to take its place upon the American scene, and contains heights of rag-time never before reached by men of the Beale Street decade.

Sincerely,

Denver, Colo. CHAS. S. SMITH

FOUR PEOPLE CAN'T BE WRONG

I wish to compliment you on having absolutely the rottenest bunch of stories in your magazine it has ever been my displeasure to read. Paying fifty cents for a magazine that is worse than the paper pulp variety in its publications. That gets me.

If it wasn't for Petty, the cartoonist, ESQUIRE *would* be foul. I *thought*, very wrongly it seems, that this was a *man's* magazine. It *used* to be at any rate, somewhere back in '34.

I have faithfully bought every issue for quite a long time now, and as I am no millionaire, fifty cents is something not lightly tossed away. I used to enjoy it thoroughly and recommended it highly but it has slipped, in my mind, so far out of the sun, that each month I say to myself, shall I be a sucker again or not? Well, gentlemen, this is to let you know that the worm has turned and the sucker will not be led to a title again, by his nose.

What's happened to ESQUIRE? I am writing for three friends, who are now with me and I am expressing their sentiments exactly when I say that ESQUIRE is god damned rotten. We want good, snappy, spicy stories and all the trimmings. Dig up some more Petty's. Don't let ESQUIRE die a natural death. Tradition and sentiment scream that you take it out of the dark and put it back in the sun where it belongs. Kick out the feminine influence which is strongly becoming entrenched and give the men back their old ESQUIRE, the only thing that was left to the masculine world until the women insidiously stepped in. If you don't, here are three ESQUIRE hounds you are going to lose, plus myself.

I dare you to print this in the *Sound and the Fury*, and watch the men back me up.

Yours for dear old ESQUIRE,

Oakland, Calif. N. B. P.

P. S.—I'd rather you didn't use my full name if you print the letter, but I mean everything I said and I've got lots more where that came from if you want to hear it.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The foregoing was answered as follows: "We can't believe that you are quite so annoyed with* ESQUIRE *as you say you are. Something tells us that it is just a coy way of making the S. & F. We would be glad to print your letter but it somehow lacks conviction." Admittedly, upon reflection, no model of tact, the foregoing brought forth the following:*

As in regards to your letter of April 4. I have never in my life run across such high handed conceit. Who the hell do you think you are anyway? ESQUIRE Magazine must be some business organization to allow such insufferable prigs to handle things, especially handling the letters and comments of the public.

As to my letter lacking conviction, do you think I sat down and wrote that letter for fun? You might think so, but that letter expresses the sentiments of four people, and we all can't be wrong.

That letter may have expressed things badly, however that is no excuse whatever for the letter I received. All I can say is that that is one helluva way to answer criticism, for an organization that asks for criticisms and ideas on its publications.

We do not give one little whoop in Hades whether or not you print the letter. We wanted to express our ideas on the magazine, and if we could get others to back up our sentiments, so much the better. In that manner we may achieve our object in getting the kind of magazine we like best.

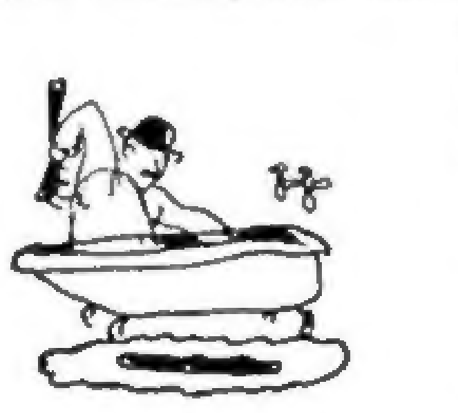
I remain,

Sincerely yours,

Oakland, Calif. N. B. P.

AREN'T WE ALL?

A few months ago, the front pages of the land carried a story that 20 to 30% of us so-called sane, sensible, rational people are border-line-of-insanity types—not cracked enough to be institutionalized, but just about cannily clear-minded enough to hold the franchise of normalcy. The woods are full of these border-liners. I know at least six people who are so skittish—teetering on the brink that a slight headache would be enough to knock 'em off.



Don't look around now, but that quiet, respectable-looking young man who's waiting for you in the ante-room is—er—a wee bit balmy. He has a persecution complex; he is a harassed Atlas and the world is an Old Man of the Sea sitting on his shoulders ready at any unguarded moment to choke his life out of him and take his money away. He's suspicious of everything and everybody. He may live to a ripe, sane, untroubled, old age. But then again, an inconsequential, hair-trigger incident might set him off howling and shrieking in the night, clutching his $8.00-filled wallet tightly to his bosom.

One doesn't know one's next door neighbor and what goes on behind the door of his house, nor the door of his mind. A few days ago I was sitting in the subway reading my paper. Alongside of me was a big broad-shouldered hulk, black beetle-browed, ugly-visaged, nose-crushed and ear-mangled. A pug. I barely noticed him for the first ten minutes of my journey. Suddenly he started talking in a hoarse, rasp-file voice. "Dose guys t'ink dey're smart. Huh! Takin' away an hones' guy's gat-poimit. Huh! I'll get Gallagher to look into it. He'll show 'em. Takin' away a gat-poimit. No rights no more. Huh! Gallagher'll show 'em!" This went on for a few minutes in the same vein. I turned in his direction assuming he was with someone. But, no, he was all alone, talking to the advertising car cards. Punch drunk! At his station he got up with calm decisive dignity, looked neither to right nor left, and, totally oblivious to the entire world, made his exit. I felt an eerie spine-tingling. The fellow on the other side of me looked after him, grinned at me, tapped his forehead and said, "Plain nuts!"

Then you have those queer "Ay-vant-to-be-alun!"-guys. There was that daffy musician who barricaded himself in his room and practiced on his piano for seventy-two hours without food or drink or sleep. I don't know whether the neighbors called out the marines or set fire to the house to rout him out, but when he finally made his reappearance before a waiting world, it was with the nonchalance and charming unconcern of one about to take his dog on a tree-inspecting tour. And, in a more harmless way, there's a chap I know—a level-headed, sane, sensible business man—who has had book shelves and a complete library installed in *le petit* cabinet. Every night, for at least an hour, or an hour-and-a-half or two before bedtime he closets himself therein, ensconces himself on his regal throne—with no serious purpose, mind you—and reads. His wife had one helluva time getting him out at all while he was tied up with *Anthony Adverse.*

They're all around you, these strange birds. Sometimes they're called "eccentric"—that is, when they can mark a cross on a check in a certain way and have the teller count out a cool two or three million. One of these "eccentric" fellows I know of can't take a bath without wearing a derby hat. His story is that a warm bath makes him fall asleep and that he's afraid he'll drown in the tub. So, he wears a hard hat of some sort and when he dozes off, the pressure of the hat on his head against the back of the tub awakens him. Remember, that's *his* story.

One could amble on this way for days. But why bother going far afield when we have some ripe subject matter right in dear old ESQUIRE. Take the April cover—or any cover for that matter. Some of the little fellow's antics are—if one wanted to be kindly—not so bright. If one wanted to be otherwise, one would say he was dropped on his head at a very tender age.

Let's thumb through the pages. Well, there's *The Sound and The Fury!* Let us again be kind and only throw in some of the rest of the words of the original quotation, "told by an idiot, signifying nothing." . . . Thomas Mann's *The Godly Warrior*, has a delightful lad, Hieronymus, who stripped of his mystery, mysticism and symbolism, could be classified as just loco in the coco. . . . Sean O'Faolain's *The Tall Coorter* with its bughouse background started this seemingly endless thing in the first place. . . . F. Scott Fitzgerald, who goes beserk in a nice quiet way, need only be mentioned in passing and you'll just have to draw your own conclusions. . . . George Antheil in his *Glands on a Hobby Horse* blames everything on thyroid-pituitary, adrenal inadequacy and sech (my, my what goin's on!) . . . Amram Scheinfeld's *Interlude, Macdougal Alley* has two of the scarewiest kids that ever walked into print. . . . W. B. Lytton's *I Mix the Drinks* with the two crazy old coots and the extremely sane brat who wouldn't tell whether or not the light in the ice box went out when the door was shut. . . . George B. Anderson's title, *Call Me Crazy* is enough. . . . Van Wyck Potter, that choirboy guy, always going into tantrums and getting madder than a hatter, a march hare and Donald Duck combined. . . . And . . .

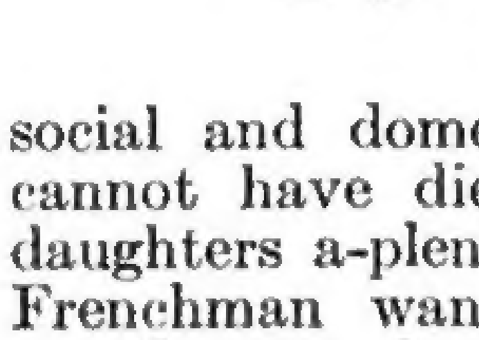
What's that you say? Two fellows in white coats outside for me? Hello there, boys. Put away the strait jacket, I'll come quietly. Cock-a-doodle-do!—I'm a hell-roaring, rip-snorting wild mustang. Yippee!

Very truly yours,

Brooklyn, N. Y. ALBERT COLEMAN

TO THE TUNE OF THE OLD GREY MARE

In your April issue you printed an article which I consider an abominable slander of my sex. I refer to Marcel (whoever heard of the upstart Frenchman anyway!) Desage's *She Is No Longer Faithful If—*. There is only one kind of female who reacts to this perennially delicate though commonplace situation in any of the twenty-five different ways your contributor so pedantically sets forth: and she is the glibberty-gibberty, so-called young modern.



In my day a smart woman could manage at least one affair a year without disrupting her social and domestic routine. This noble breed cannot have died out for those mothers bore daughters a-plenty, God bless 'em! And if your Frenchman wants a *real* problem to test his puerile wits give him one of these. But the conceited nincompoop will never know it is a problem and next month we'll be reading "The Pleasures of Life with a Faithful Wife," or "Marital Bliss with a Wife Who is Faithful" to which the "Faithful" (the whole American army of them) might add if they should read it—"to each one in his turn."

Yours,

New York, N. Y. INDIGNANT VETERAN

Continued on page 8

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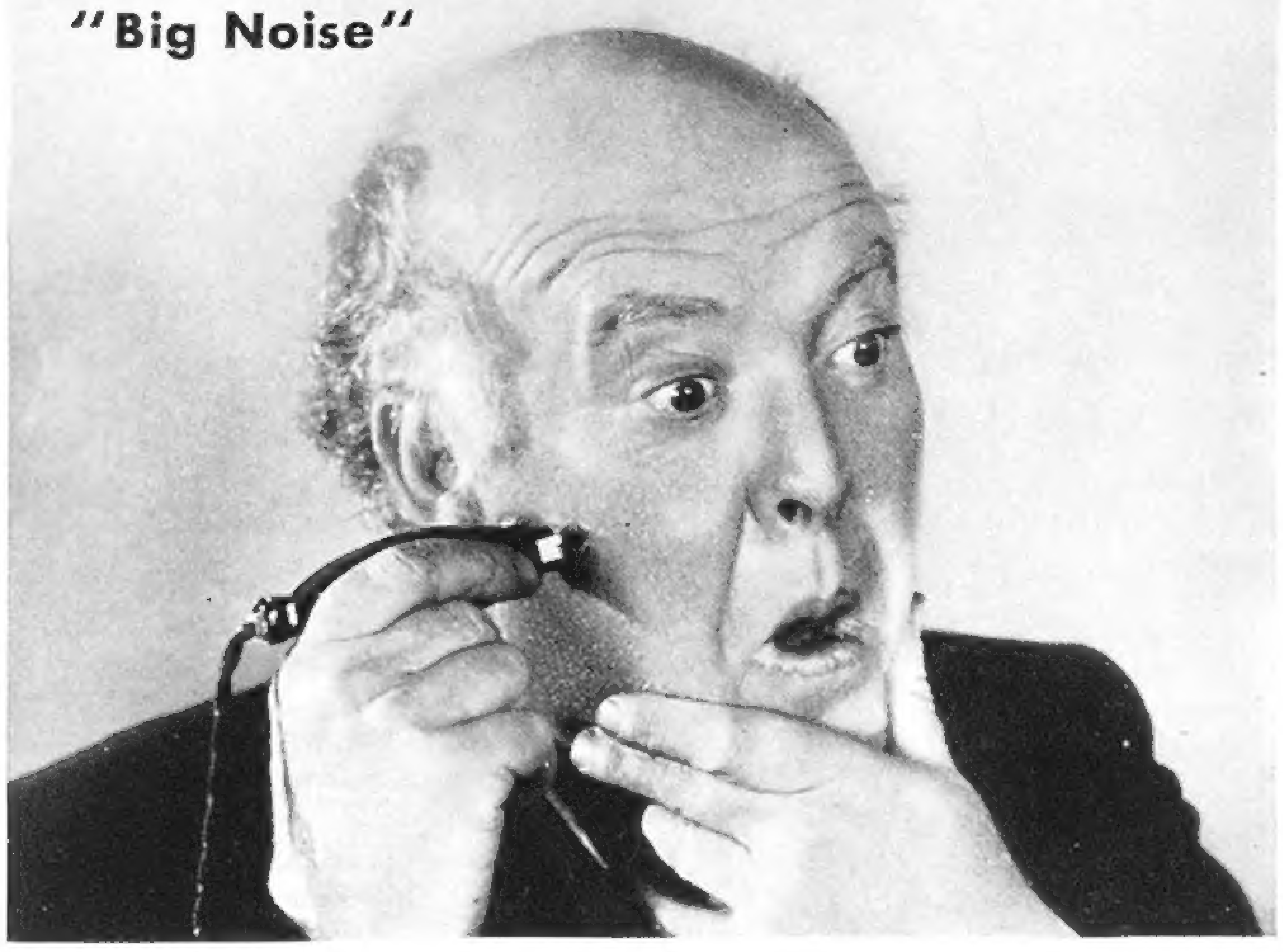

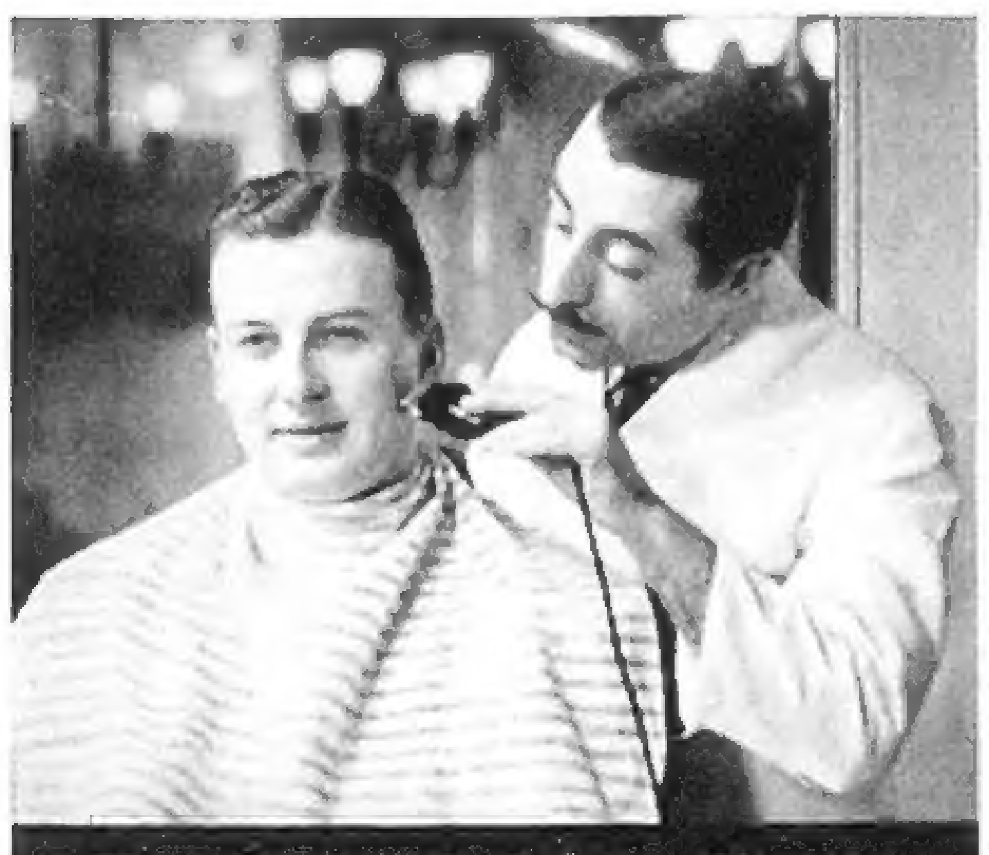

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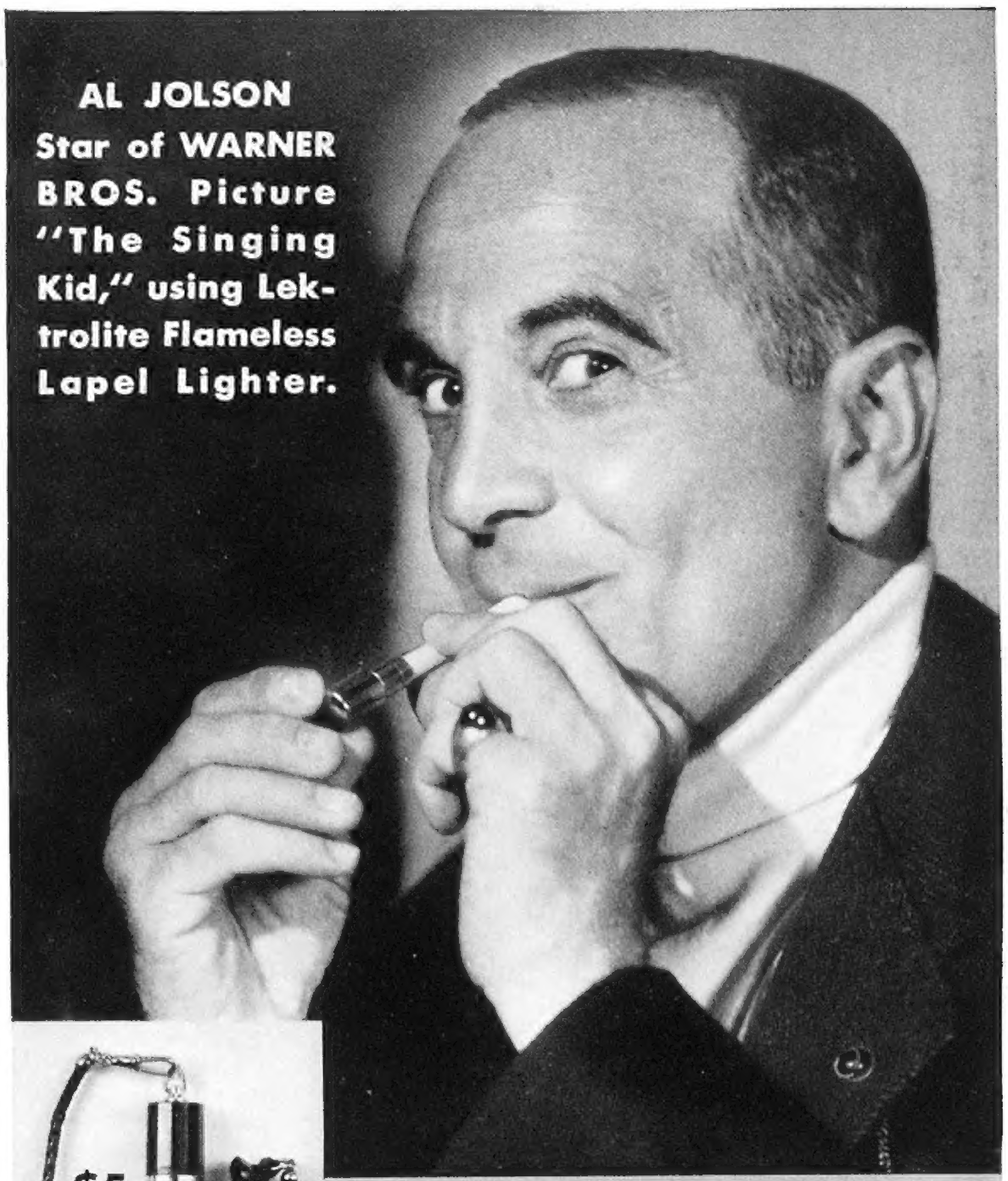


AL JOLSON Star of WARNER BROS. Picture "The Singing Kid," using Lektrolite Flameless Lapel Lighter.

$5

LEKTROLITE

THE FLAMELESS LAPEL CIGARETTE LIGHTER

"Progress Counters" in Department Stores demonstrate these inventions, which have made obsolete, old-fashioned methods of lighting and shaving.

Your nearest big department store undoubtedly has a "Progress Counter" where only the most up-to-the-minute merchandise is displayed.

Go there and see the countless smart models of the Lektrolite Flameless Cigarette Lighter.

Go there and see the Packard Lifetime Lektro-Shaver, with its $200,000 master cutting head, actually demonstrated.

The Hit of Hollywood

Lektrolite Cigarette Lighters absolutely do away with matches, wicks, flints, and other complicated gadgets.

You simply press your cigarette against a magic screen and lo! a gentle glow appears that ignites the tobacco. Flameless lighting gives a cooler smoke and eliminates unsightly stains on fingers, gloves, and teeth. Lektrolites come in numerous brilliantly designed and colored models, ranging in price from $1 to $25.

The Year's Shaving Sensation

The Packard Lifetime Lektro-Shaver has simply revolutionized shaving. It is the only razor that has the $200,000 master cutter with the round head. Because of this amazing device, the Packard gives you a clean, smooth shave every time, without brush, lather, water, or lotion.

The Packard is as much an advance over ordinary mechanical shavers as the latter were over old-fashioned razors and blades. Created early in January, Packards are now selling by thousands weekly.

See these remarkable precision shaving implements at the "Progress Counter." Their price is $15. But remember, they last a lifetime; save their cost in blades in a very short time.

IF YOU PREFER, ORDER BY THIS COUPON

The Progress Corporation, 1 E. 43rd Street, New York City. Dept. E-E-6

Enclosed find check___money order___for $___, for which please send me___Lektrolite Flameless Lapel Cigarette Lighter ($5); ___Packard Lifetime Lektro-Shaver ($15)

NAME________________ADDRESS________________

CITY________________STATE________________

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

JUST IN CASE ANYBODY STILL CARES

I have decided to put in my nickel's worth and give you my ideas on what I considered to be some rather fancy problems. If you print this, I give you full permission to edit as you see fit—there has been altogether too much repetition on these already.

First, there is the ubiquitous problem whose solution hits you hard, about the chap who never got his due desserts. *A* was murdered; *B* and *C* were arrested for questioning because of several reports by eye-witnesses. *C* admitted the crime; the act was premeditated murder by a sane and legally responsible man; yet no sentence of death or other punishment was made in the trial subsequent to the admission, and today *C* walks the streets in freedom. Why could not *C* be punished? There is no hidden catch in the wording, no legal technicality involved.

I might as well mix these up a bit. An army, forty miles long, marches forty miles during the time it takes a rider to leave the front, ride to the back and deliver a message, and return to the front. How far does the rider ride? It isn't 40 or 60 or 80—oh no! You have to get out the algebra on this one.

If there is anyone who hasn't heard the following in one form or another, I shall be surprised. A tank has three spigots at the bottom. The first empties the tank in fifteen minutes; the second, thirty; the third, forty-five. How long will it take the tank to drain if all three spigots are turned on at once?

Here is a sum in addition where letters have been substituted for the figures, and it has the advantage of being easy to remember when you spring it on the boys down at work tomorrow:

SEND
MORE
MONEY

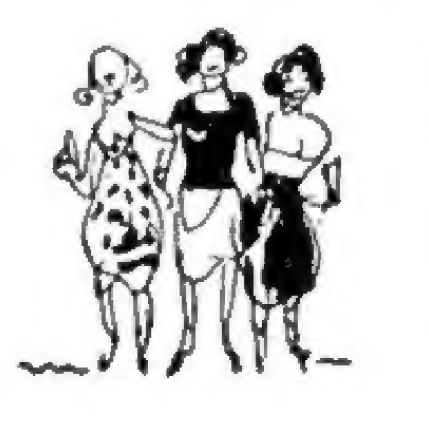
I'll wind up with the story of the lifer in the penitentiary who spent his whole life arranging the thirteen spades, so that when they are held in the dealing position, the first played upon the table, the second put at the bottom of the pile, the third played, and so on, they will come in proper sequence. Can you solve this problem with pencil and paper?

Yours very truly,

Chicago, Ill. Joseph Nease Guelich

BYE BYE PORK PIE

Nobody asked me—the door was open, so I walked in. It was the *Sound and Fury* that attracted me.



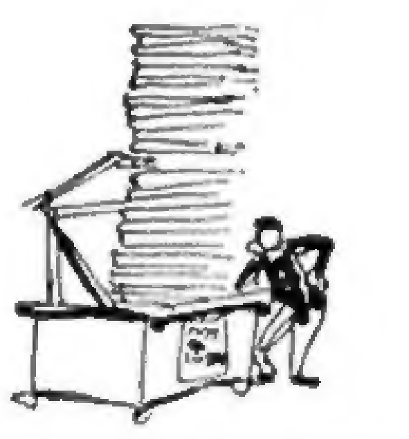
I've been looking over the boys that collect in this department for months—since it opened, in fact—and I've been more than a little impressed with their bright young faces and their pleasant tolerance for the next fellow's foibles. I've noticed a few of the grum lads, too—like R. Larkin of San Francisco—with their mutterings and mumblings about smut, obscenity, salaciousness, filth, dirt, vulgarity, pornography and nastiness. Mr. Larkin is an old friend of mine—not as an individual, but as a type; the kind of man that is forever bothering himself with the question "But is it in good taste?" After he decides that point, he laughs, or is entertained. Most of us simply laugh without thinking about whether we ought to or not. If what causes us to laugh or to be entertained should be a mite on the shady side—what of it? It doesn't hurt us overly much, and some of us live to reach a ripe old age. Let's just ignore Type Larkin. He'll go 'way if nobody pays him any attention.

What has astonished me is the number of gels coming in through the windows and the cracks in the walls. I was certain that we could expect the ladies, particularly when Esky put up that large sign—"For Men," but I hadn't counted on the horde that turned up, squealing and yelping sharply that the boys couldn't get along without them, the dears. Don't for a moment think I object, because I don't, and really like them around, provided they're good-looking. But I hope they won't mind if I chuckle when they tell us their preferences in styles for men. I'm alluding to the "Five at Smith," of course. No doubt they did a thorough job in cataloging their likes and dislikes—their Composite Man smacks a great deal of Princeton '37 (No offense, Nassau—I'm merely telling the girls what their ideal sounded like to me)—which makes it all the more incomprehensible to me that they should hold the derby hat in such low esteem yet be able to say a good word for the pork-pie hat, considering both of them from the standpoint of appearance. Unquestionably, the derby is a ludicrous looking hat and it's the rare man who can wear it with an air, but no man can place a pork-pie on his noddle, at any time and in any circumstances, without immediately assuming an ineffably comic aspect, which was probably why Rube Goldberg put that type of headgear on his character Boob McNutt. Perhaps the "Five at Smith" never saw a man in a pork-pie, outside of the drawings in Esquire, otherwise they would have had placed that ridiculous top-piece on their black list, together with the iron hat.

Good luck, Esky,

Hempstead, N. Y. Capt. Glenn Barchet

STRANGE GRATIFICATION



I only want to advise that you are evidently kidding yourself with your entire magazine. From the letters in the front which you pretend to be written by your fans, to the inane and senseless trash appearing as articles, fiction, and satire, your entire copy is becoming month by month more innocuous. It is a gratification that there seems to be less and less demand for it at the news stands.

Elimsport, Pa. Frederick S. Lee

Editor's Note: *Net paid circulation for January, 426,061; February, 427,996; March 440,730. . . .*

REUNION IN ESQUIRE

I read slowly, which explains why I have just finished the June, 1935 issue of Esquire. But it doesn't explain my unprecedented action in writing an editor—so I go into the matter a little deeper.

The June issue is fair—neither better nor worse than preceding copies. One learns what to expect. The same glaring paper that irritates aging eyes—the same slop from Hemingway and kindred hacks—the same moronic guff that makes one wonder what's cockeyed with readers who part regularly with good money for your monthly overdose of pure piffle.

But to get to the point, Mr. Editor. I refer to that story, *The Perlu*, and insist that something is wrong—somewhere. It sounds familiar. For three days and nights I have racked the old cerebrum in a vain effort to track this plot down. Dostoyefsky? No, I don't think so. Maupassant? No—well maybe, but—

Anyhow, Mr. Editor, I'll take my oath that I have read that tale before, and it was not originated by a man named Harmon. Do investigate, and report to an anxious member of your faithful clientele what's what. Will you, please?

Sincerely,

Philadelphia, Pa. J. K.

Editor's Note: *Next year, when you get around to the issue for July '35, you'll find out all about* The Perlu. *Meanwhile, Fitzjames O'Brien? Maupassant? Bierce?*

PROOFROOM APOCRYPHA

Some of the members of the editorial staff of this paper who read, and enjoyed, *An Unidentified Man*, by R. B. Sullivan in your April issue, wish to call attention to the poor copyreading on page 126, third column, in which Mr. Sullivan says, "I have worked on papers which absolutely forbid (forbade?) a comma in a head. . . ."

But that is not the main reason for this note.

We all rise in righteous indignation when Sullivan attributes the famous "Jerked to Jesus" head to the Chapman hanging. The writer has been around newspaper offices since years prior to that date and the "Jerked to Jesus" head was one of the first he was told about.

Contemporary with it was the head written over a story about a couple eloping in a balloon which read "Hi-diddle-diddle." Also of the same vintage is the head over a story of a man who fell into a sewer, which read, "Interred Alive."

No one in the office will admit having ever seen these heads in type but all agree that they have been traditional examples offered to cubs for centuries—or maybe it only seems that long.

Sincerely,

San Antonio Express C. E. Good

Editor's Note: *Sit down! Mr. Sullivan simply said that he* (*had*) *worked on papers which* (*presumably still do*) *forbid a comma in a head, etc.*

GLAND GAME: KICK-OFF

So George Antheil has gone and done it! Put two and two together, I mean, and caught an answer, an easy solution, to the difficult, and too, too, divine problem of how us gals tick inside.

Glands, is it? You, Mr. Antheil, have us figured down to the last "accented canine, slightly inclined toward red-brown coloring." If we should happen to wear man-tailored suits, pseudo, snap-brim felts for Spring, and tipped, wing-tipped, brogues as we pass, you'd say we are either type A or A2—posing as sports women. And then, if we, in our capricious way *did* shampoo our hair (and who in hell does her own hair these days?), fluff out our bangs, leave the girdles home, wear something soft and revealing, you'd say we are all fluffy thymus-es. Well, reahlly, Mr. Antheil, you should look into things a little deeper. You admit that we can work wonders with cosmetics—change ourselves—chameleon-like to suit our whims, and look like hyperthyroids, when all the time we're just little post-pituitaries, dying to be womanly and motherly. But you say a gal will, sooner or later (assuming, of course, that we don't allow you to whip out your magnifying glass and go to work—certainly not—you snake!), give herself away, gland type and all, by her walk. Ah! But you overlooked something, dear Mr. Antheil. Ever hear of a woman sizing up her men and acting accordingly? How do you know that you, sitting there nursing your Pernod in the spring sunshine, weren't spotted by every gland-type you and your associates can think of? How do you know that Miss Printed Silk—ah short—ah blonde—ah-hah! full-chested!—didn't see you first? I bet she changed her expression, her rhythmic, graceful walk, and stopped blushing. I bet she had it all planned out—what she'd say to you, I mean—when you asked her up to see you etch—no, I won't say it—it's been said before—too often.

See? I'm afraid you're on the wrong track—just haven't got us figured at all—glands or no glands. There isn't a gal alive today who doesn't know what a man—any man—even if he does sip Pernod—is *going* to think about. She has her answer to him—to anything at all—ready to pop out—just in case. She can change her whole personality in one bat of one eye-lash—quicker. And, as ever, as always she can (if she's "pleasant, open, comrade, pal"—of course—see C-1) tell you what's going on in your own analytical mind and change herself to suit.

But it's all right. I like you Mr. Antheil. In fact, I think you'd look real cute sitting on the piano at a party.

Love and kisses,

LaGrange, Ill. Louise Clarke

SALES-TALK WHERE MONEY TALKS

It isn't a habit of mine, this writing to magazines, and I don't suppose this letter will ever see the light of day; but some of those that do in *The Sound and Fury*, absolutely make my blood boil. *S. and F.* is, in my opinion, one of the outstanding features of the magazine.

To those who write in, griping about this, that, or the other—why do you bother to read the stuff if you don't like it? There are one or two things about the mag. that I don't like; but when I stop to realize that a 30-minute taxi ride costs $1.50, a 2-hour movie 60c, and enough fairly decent liquor to have any effect sets me back at least $2.00, I consider myself damned lucky to get the five or six hours entertainment that I get from Esq. for the sum of five dimes (plus sales tax). And no matter how much of it you dislike, there should still be 50c worth of anybody's money left. After all, such a *library* couldn't be all bad; and I can say for myself that I'm always optimistic enough to read every word, from cover to cover—even the prices of articles I don't intend to buy; and so far, I have failed to find anything to warrant a real kick.

With highest approbation,

Cincinnati, Ohio Bobby Vogt

ARTISTS CAN'T SPELL

Can't Esquire, alert enough to discover R.B. Sullivan's *An Unidentified Man*, hire a copyreader for Sarro's art? Or maybe aspirin really is spelled "asperin"—I don't know, I'm not a copyreader. We liked the essay, though. Hereafter, there may be two copies of Esquire in the city room, one besides Charles W. Lawrence's, which *everybody* reads.

Cleveland Plain Dealer Randall Brown

Continued on page 180

He's sowing the seeds for Four Roses

IN A FEW MONTHS, this field will turn to gold, with rich, firm grain waving in the summer breeze.

The best of the grain will go to Frankfort, to be used in making Four Roses Whiskey. *But it won't go to Frankfort right away.*

For Frankfort insists that all the grain that goes into Four Roses Whiskey must be properly aged. After the harvest, the grain must be seasoned—till the moisture is gone and the grain has the hard, flinty soundness necessary for fine whiskey.

There's a good reason for this fussiness about grain. Our 70 years of experience have taught us that, when the goal is really *great* whiskey, the most painstaking care is necessary every step of the way.

This care is evident in our adherence to the slow, costly *old-fashioned* way in which we distill the straight whiskies that go into Four Roses. And most of all, it is evident in the careful, skillful way these straight whiskies are blended so as to give to Four Roses the outstanding virtues, not of one whiskey alone, but of *several!*

So you see it's not an accident that Four Roses is the glorious whiskey it is. We've been making whiskey since 1865—and we honestly believe that Four Roses is the best we or anyone else has ever made. One sip—and you'll know Four Roses is the whiskey you've been looking for.

* * *

Four Roses
A Blend of Straight Whiskies

Frankfort Distilleries, Louisville & Baltimore, make Four Roses, 94 proof; Paul Jones, 92 proof; Old Oscar Pepper, Mattingly & Moore, both 90 proof—*all blends of straight whiskies.*

Send 10¢ in stamps to Frankfort Distilleries, Louisville, Ky., for "Irvin S. Cobb's Own Recipe Book."

WASHINGTON WALKS THE BOARDS

The Capital takes the spotlight — the news boys break from their beats

When a French gentleman named Pierre L'Enfant, with traces of Louis-period prejudices in his architectural system, took the job of laying out Washington, the jingoists, plainly, were asleep. No one protested the foreign invasion.

Or perhaps it was — as Gertrude Stein figured it was — that America deliberately tucked its capital out of sight, out of mind. And so Washington, remote from life at the cross-roads, slept quietly and rose slowly by the Potomac until about the time a gentleman from Hyde-Park-off-the-Hudson came to town . . . and Power was being generated on the Potomac.

To the nation's papers, to the New York Herald Tribune in particular, this meant more go-out-and-get-it Washington news. Washington of red-hot political dinners. Washington of the gossip columns. Washington where a Tennessee farmer's plight shook the House to its foundations and drew $44 from its private pockets before dignity and decorum could recapture the Speaker . . .

• • •

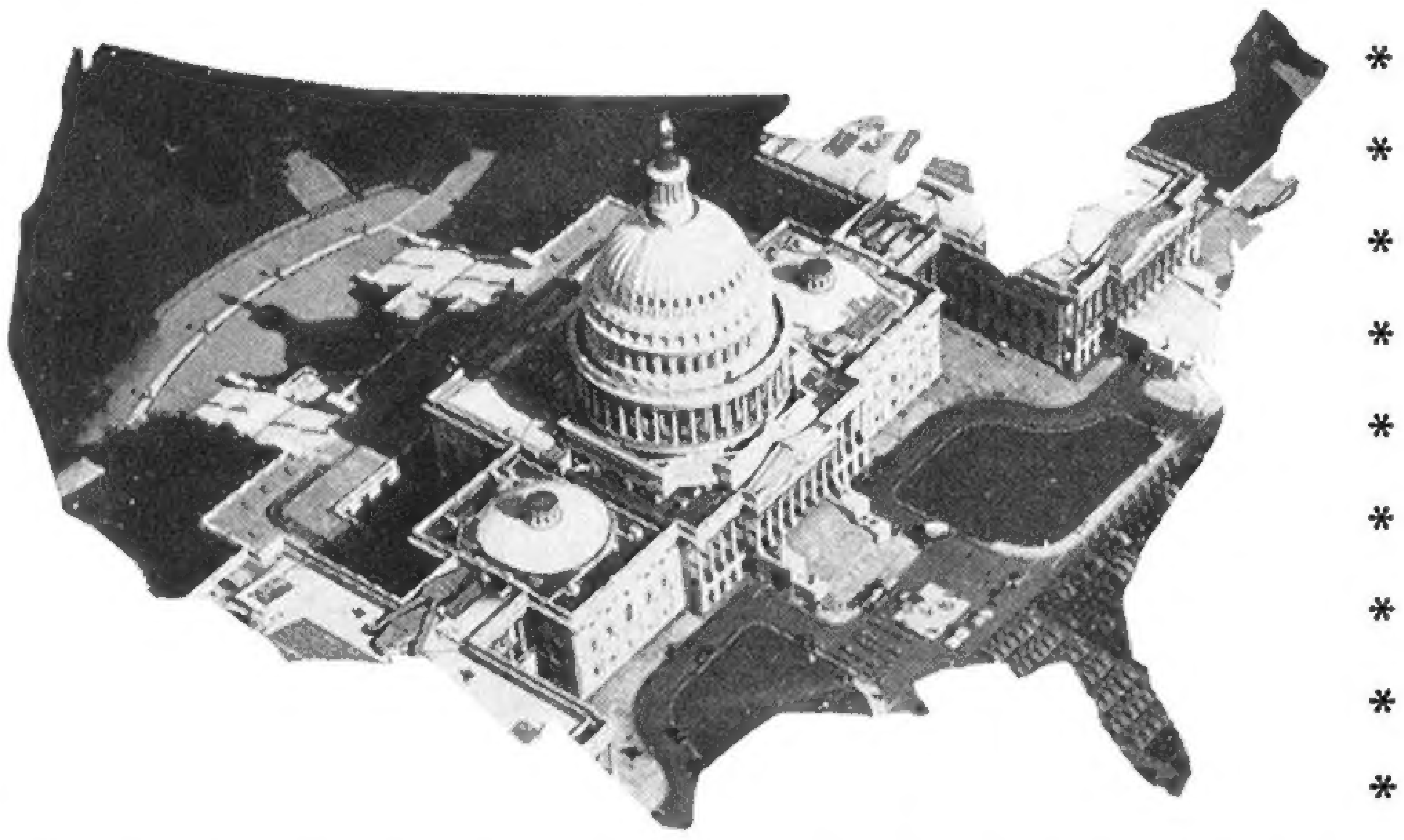
In the National Press Building is a Bureau run by a man named Albert Warner. Years ago the New York Herald Tribune plucked him off Capitol Hill at Albany for its bureau at Washington, because he was a hard-plugging, efficient political news-getter. Today if you want to see him you can look for him in any one of the more than two hundred seventy five buildings, office and otherwise, that now constitute the seat of your government.

Here we rise to a point of interest: Washington, newspaperly speaking, used to be covered by the beat system. You were a White House man, a State, War and Navy man, a Justice and Treasury man.

But at this writing, Washington is being scoured by a battery of Herald Tribune news men. Not the largest, but very probably the ablest staff of Washington men . . . each picked for a specialty, but trained for general duty. For example, there is Lindley...

Ernest K. Lindley, with two famous books on Roosevelt on his record, took the temperament and the mind of a scholar to Washington — combined it with the speed of a news-story-getter. He roams all Washington...gets his news where he—or *it*—is.

Then there is O'Brien — John C. — once an Ansonia school teacher, once reporter in Hartford, in Denver, on the great *New York World*. Before he ever got to Washington O'Brien was put through every phase of political news-ferreting . . . at New York City Hall, at Albany. He's the Herald Tribune's eyes-on-the-White-House man — at the moment travelling with the President.



There's a man named Kintner — Robert E., one of the youngest, one of the few who ever graduated directly from the Stock Exchange reporting to Washington. His big job is to get financial news in a capital where almost every legislative proposal or executive order or judicial decision now carries news for the financial world.

• • •

Of necessity, a Washington news man still covers a beat. But a beat can make a copper of a reporter and the routine which makes the former flat-footed can make the latter low-geared. Today, no Herald Tribune Washington man spends his time on the Capital's routine news. His job, now, is getting the cream of what Washington produces . . . and there is plenty. He circulates the city. He connects, regularly, with other Herald Tribune men on other beats, other angles of the same or tie-in stories. He snares an idea — *any*where, *any* place — and his story grows out of it.

There is also a new Herald Tribune figure doing the Washington Watch, but far removed from the traditional political reporter. He is a *magna cum laude* man. Joseph Alsop's by-line became famous when he spent six weeks at Flemington doing local color. He has an Alsop patent on a fast-reading, half-humorous, half-satirical, always-pertinent style of news-writing. Here is Alsop sending a new brand of Washington news . . .

> WASHINGTON — Senator Kenneth McKellar, an old-fashioned Democrat with a stalwart appreciation for the beauties of his native Tennessee, repulsed the recent dastardly attacks on the new Memphis dog pound with great energy in the Senate today.
>
> The dog pound, a luxurious structure where the Tennessee metropolis's strays pass three happy, cosseted days on their way to eternity via the gas chamber, was a W. P. A. project costing $19,000. In a splash of what Senator McKellar could only conclude was wanton partisanship, Republicans have held up this canine Versailles as an example of government extravagance.
>
> Senator McKellar believes that nothing is too good for Tennessee, and he works so hard at making his belief come true that not long ago he was able to hold a convention of McKellar appointees that crammed a Memphis auditorium to the doors. Consequently he was shocked to the core of his being by the hard words about the Memphis dog pound, principally uttered by Senator Daniel O. Hastings, Republican, of Delaware.
>
> Chivalrous Senator McKellar voiced the hope that Senator Hastings would never be bitten by a mad dog, but that was about all the good he could bring himself to wish him. Senator Hasting's sally against the dog pound only showed, Senator McKellar declared, to what extremes partisanship could go.
>
> It was evident from the moment McKellar entered the Senate chamber this morning that something important was afoot, for he had on his ceremonial black coat, striped trousers and black, white-braided waistcoat . . .

• • •

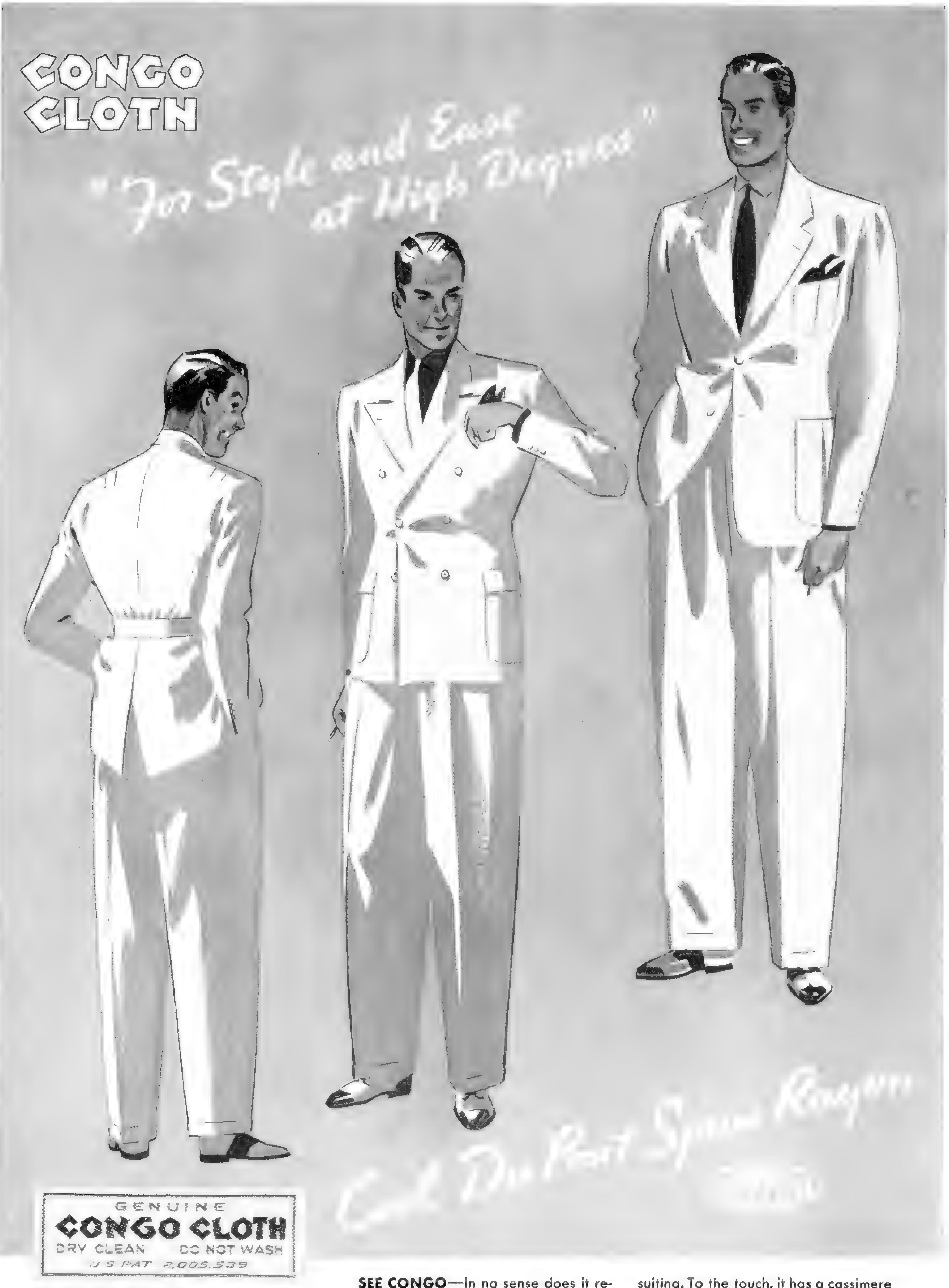
Warner, Lindley, O'Brien, Kintner and Alsop are a few of the stars who staff the Herald Tribune's Washington Bureau—prototypes of the news-getters who also man its London, Paris, Berlin and Moscow Bureaus, its outposts in Tokyo, Shanghai and points East and West.

There is only one qualification for all these men: they are all Herald Tribune-trained newswriters, schooled in economizing their words but not their efforts.

• • •

Within the next 200 days will be written the next chapter in American political history. It will have new facets, new faces, new forces. It will have color and it will have mud. It will have a new school of political reporters taking it down and writing it up. Get your facts, your color and your thrills from that leading morning newspaper where *all important* Washington news is written by its own staff.

In a word, keep your Washington Watch these next exciting months through your New York Herald Tribune.


CONGO CLOTH
"For Style and Ease at High Degrees"
Cool Du Pont Spun Rayon

GENUINE
CONGO CLOTH
DRY CLEAN DO NOT WASH
U S PAT 2,005,539

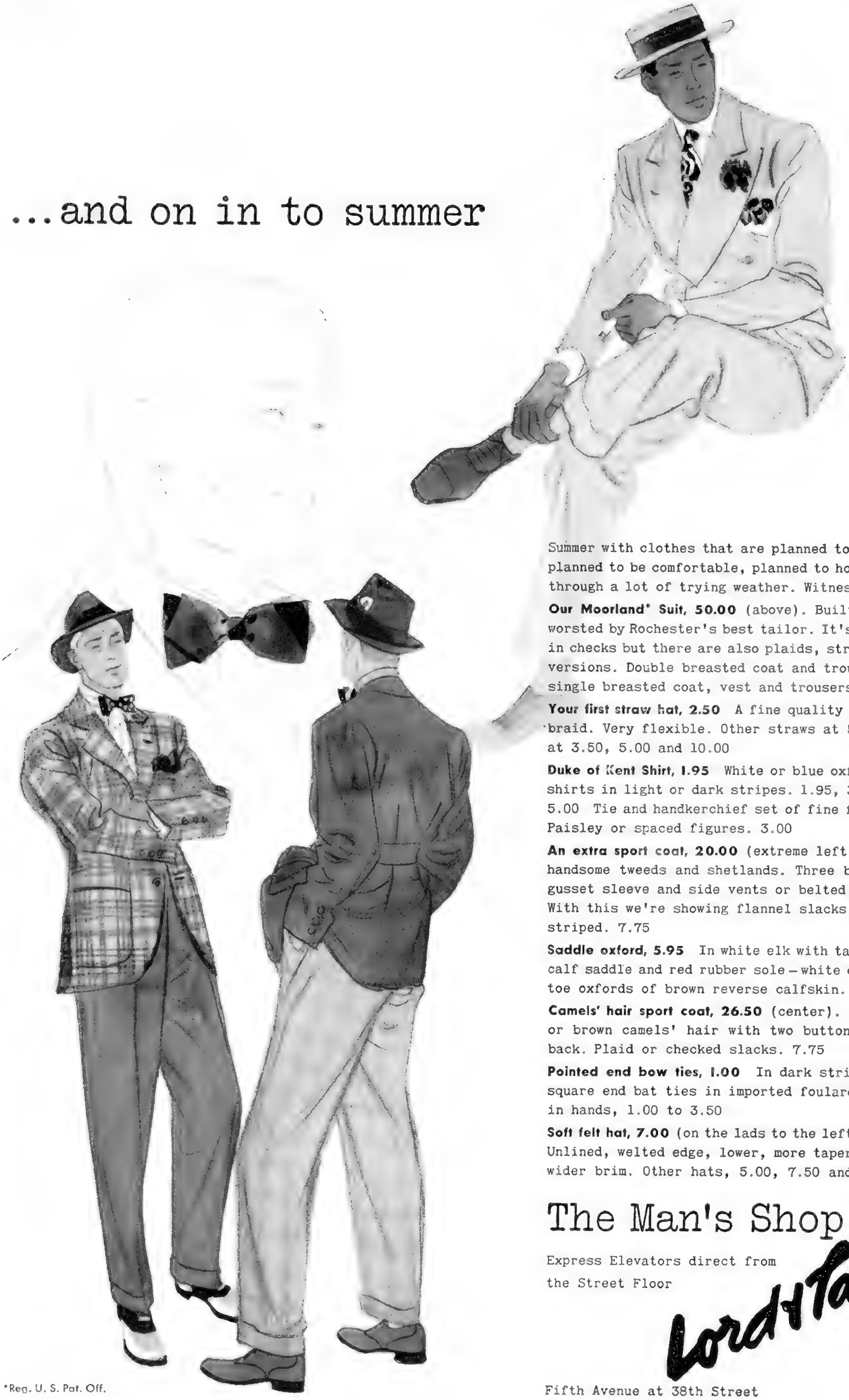
LOOK FOR THIS LABEL. It is your assurance that your suit is made of genuine Congo Cloth—a fabric original by BRAND & OPPENHEIMER, Inc., 229 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

AN OPPY B&O BRAND FABRIC

SEE CONGO—In no sense does it resemble the summer suitings of the past. This masculine fabric, woven of Du Pont's famous Spun Rayon, possesses tailoring substance long needed in summer suiting. To the touch, it has a cassimere quality; to the eye, a frosty luxurious glow.★Don't buy until you have seen the varied array of Congo suits—now shown in men's shops from coast to coast.

ADVERTISEMENT BY DU PONT RAYON COMPANY, EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY

...and on in to summer



Summer with clothes that are planned to be cool, planned to be comfortable, planned to hold their shape through a lot of trying weather. Witness—

Our Moorland* Suit, 50.00 (above). Built of tropical worsted by Rochester's best tailor. It's sketched in checks but there are also plaids, stripes and plain versions. Double breasted coat and trousers or single breasted coat, vest and trousers.

Your first straw hat, 2.50 A fine quality flatfoot braid. Very flexible. Other straws at 5.00 Panamas at 3.50, 5.00 and 10.00

Duke of Kent Shirt, 1.95 White or blue oxford. Other shirts in light or dark stripes. 1.95, 3.00, 4.00 and 5.00 Tie and handkerchief set of fine foulard. Paisley or spaced figures. 3.00

An extra sport coat, 20.00 (extreme left). Really handsome tweeds and shetlands. Three buttons with gusset sleeve and side vents or belted back. With this we're showing flannel slacks. Tan, gray or striped. 7.75

Saddle oxford, 5.95 In white elk with tan or black calf saddle and red rubber sole—white eyelets. Plain toe oxfords of brown reverse calfskin. 7.95

Camels' hair sport coat, 26.50 (center). In natural or brown camels' hair with two buttons and belted back. Plaid or checked slacks. 7.75

Pointed end bow ties, 1.00 In dark striped foulards—square end bat ties in imported foulards. Four in hands, 1.00 to 3.50

Soft felt hat, 7.00 (on the lads to the left). Unlined, welted edge, lower, more tapered crown and wider brim. Other hats, 5.00, 7.50 and 10.00

The Man's Shop

Express Elevators direct from
the Street Floor

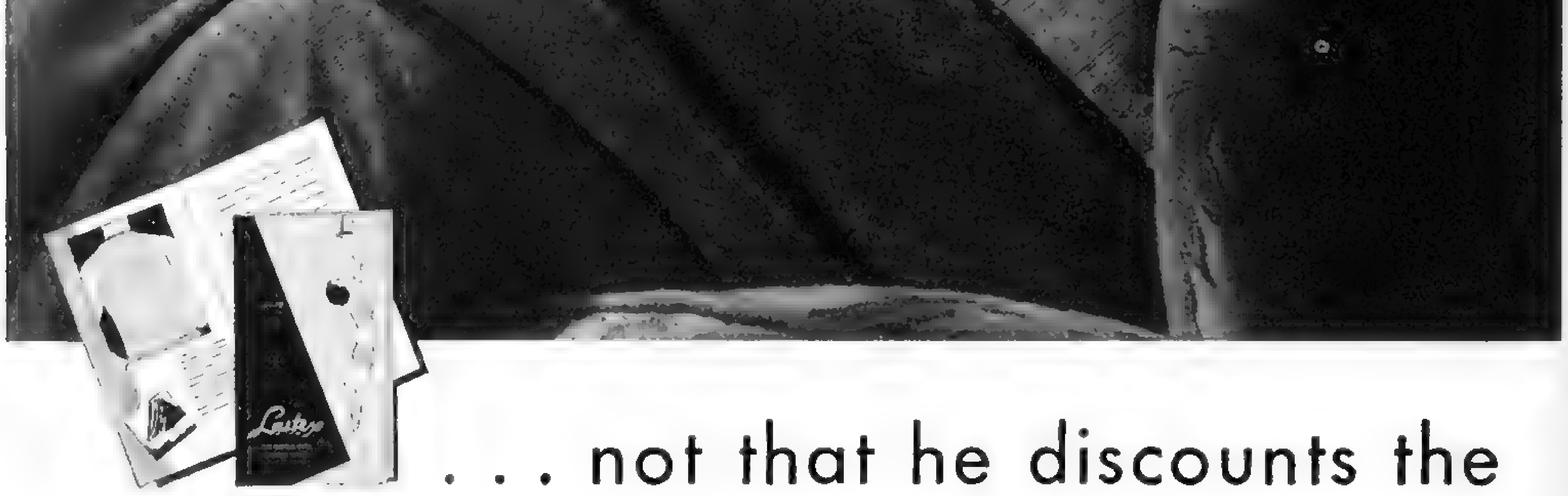
Lord & Taylor

Fifth Avenue at 38th Street

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

IT'S A *Man's Idea of Comfort*

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR M



. . . not that he discounts the better fit and smarter appearance

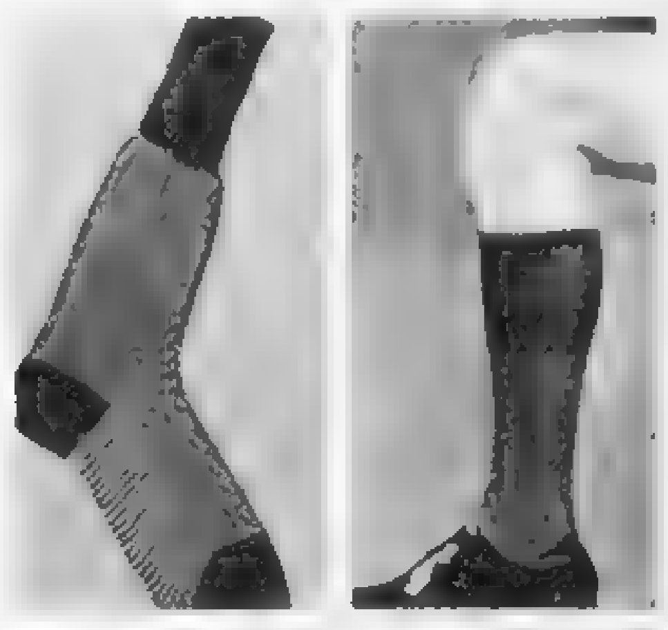
More and more men are adopting this form of style and comfort insurance. They know the modern wonder story of "Lastex," The Miracle Yarn that makes any woven or knitted fabric stretch to suit the masculine curve—and yet yield easily to every motion. Every item of men's apparel, for business, dress or sport is made to fit better, look smarter, feel more comfortable, and last longer, with the "Lastex" touch. It doesn't change the appearance, washing, pressing, cleaning or other usages. Hence the easy-riding pajamas, no strings. Super-smooth shorts, without buttons. Hat bands that conform to the head. Shoe laces, tied only once. To tune in on this national broadcast of smartness with comfort, just ask the stores and tailors you know to get it for you, made with The Miracle Yarn. Or drop a line about your requirements to "Lastex," 1790 Broadway, New York.

Lastex . . . THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

COMFORTABLE
VEST BACK

Thanks to the stretch of "Lastex," the vest back molds to your torso like a glove—yet yields easily to every breath. No gadgety strap or buckle are needed.



SELF-SUPPORTING
SOCKS

All well-known hosiery makers offer these "Lastex" toppers, in a wide variety of styles, lengths and materials. Write your own ticket.

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

THE TEE-OFF SHIRT in the New York Manner. Self herringbone pattern in new imported weave. Colors, bunkertan, canary, wine, navy, azure, cordovan, white, green. Small, medium, large. $3.50. Mail orders sent postage prepaid. Address Dept. E5

WEBER and HEILBRONER
1457 Broadway, New York

A NEW STOP LIGHT!

MAKE 'EM SEE RED

You jam your brakes on for a sudden stop. This little red lantern SWINGS back and forth, catching the eye of the driver behind you and stopping him with all the authority of a New York traffic cop.

Price, $10.75 complete

Ready for immediate installation on any model car. Mail orders only. Send check or request C. O. D. shipment.

PARK AVENUE ACCESSORIES CO.
438 West 37th Street — Dept. E-1
NEW YORK, N. Y.

MIRACREME

For a Miracle
BRUSHLESS SHAVE

A cream so smooth that it makes your razor glide easily! So rich that it is effective at once! Gives you a quicker, cleaner, closer shave! And after shaving, the cream that remains on your face acts as a balm and a lotion . . . refreshing and soothing. MIRACREME is the ideal brushless shaving cream.

15 oz. Jar **95c** 8 oz. Jar **59c** 5 oz. Tube **39c**

If ordered outside our regular package delivery area, please enclose 15c extra for postage. Sorry, no C. O. D's

BLOOMINGDALE'S
Lexington at 59th, New York, N. Y.

Marconiphone

PORTABLE
AUTOMATIC
Radio-Phonograph

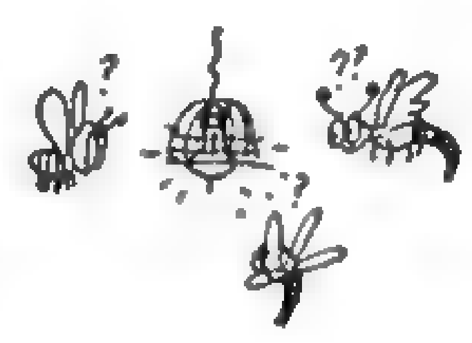
Write for Folder No. 35

A sensation! Changes even 12-in. records automatically and will repeat. Superheterodyne radio, dynamic speaker, built-in antenna, record-carrying compartment. AC - DC Operates closed. Complete. Perfect. Hear it!

Dealers Write

MARCONI BROS., *Incorporated*
679 MADISON AVE. (61st ST.) NEW YORK
42nd St. Branch just East of Fifth Ave.

Our enthusiasm is unbounded for what is apparently a boon to mankind. We are impatient for the arrival of summer. For years, all attempts to enjoy a perfect summer night in the open—unmolested—have been nipped in the bud by mosquitoes and other flying pests. This promises, now, to be a thing of the past. A simple invention, taking advantage of the innate weakness of these nuisances to fly into lights, is the solution. We're told that it isn't curiosity that accounts for insects seeking light, but something called phototropism. Poor bugs, they can't do anything about it. The invention we mentioned above, before we became involved in this scientific thesis, looks somewhat like a small bird cage, and is occupied by an electric bulb, in place of a silver-throated warbler. It's screwed into a light socket on porch or terrace, and nature directs these abominable pests to their destruction by electrocution.



If you've ever absent-mindedly stepped under the shower or fallen into water with your wrist-watch on, and have had to pay a watchmaker for reconditioning your timepiece, you'll appreciate a new, water-proof wrist-watch. It also has an added shock-proof feature that enables it to withstand careless dropping. Just to make it complete, it's a self-winder-upper. You just give it a few shakes now and then, when you think about it.

A motor-driven exerciser, which combines the beneficial body movements of rowing, swimming, cycling and horseback riding, will take care of your avoirdupois with no effort on your part beyond a recognition of the superfluous poundage and the energy to mount the contrivance and turn a switch. It's a bicycle without wheels, in appearance, and it may be regulated to the proper speed for your personal, physical condition.

If you have a weakness for devices that perform a variety of functions, here's one that should please you no end . . . a wrist watch that not only serves as an accurate time-piece, but may be used as a stop watch, showing time in seconds and fifths of seconds. Wait, there's more. As a telemeter, it measures the distance away from the observer of light or sound, and it computes immediately the number of miles per hour of a moving object. It was originally developed for the Italian government. Those who follow the many sport activities in which time is so important an element should appreciate it.

The "Battling Bettas" have received more than a fair share of publicity. We referred to them last month, and here we are, again, with occasion to mention these piscatorial gladiators. They've "made" the electric lights of the Great White Way. Surrounded by other colorful, tropical fish, they flicker and flash in the huge neon sea of a spectacular electric sign advertising a nationally known brand of chewing gum. Some idea of the size of this elephantine aquarium may be gleaned from the dimensions of the angel fish, which is forty-two feet from nose to tail. He's two inches long in his natural haunts. Howdja like to play him, Mr. Hemingway?

Pooch-pamperers should hasten to equip their cultured canines for rainy days. Designers of clothing for dogs present a trench-coat with all the authentic trappings, and made of an appropriate fabric. The coat comes in the usual Mex to Mastiff range of sizes.

Here's another item for the dog. A shock absorber, placed between the dog's leash and collar, relieves the strain of sudden jerks. Whether dog or master gets the break depends upon the size and temper of the hound.

Gentlemen SAVE your HAIR

• Stop the self-torture of brushing, baking, greasing and rubbing preparations into your scalp. You are neglecting nature's primary law of cleanliness by allowing the pores to clog with impurities. • Renowned scalp and face specialist of Europe and America, with fifteen years experience in successfully combating premature baldness and grayness by dissolving crusty scalp accumulations.

• For those to whom our salon is inaccessible, a two-treatment package of Prana Compound and Shampoo is available at $2.50. Private floor for gentlemen. Male operators. Consultation free. VOlunteer 5-7944.

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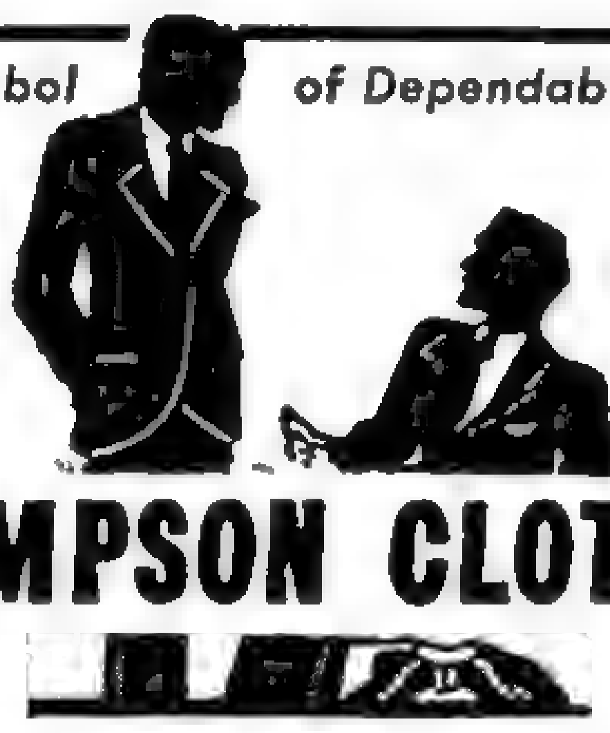

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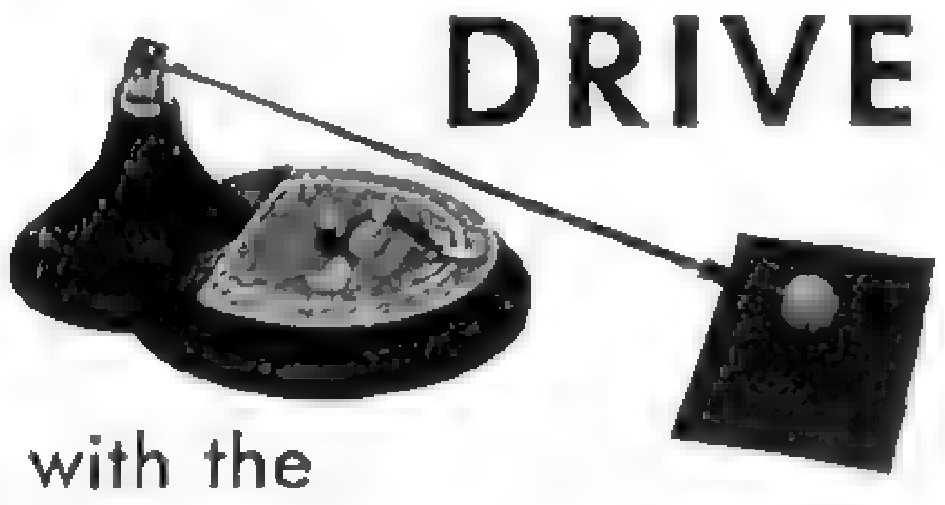

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As you ride, you are conscious, of course, that the trip is smooth. But after 500 miles, you'll be downright amazed at the lack of fatigue you feel.

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Your nearby Chrysler dealer cordially invites you to get acquainted at first hand with the greatest luxury in travel today . . . the spacious roominess, the scientific economy, the unmatched safety, the glorious ease and comfort of the world's most modern motor car. Accept his invitation to ride in an Airflow Chrysler.

☆ CHRYSLER SIX . . 93 horsepower, 118-inch wheelbase, $760 and up.

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†Standard on Airflow Imperial. Available on all 1936 Chryslers at slight additional cost.

All prices list at factory, Detroit; special equipment extra.

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RADIOBAR—the perfect combination of a Smart Cocktail Bar equipped with the latest 1936 PHILCO Radios, complete with glassware, bar accessories, etc., $99.50 up. See your nearest PHILCO dealer or Radiobar Co. of America, 60 Warren St., New York and 7100 McKinley Ave., Los Angeles.

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It's different! The sturdy streamlined Ebner Camera—slick and rounded to drop into the side pocket or purse. Not a protruding gadget on its entire surface. Takes 16 exposures 1⅜ x 2½ on a regular 8 exposure No. 620 film. Has F4.5 Lens in Compur Shutter. Special price $17.50. WILLOUGHBYS 110 W. 32nd Street, New York

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Inspired, no doubt, by the pre-prohibition bar decorators, who utilized soap and mirror as mediums of expression, an extremely modern, circular mirror is decorated with equally modern art. In this case, however, the artistic creation is permanent.

Fountain pens have reached a high degree of efficiency and self-sufficiency. The old, finger-soiling, soul-exasperating pen is a relic of bygone days. There's one, now, that makes its own ink. A concentrated ink cartridge is placed in the pen, which will last about a year. All you do is refill it with water, in the orthodox manner, when it runs dry.

Far more interesting than the old family album is a new book of photographs compiled from the work of both amateur and professional bulb pressers. It covers a vast variety of subjects, and, we promise you, it's a treat.

From Yonkers—the northern boundary line of New York City, where America begins or ends, depending on your viewpoint—comes the germ of an idea. It seems that the Junior Assembly of that much-maligned Westchester area designated as "Esquire Night" an evening meeting at which this entirely feminine organization permitted the appearance of escorts. We heard about it, and felt we'd be delinquent in our duty if we failed to pass along the party possibilities it suggested to us. We're practically in the season of week-end house parties, Saturday night country-club dances, and resort hotel-gatherings, when inspired suggestions which will contribute to the general conviviality of these occasions are at a premium. Modest, eh what? At any rate, shipwreck parties, kiddy parties, treasure hunts, and the usual costume affairs fade into pale insignificance in the face of the possibilities of an "Esquire Night" with all hands appearing in their versions of ESQUIRE cartoon characters. For example—there's Webb's mountaineer, Hoff's old boy in the union suit or night shirt, and Campbell's sultan, sailors and navy officers. For the ladies, of course, there's Petty—but keep it clean, gals! And you might dig up some ideas from old issues that even we have forgotten. This Department offers its assistance (for what it's worth) in aiding and abetting the efforts of those who may agree that this is somethin'.

What amounts to a driving range on your own grounds, or even indoors, is a meter-like mechanism to which a steel spring arm, with a golf ball at the end, is attached. Set up wherever you have sufficient room to swing a driver, the meter registers the distance of your drive.

Hobbyists, bitten by the collecting "bug", manifest interest in the most surprising of objects. It seems that the book-match collectors have grown in number to a point where they're something to be reckoned with. For their special needs, an album has been produced which is constructed so that both sides of the match-container are visible. We'll trade a "coupla" Ex-Laxes for something more pictorial—or what have you.

If you're afraid of being set afire while you slumber—equip yourself with an automatic fire gong. It goes off of its own accord when the temperature reaches 130 degrees.

Appreciating men's national acceptance of the Tyrolean hat, particularly for country and sport wear, a shoe manufacturer has produced a companion piece of footwear. It was designed by one of the greatest European craftsmen, and is best described as a cross between a ski boot and a moccasin. It's made of reversed calf and has a scow-shaped toe, and for all its definite design is the essence of comfort. It looks like a big year for yodelers.

CHAMPAGNE

Great Western is the only American Champagne to win gold medals in Europe and the coveted Diplome d'Honneur. Made by the true French method of slow fermentation in the bottle. Great Western Still Wines are of outstanding quality and Great Western Vermouths make superior dry or sweet cocktails. Ask for Great Western at bar lounges and package stores. Write for latest literature, address Pleasant Valley Wine Co., Dept. E-66, Rheims, N. Y.

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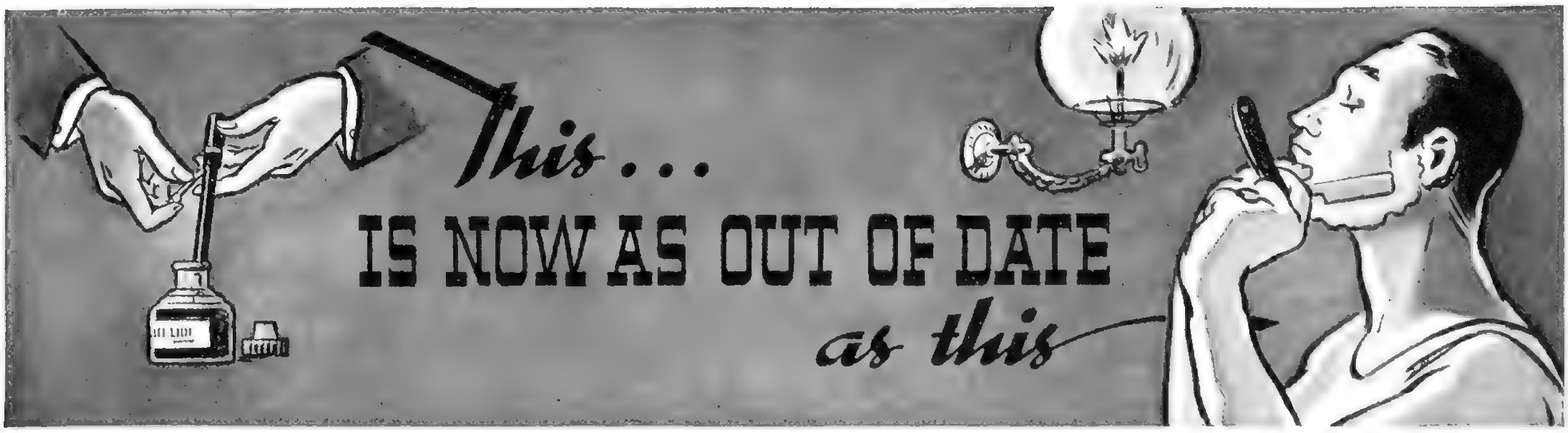
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IS NOW AS OUT OF DATE
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CAMEL . . . the *modern* pen . . . makes its own ink!

Camel finally frees the fountain pen from the bondage of the ink bottle. All you have to do is fill it with water and write! Any faucet is a filling station.

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When the Camel ink cartridge is used up, simply replace it with a new one in a jiffy and you won't even have to look at an ink bottle for another year!

Ask your dealer to show you this revolutionary new fountain pen. Compare it in every way with the ordinary fountain pen regardless of price—then consider the convenience of being able to refill it with water *anywhere, anytime,* of never having to bother about ink—and you'll want to own a Camel!

Every Camel Pen is sold with an absolute money back guarantee of satisfaction. If your dealer is not yet supplied, you may order direct. Use the convenient coupon below.

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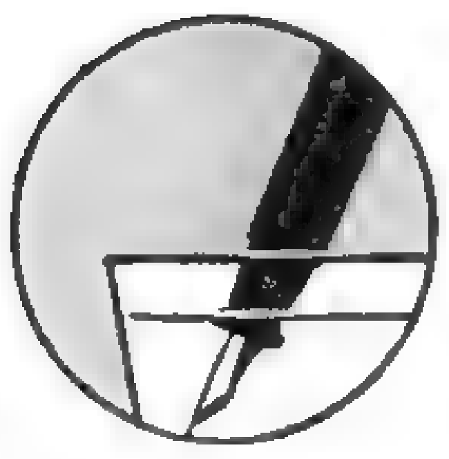
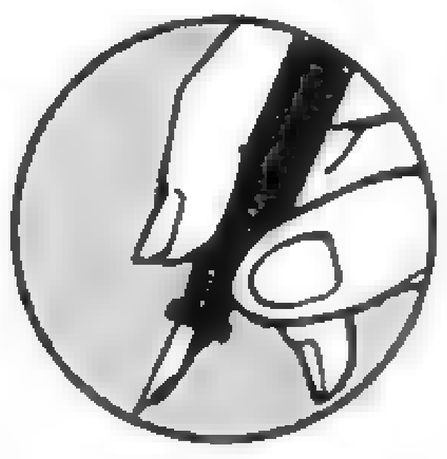
THE CAMEL PEN

makes its own ink

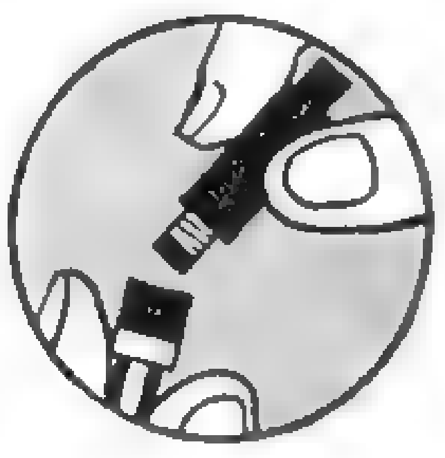
Immerse the point in water, fill like any ordinary pen



Write . . .



About once a year, replace the ink cartridge. Refills cost only 50¢



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Fill with water
CAMEL
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Enclosed is check ☐ or money order ☐ for ________Camel Pens, regular, @ $4.00; ________Camel Pens, extra size nib, @ $5.00.

Color preference ☐ black ☐ gray ☐ burgundy ☐ brown ☐ green Point preference ☐ fine ☐ medium ☐ coarse

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The coolest heads in town will choose STETSON Straws and Panamas this Summer at Young's 29 Smart Hat Shops. Young's introduce these smart Summer hat creations with exclusive "Ventilated" and "Featherlight" features, embodying "Kushon-fit" leathers for easier fitting.

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A new idea, convenient, good looking, easy to use. Hold 126. Postpaid 60c East, 70c W. of Mississippi River. You'll like them.
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You'll be amazed at the ease with which you can completely baffle your friends. You need no skill to start. We furnish everything. Prices 25c to $50. Free catalog.
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Hotel New Yorker, 8th Ave. & 34th St., N. Y.

If you're that way about cheeses, your nose knows, and you need no guidance from us. While it may seem like gilding the lily, Cheddar cheese in port, blended imported cheeses in sherry, and Stilton in port are treatments which make good cheeses even better. Gourmets turn to gourmands when faced by these delicacies. You may buy a set of three bottles—a nice gift for those who are cheese-conscious.

Avid ESQUIRE readers, whose only complaint is that the weight of the issues on their laps is conducive to "charlie horse", or some such muscular malady, can overcome the difficulty by providing themselves with a bridge lamp that is equipped with a magazine or book-holder. An arm, attached to a sliding collar on the shaft of the lamp, juts out with the necessary music-rack sort of arrangement. It works well alongside of a bed, too.

Recipes for the more or less popular cocktail concoctions adorn all manner of articles associated with polite imbibing. We've seen them on trays, shakers, jiggers and what not, but we've seen none so complete and compact as a new pencil which carries forty different sets of ingredients, each listed alphabetically, and brought into view progressively by merely turning the end in the usual patent pencil manner.

A combination lamp and fan is new evidence of the combiner's ingenuity. The lamp follows the usual floor style in detail, and has both direct and indirect lighting possibilities. The fan is noiseless and points its breeze to the ceiling, giving sufficient circulation to be effective. A direct breeze may be had by removing the shade and swinging the fan at right angles to the shaft of the lamp.

We don't suppose you need to add zest to your drinking, but here's a novel element that might be introduced. A set of eight frosted glasses—in cocktail, old fashioned and highball sizes—are available with the various countries' respective equivalents for "here's how" applied in color. You can drink successively—skal—a votre santé—cheerio—prosit—a su salud—salut—and a couple more, if you're still standing.

At last—a desk set that is not too ornate to be used appropriately in a man's office. It's made of stitched saddle leather, and a perfectly round, drum-shaped saddle leather waste basket, lined in red, is available to complete the set.

Those who find that the usual-sized dinner plate cramps their style in the full enjoyment of a lobster, will find solace in an individual platter, designed for lobster-lovers, and decorated with lobsters in bright red on white china.

Sea-going fittings have a fascination for most of us, even if we are not actually salty yachtsmen. Book-ends of brass, using miniature running lights, a ship's bell and a ship's wheel as decorative motifs, have this appeal.

Since we don't live in England, we can wear the regimental colors of crack British regiments on our ties or straw hat bands without someone giving us the dog-eye. The pleasing combinations of regimental colors have been used in the decoration of tie holders and cuff links. They're done in enamel, and are much less expensive than their appearance would indicate.

A brushless shaving cream of unusual excellence, manufactured on the French Riviera, promises to be not only perfect for its natural purpose, but is an after-shaving emollient as well. Its base is olive and almond oil. The Greeks found the use for it.

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$5 each for Graduation Gifts
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"Next to myself, I like B.V.D. best!"

For summer comfort... for summer coolness... and for *summer smartness*—the perfect answer is B. V. D. And for this tropic summer of '36 B. V. D. suggests shirts and shorts, union suits and pajamas, in its new "Zephyr-Cool" fabrics—fabrics that let the body breathe—fabrics as cooling as your morning shower, as refreshing as the *long one* at the 19th hole.

It points with pride to the smartness, the coolness and the versatility of its "Ruggers"—the new shirts for golf, tennis and country week-ends. But Mr. Freeman's colorful sketches tell the story better. And remember—every item bears that guarantee of quality—the three-lettered, red-lettered B. V. D. label. Look for it.

THE B. V. D. CO., INC.
EMPIRE STATE BLDG., NEW YORK
Also made and sold in Canada.

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BEST RETAIL TRADE.
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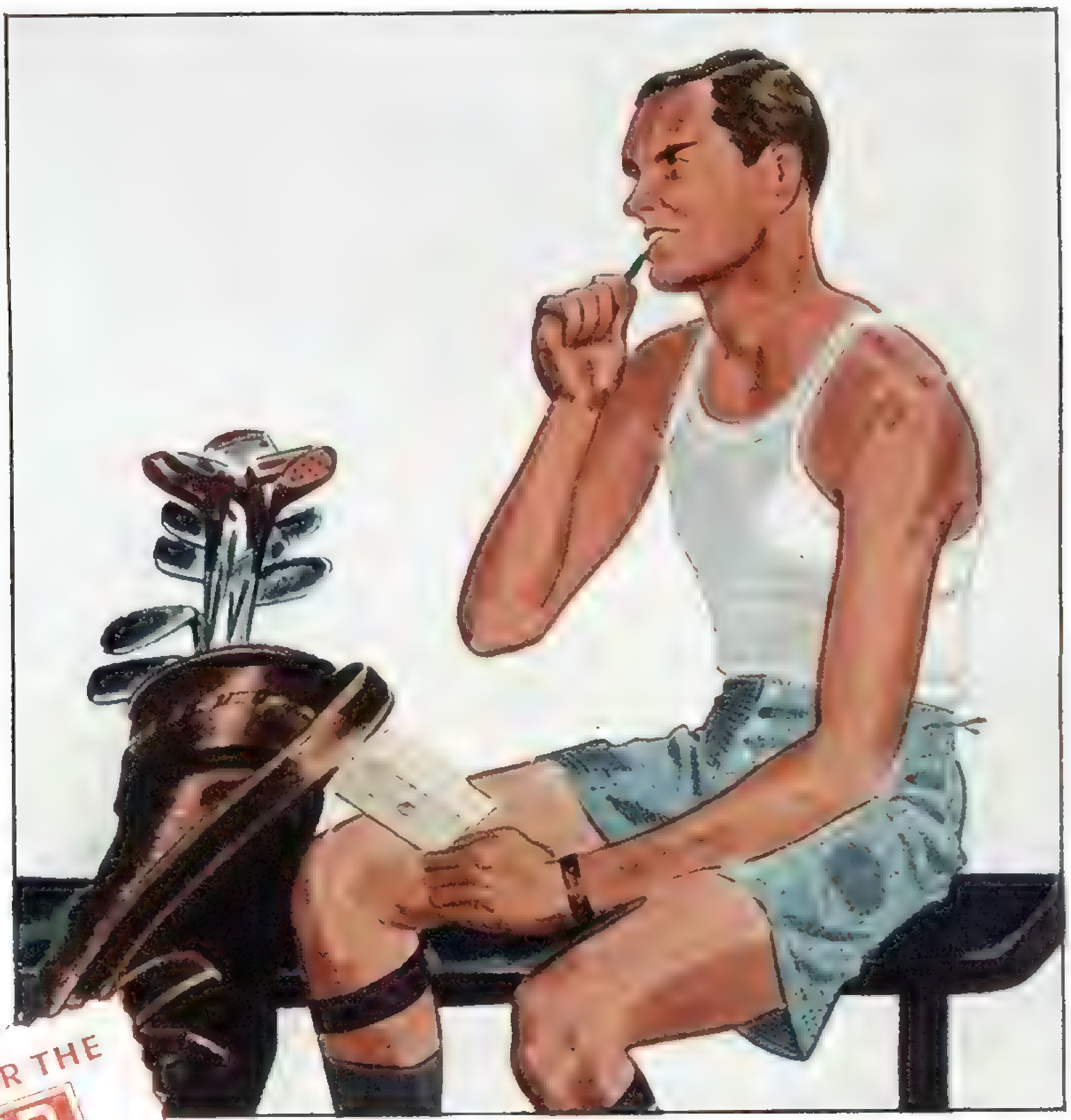
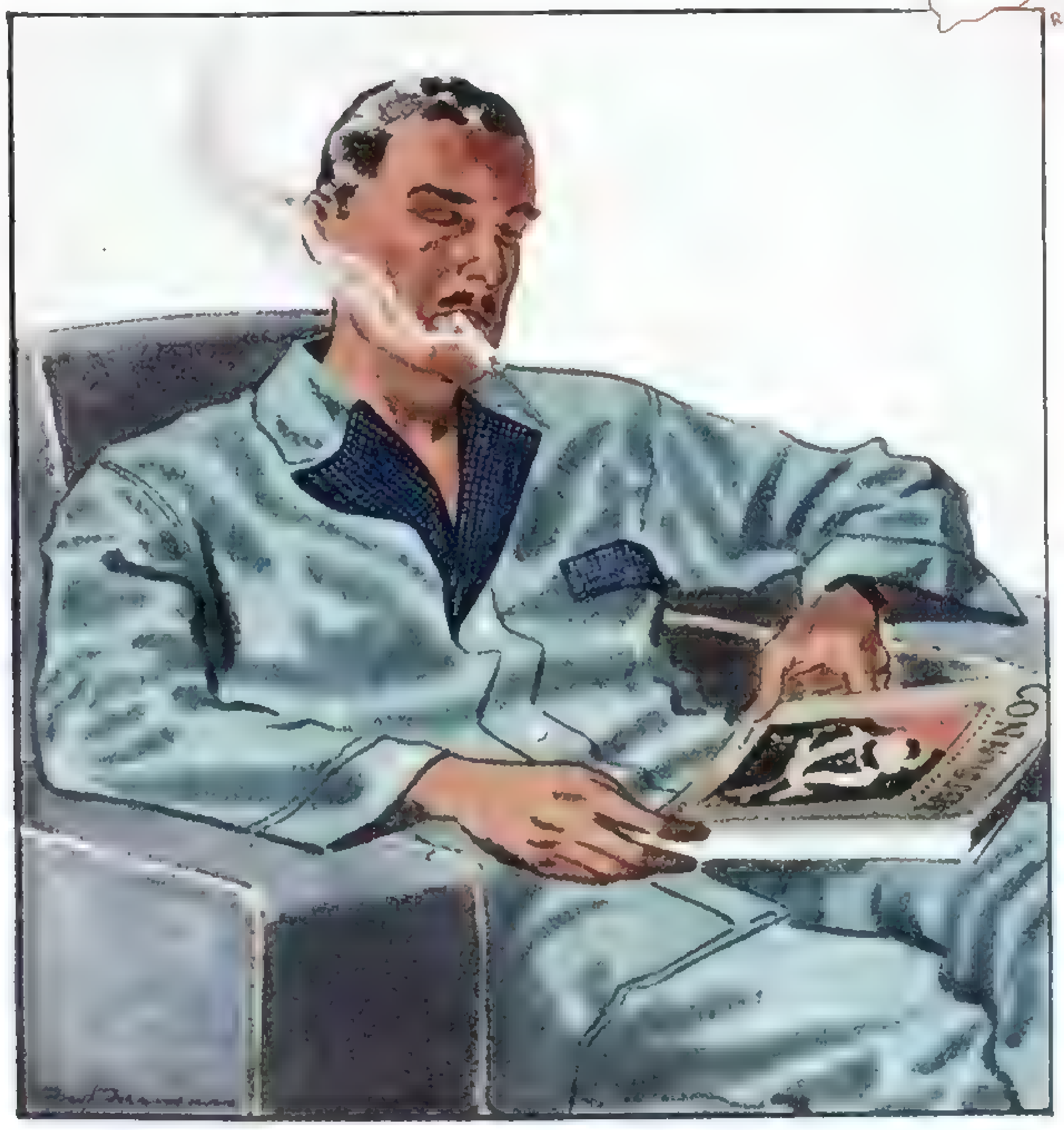
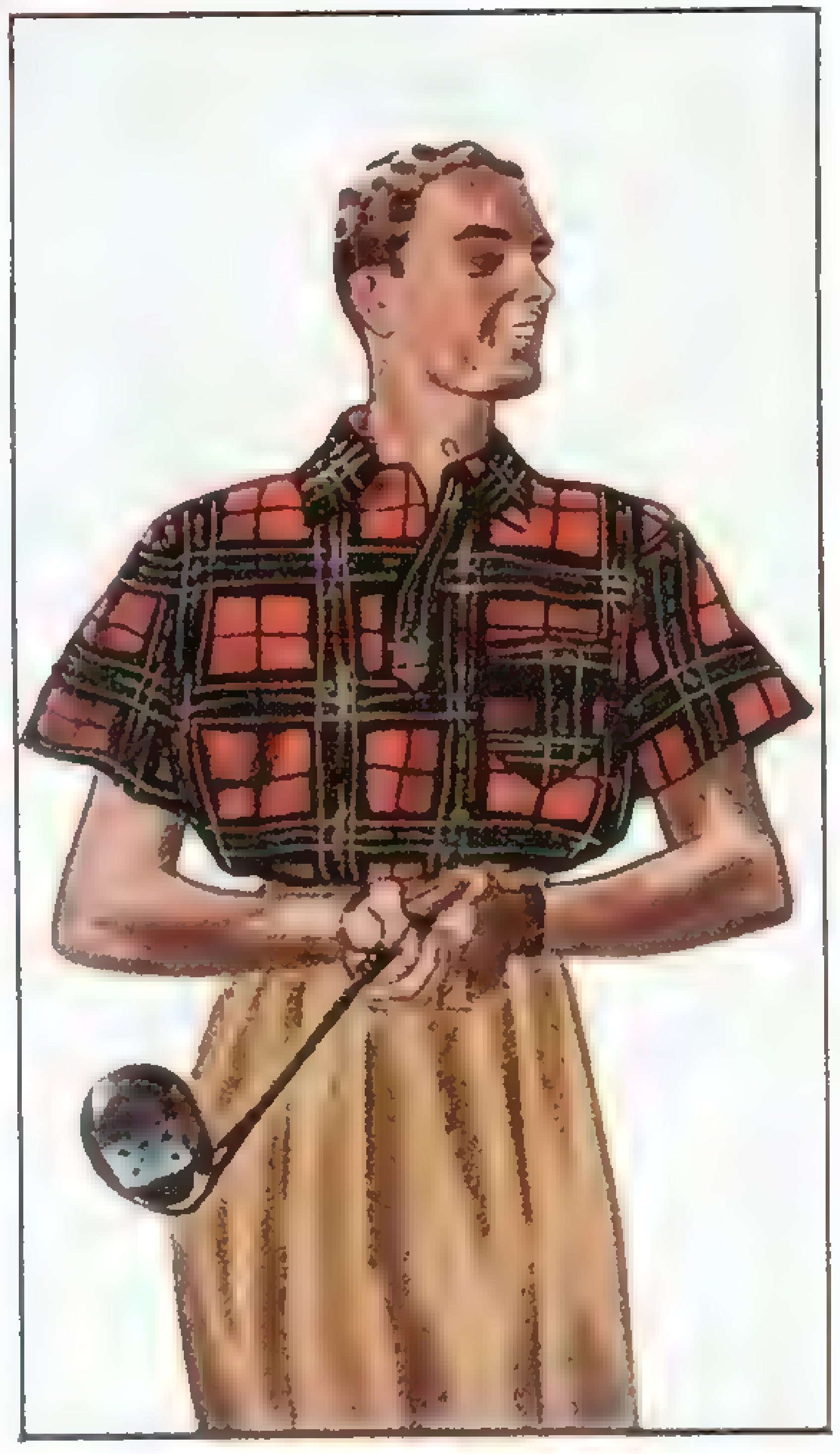


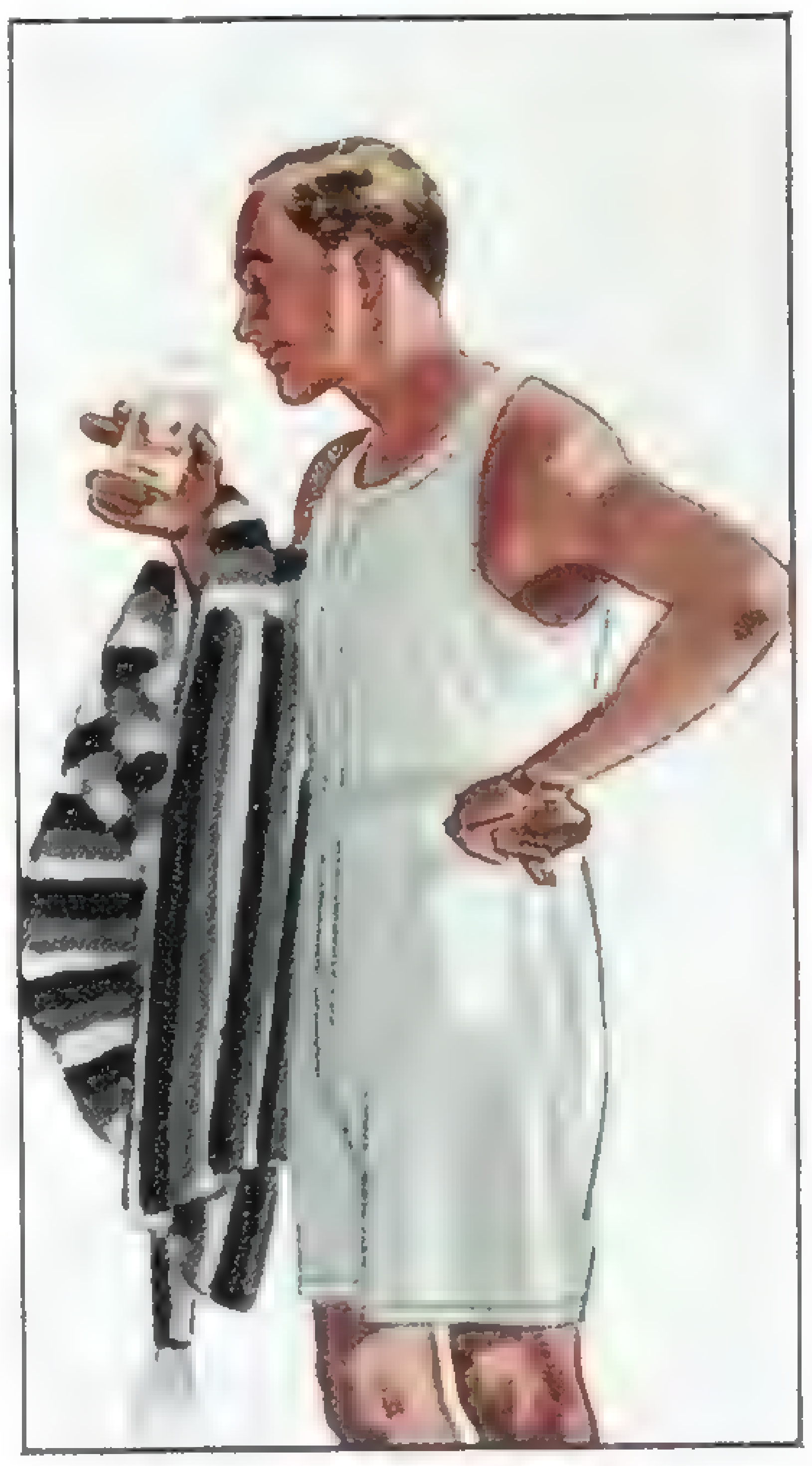
● Here's an underwear combination that's an odds-on favorite to keep you cool and comfortable... B. V. D.'s light, airy "Feather Mesh" shorts and "Two Ounce" shirt, about 50c each. Pajamas about $2.00. Union Suit about $1.25.



● The hotter the weather, the cooler you'll feel in B. V. D.'s "Q-Cumber Crepe." Its lightness, softness and absorbency are unequalled. Pajamas about $2.00. Shirts and shorts about 50c each.



● The season's shirt sensation! Ruggers by B.V.D. for sport, leisure, or week-ending. In Tattersall Checks or Plaids and linen, $1 up.



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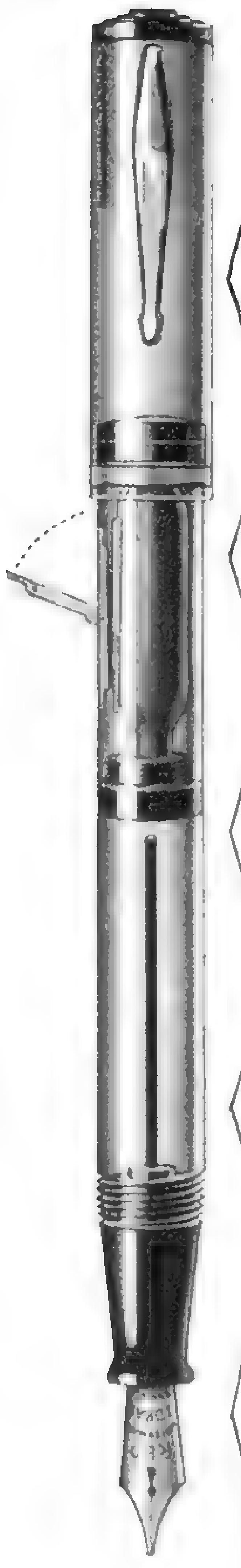

No Springs or Pistons

to break or get out of order. And no packing to dry out and cause leakage of ink.

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No parts to unscrew and get lost. Fills by easy lever action. And . . . just as easy to empty for cleaning.

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than other pens in its price class. Fills full—no ink lost on last stroke.

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No danger of pen suddenly running dry. And easy cleaning means better visibility.

Self-Starting—No shaking or coaxing. Point writes the instant it touches paper. No flooding.
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AND . . . Waterman's gives you a choice of 7 different points. You are sure of getting the proper point for your work or your own individual style of handwriting.

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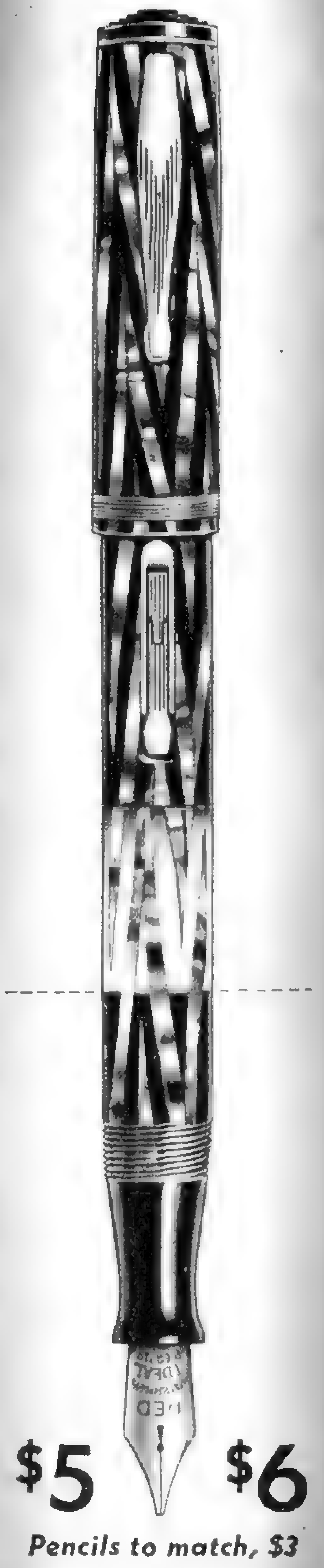

$5 $6

Pencils to match, $3

*U. S. Patents Nos. 2,004,641 and 1,882,644. Other patents pending.

More Features—Biggest Value of ANY Pen of Its Kind!

Compare Waterman's INK-VUE—the *perfected* visible-ink pen—with any pen of its kind. Compare it feature by feature. Compare the simplicity, the patented*, fool-proof construction, with the complicated, easy-to-get-out-of-order mechanisms of other makes.

Waterman's introduced its first transparent barrel self-filling pen *over 30 years ago.* That's why INK-VUE, backed by 50 years' experience in making only writing instruments of the finest type, is *truly the perfected visible-ink pen.* Filling with the unique "Double Action" Lever is shorter, a matter of seconds—and so simple that a small child can do it—with one hand!

INK-VUE is modern and beautiful in design. The two styles, Silver Ray and Emerald Ray, are made of a patented, unbreakable material.

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Try INK-VUE at your nearest Waterman's dealer . . . note how smoothly it writes . . . consider Waterman's perfect writing performance, as attested by thousands of pens 25 to 50 years old, and still in use . . . and you'll quickly agree that it is the *best buy* in this type of pen.

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Ideal
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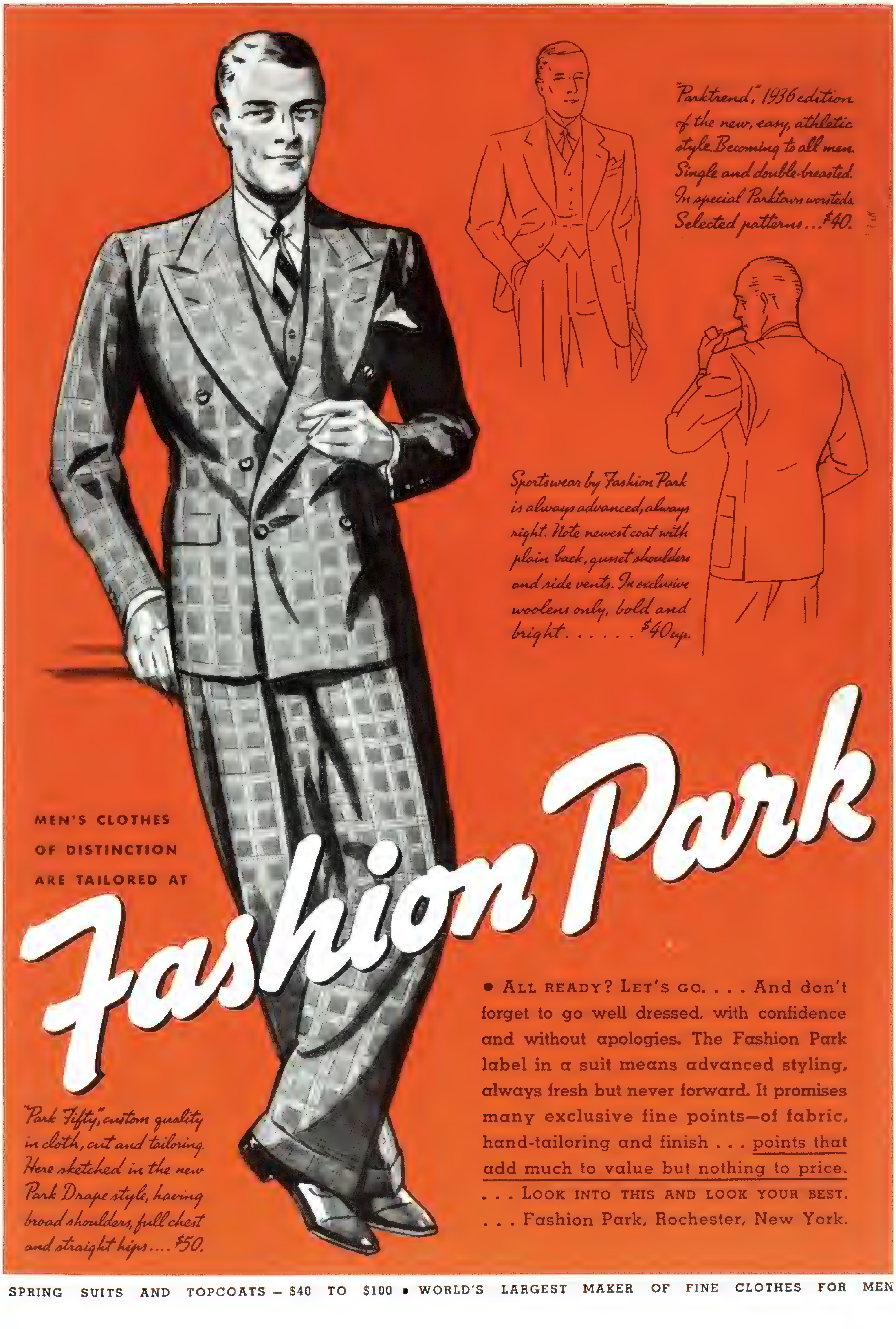
BLACK



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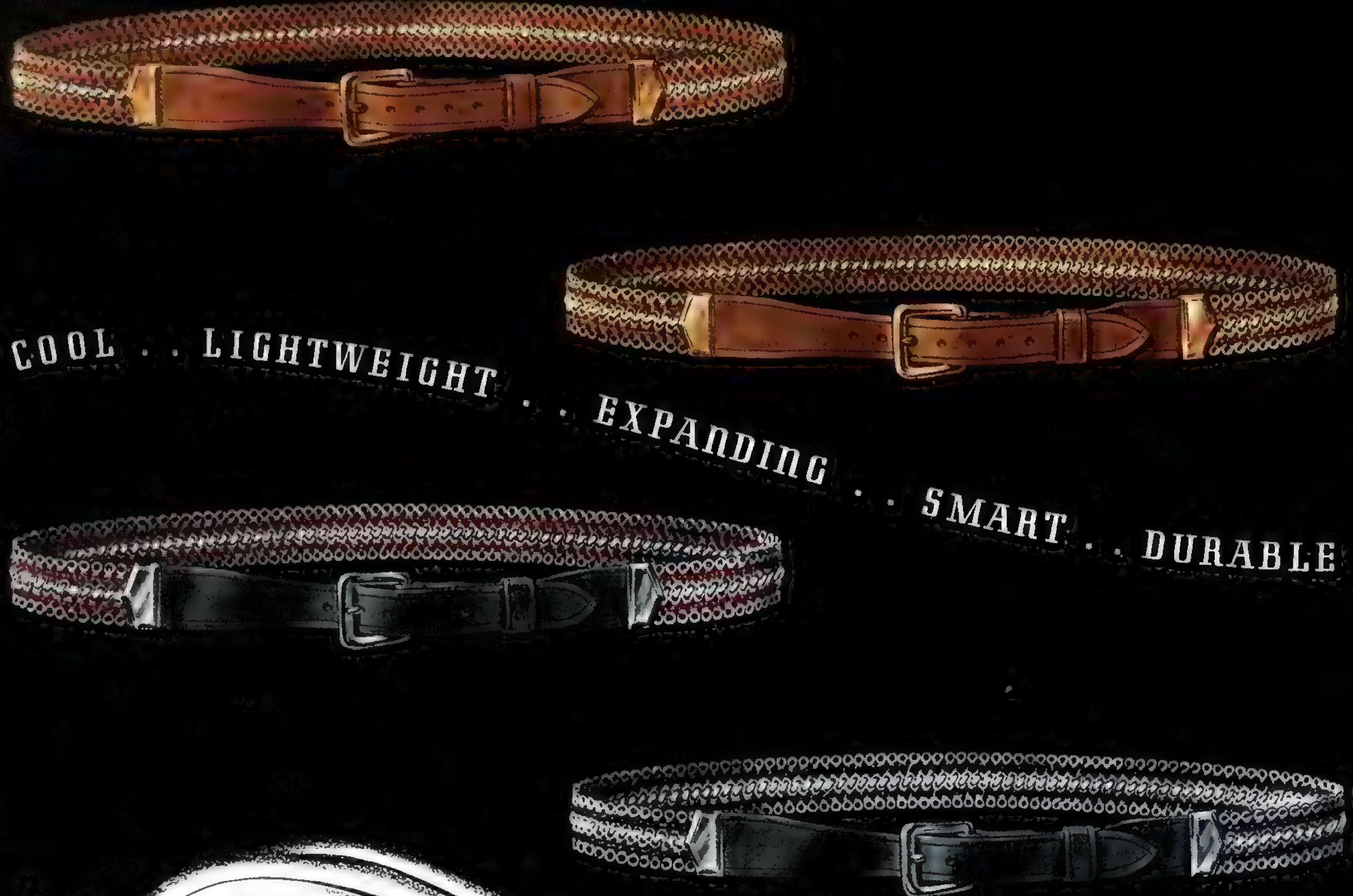
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OSCAR WINTRAB, *Managing Director*
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It so came to pass that when summer fell upon the land, and the dinner coat and the tails were laid away in the cedaran flakes, the visiting firemen came upon the city, like unto a plague of locusts. So, where the hell can we take them and still have money left for the rent and the installment on the car and the vacuum cleaner. Let us then seek the byways of the town where the merchants are ready to welcome us with viands and not expect in return half a king's ransom.

Gaston a la Bonne Soupe, 44 West 55th, is one of the few French restaurants in town. Most of the so-called French are Italian or Piedmontese. The tip-off is the spaghetti (French abhor it). Anyway, here is a decent meal for 85c or a dollar with a few French specialties. The native wine, if from Ardin, is one of the best obtainable in the city . . . Down the street, toward Sixth on the same side of the street is Tonys, the Tony who ran such a swell place all during prohibition on West 29th Street. This is Italian-French and always excellent, the dinner at 85c . . . In the same neighborhood, the Golden Horn, 39 West 51st Street, is more than highly recommended. This is Turkish and here you can get shashlik done by a native cook and at least three times better than at the swank places that charge for the faded velvet on the walls and the faded counts in the environs. It is one of the best meals in the city, around one dollar, and the native wines are indicated for the repast . . . If you like hot food in the summer, as do the English, try one of the better Indian places. The Bengal Tiger, 342 West 58th Street, has a simple menu and the price is moderate. The curries are excellent but if you want a special meal, better 'phone in a day ahead. And, unless you look sharp, the proprietor will play you a ditty on the Hindoo banjo, a six foot gadget . . . One of the older places is the Ceylon Indian Inn, 148 West 49th Street. This has a wider variety of menus and the prices run a trifle higher. But it has a steady trade of gourmets who like curries . . . One relic of the good old days is Magnozzi, 19 Charles Street. This is one of those typical garden places with the usual meal of seven courses. The main feature is that with each dollar dinner you get one bottle of red or white wine . . . In that neighborhood is the Golden Eagle at 62 West Ninth Street. This is now run by Peter who was with Sardi in the early days and is kept on the same high level. They have a dollar dinner that is exceptional and a wine list that is reasonably priced. The place itself is considerably better off than so many of these restaurants, due to the noble proportions of the room. It was once a famous speakeasy . . . We can recommend El Toreador, a Spanish restaurant in the real Spanish district, on 110th Street, Number 7, just west of Fifth Avenue. The food is pretty good and the entertainment plentiful and lusty — and authentic. Around the corner, if it happens to be open, is one of the delightful entertainment spots of the town—a Spanish theatre where vaudeville is played in the vernacular. Amateur nights are worth going miles to see. And they had them long before Major Bowes ever capitalized the idea . . . Jack Dempsey's supper room, back of his popular sports palace at Fiftieth Street and Eighth Avenue, is of a color and mood of the neighborhood. They make a gesture toward formal entertainment but the night we were there the guests supplied much more than the performers on the floor.

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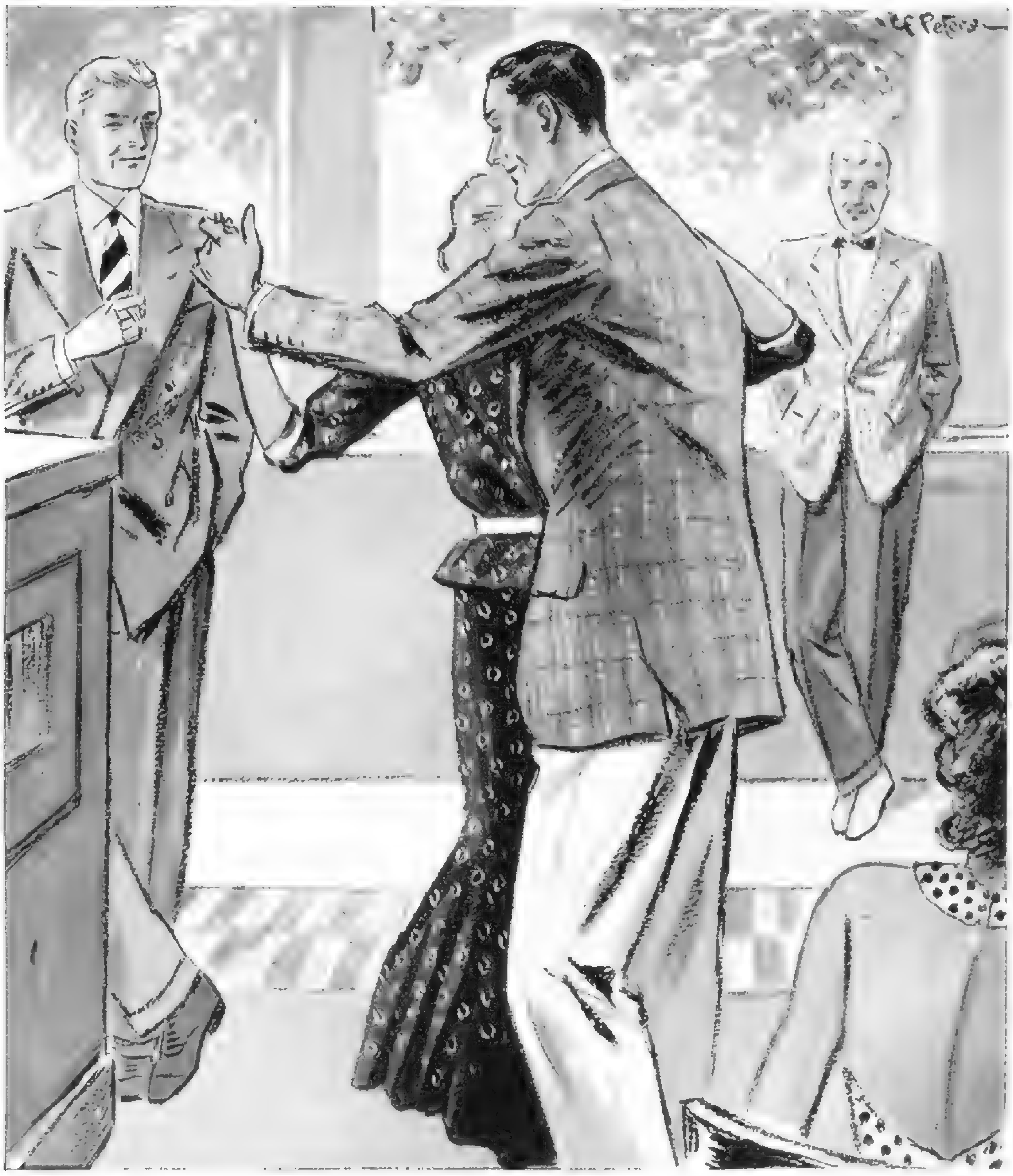

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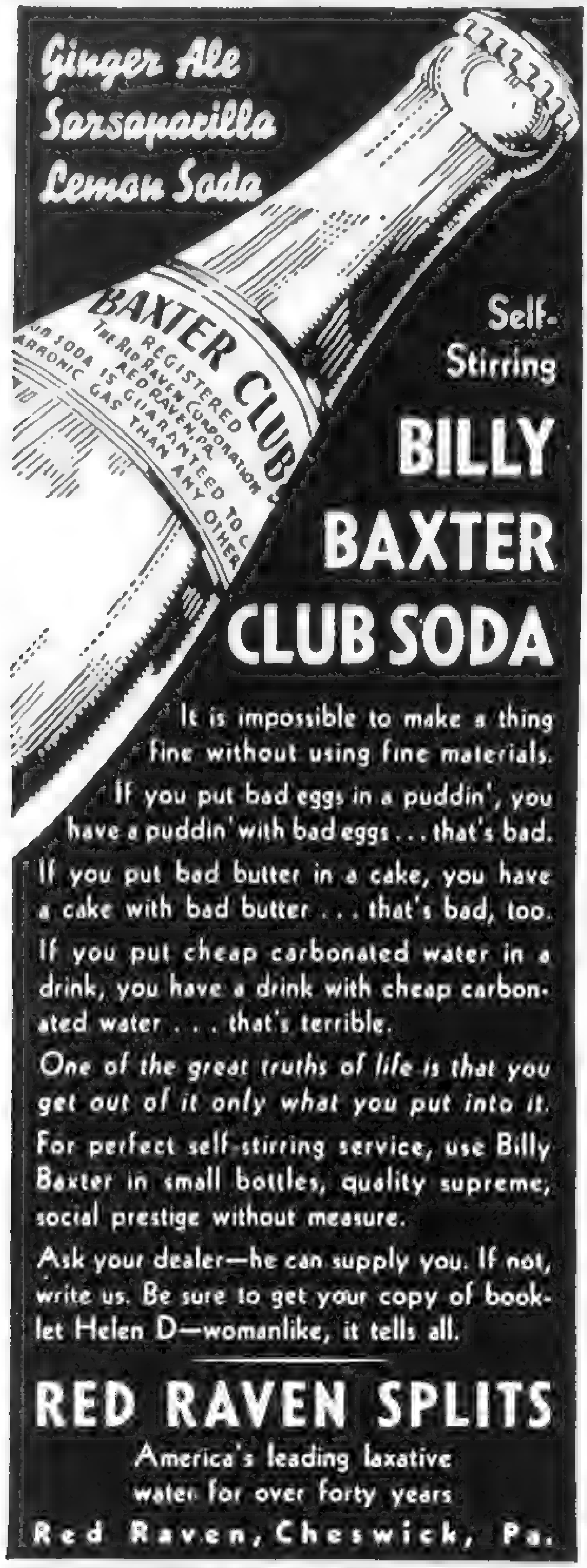
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If you put bad eggs in a puddin', you have a puddin' with bad eggs . . . that's bad.

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Half the Trip is Dining
Enjoy Every Meal...
Use
MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

The Pennsylvania, at 33rd Street and Seventh Avenue, deserts the popular Madhattan Room during these months for the roof, another pleasant sky place of the city.

Something we wrote recently about native wines threw the local vintners on their collective ear. They all agreed with us, however, and asked what we could do about the stymie and how a wider use could be made of the excellent native product. The other night we paid 65c for a pint of wine and we saw the bar-tender pour it from a gallon jug. We caught the label as it was our favorite dispenser. The jug cost the restaurateur $2.00 for the gallon. Over the tables he received $5.20. A neat profit for pouring. A code in there somewhere might help. As official wine taster, we are pleased to report a survey of Pommery champagnes. The Marquis de Polignac, here to promote his cellars, among the most famous of France, touched off the corks to some of his best years. We liked it all . . . A most excellent native product we have never tasted before came our way. This was made by the Maxfield winery at Naples, New York. The sherry, of a selected vintage, is as good as most of the imported sherries and a darned sight better than the usual stuff. The Tokay, 1915, while not as full-bodied as the Ausbruch, is a superb wine and can compare favorably with the Tokay served along the Danube in Buda Pest, itself. Their Port, 1901, is a prized possession. Yet it is an American product and has distinct native features. Rather limpid it has authority and a rare bouquet.

The Cork and Bottle has opened up a swank new dispensary at 540 Madison and the emporium will probably make it tough for the dowdy corner liquor shop that sprang up in the first flush of repeal. Lined with cork and modern gadgets, it aims to soothe the customer rather than scare him off with a plethora of bottles. Only six bottles are on display at a time, in separated niches. Many's the time we have gone in for a simple bottle of something in the ordinary store and been so overwhelmed by our economic state and the things we could not buy, that we have come out with only the price list . . . We paid belated visits to two or three spots that have been doing very well without us. The bar at the Sherry Netherlands is still one of the most beautiful in town and the upper level, looking out over the park, can not be duplicated . . . The little inner room, called, we hear, the "pussy cafe", at the Park Lane, Park at 49th Street, is a fine spot for a *tete a tete.* The murals, by Howard Chandler Christy, are soothing in any weather . . . The Algonquin has a new bar, right off the lobby of the Hotel at 57 West 44th Street. For a long time the proprietor held to the old English custom of sitting serving but the American seems to demand a rail and nudes. The Evert Shinn murals at the Algonquin are a sort of idealized, or denatured, Sally Rand motif . . . The cocktail terrace of the Rockefeller Center roof is still the tourists' delight. In spite of that fact we find it the most inspiring experience in New York, sitting and drinking while looking out over the world. The place has a new set of murals by Witold Gordon. They are in the Raoul Dufy and Braque manner, very apt for the surroundings. The Grill, next door, with the collegians delight, Ruby Newman, is still as popular as ever. And the Rainbow Room, of course, with its austere insistance upon formality, keeps up a tone that is hard to beat and is equalled by only one or two other places in town.

THE RUSSIAN EAGLE
Personal Direction—General Lodijensky
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IN THE SHERRY NETHERLAND
Fifth Avenue at 59th
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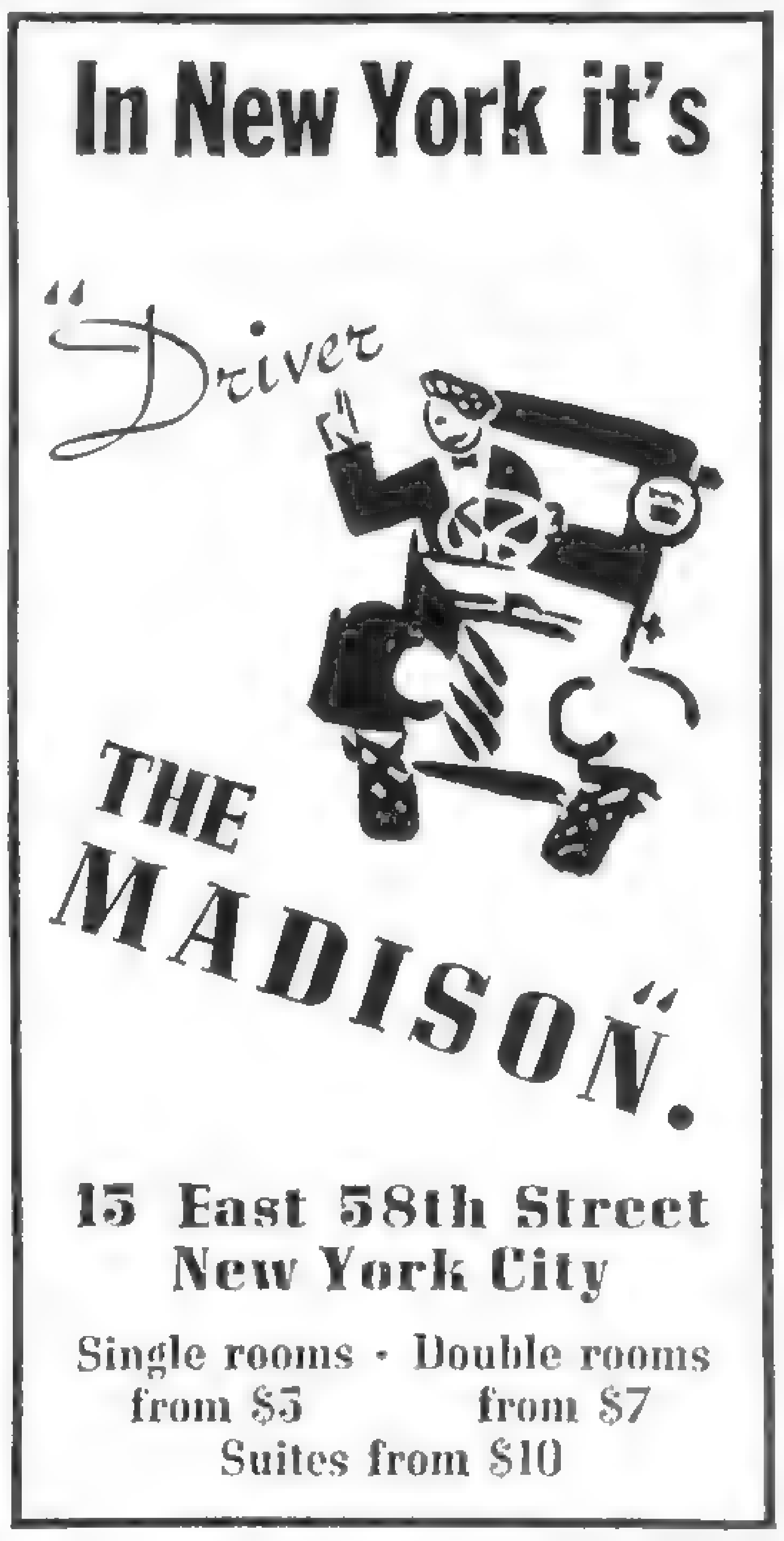
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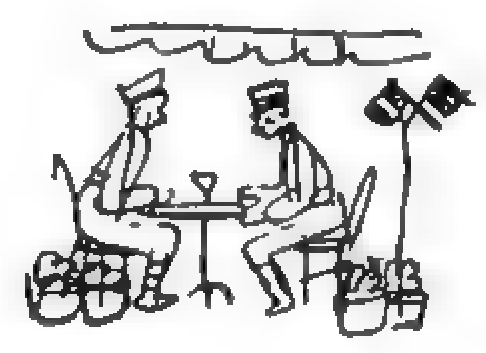
ENTERTAINMENT
BLINI — CAVIAR
LUNCHEON — COCKTAILS
DINNER — SUPPER
The CAUCASIAN EAGLE
112 EAST 55th ST. at PARK AVE ★ Eldorado 5-8072

If you are one of us who stays in New York during the summer, now is the time to tell the travellers to forget about their chestnut trees. Our little city has some nice spots, too. The St. Moritz, at Sixth Avenue on Central Park South, has been particularly blessed, by geography or the architect and is sitting pretty. Its Cafe de la Paix is the most elaborate of the city's terraces; the view north on a starry or moonlit night is something to remember. Away upstairs the hotel has opened its Sky Terrace and this too is an enchanting place, with its uninterrupted vistas of the rolling park. If you are not on a diet you will want to try Rumpelmayer's, on the street floor. Known in all capitals of Europe, the famous Danish family go their way ruining people's resolves. Some day we aim to forget about the chicken pie and start right in with the pastry tray and eat our way through. A complete report on the St. Moritz would naturally mention Julienne who walks among the tables reading your hand. We are a fool for these looker-aheaders and can vouch for Julienne's batting average, close to 1,000.

The best meal of the month fell to the Brevoort. The annual rumor that the landmark at Fifth and Eighth was to make way for a tenantless skyscraper, has gone its way and the little marble-topped tables are out on the terrace again. We're glad, for it is one of the six places in town where you can still get superb food. We like to chin with the manager, Jean Barrere, about the days of the war when the place seethed with men in horizon blue. Beg Mons. Barrere to order for you and you will make no mistake. After the excellent hors d'oeuvre and clear soup we went into a *poulet Parisenne* with a sound and modest white Burgundy, La tour de Vergy, 1929, followed by our favorite dessert, crepes suzette, coffee and prunelle. They claimed the chicken was merely cooked in a casserole with white wine and plenty of sweet butter but we believe there is a trick to it. Chicken doesn't perform for us that way.

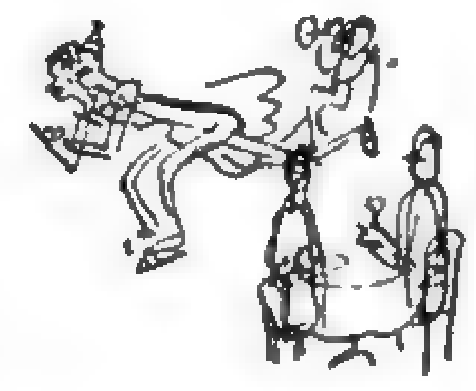


The Fifth Avenue Hotel, at Ninth Street, has relegated its Amen Corner to the rainy days and gone in heavy for its terrace. Recently it has become one of the popular spots of the village and downtown New York.

The Waldorf-Astoria has moved its supper and dance activities up to its brilliant Starlight Roof Garden from the Empire Room. Orville Knapp, whose orchestra has been delighting the debutantes all winter, still continues to supply the music.

We were glad to note that the Caucassian Eagle, at 112 East 55th Street, has maintained its great popularity under the winter swoop of assorted eagles. This place is authentic and a great relief over the phony plush and granddukish affairs that come and go.

Instead of fleeing to the roof in the hot months, the Hotel New Yorker keeps its entertainment in the popular Terrace Room. Along with the air cooling, their concession to the weather is a miniature skating rink where the elite of the skating world entertain. The rink has a double purpose, sliding back into a shelf under the orchestra, evidently to keep their hot numbers at a decent temperature. Another new note is Russell Patterson's "Personettes", a marionette review, burlesquing some Hollywood activities, bringing new light on some of the screen celebrities.



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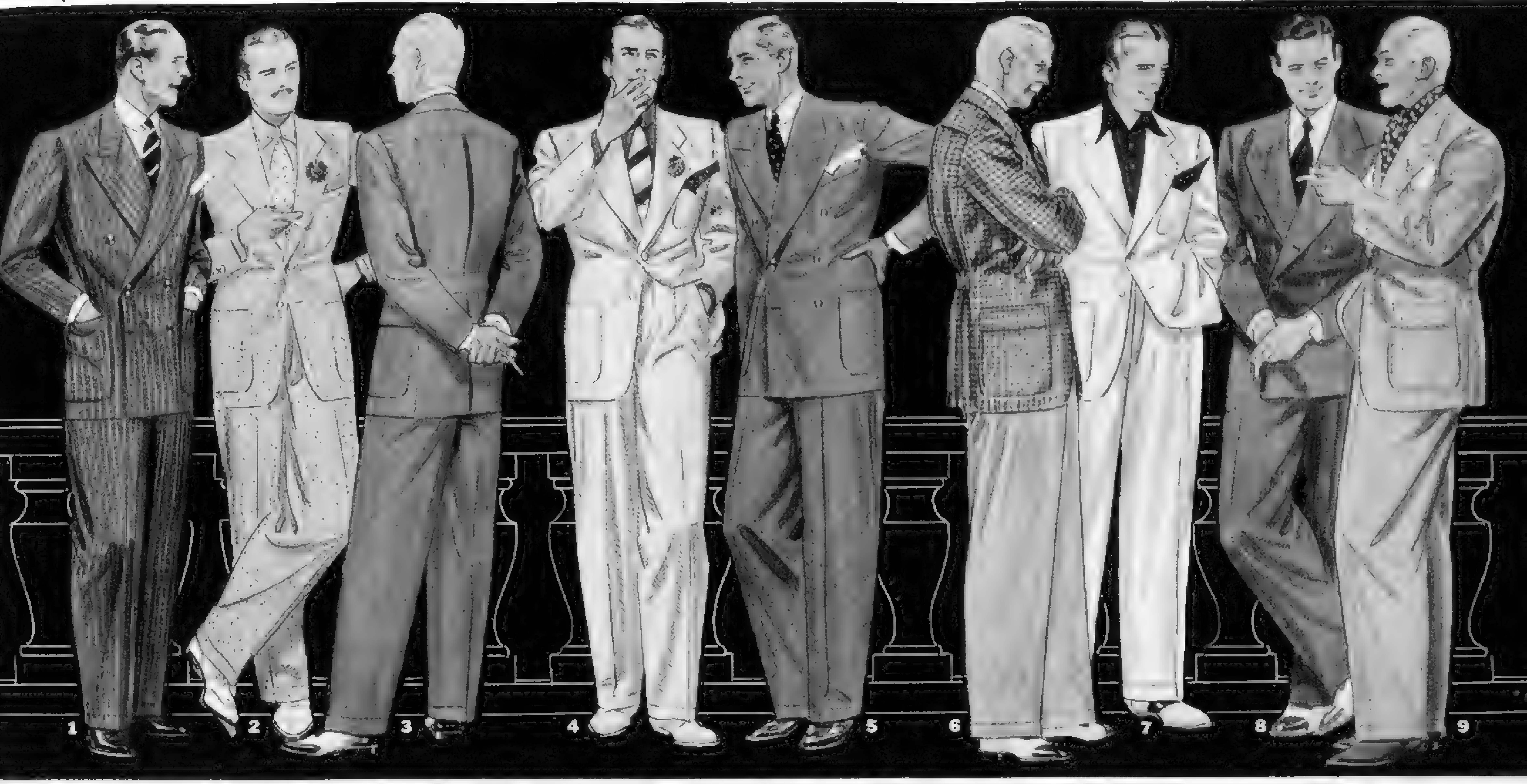
World's Largest Distributors of
LOBSTERS
CONSOLIDATED LOBSTER CO., INC.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

FASHIONS FOR MEN

JoHN DAVID

FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK

Smartly-Dressed Men Have Decided What To Wear This Summer



1—Single or double-breasted Suits of soft-draping, long-wearing Flannel. Choice of John David famous Imported English Huddersfield Flannel, **$35.50;** or our "Cedarbrook" Flannel, **$28.50**

2—Single or double-breasted exclusive "Coolkenny" Suits (coat and trousers). A light-weight, smart, comfortable, open-weave suiting adapted from the cool crashes popular in the warm south, **$16.75**

3—Thousands of men are wearing John David exclusive "Brompton" Gabardine Suits. Choice of gray, green, brown, tan or blue, single-breasted sports back or plain-back in double-breasted, **$35**

4—"Fabric Frappe"—a new shape-retaining, cool Summer Suit exclusive with John David. In a choice of white, blue or gray. Single or double-breasted coat and trousers. A very smart-looking Suit, **$16.50**

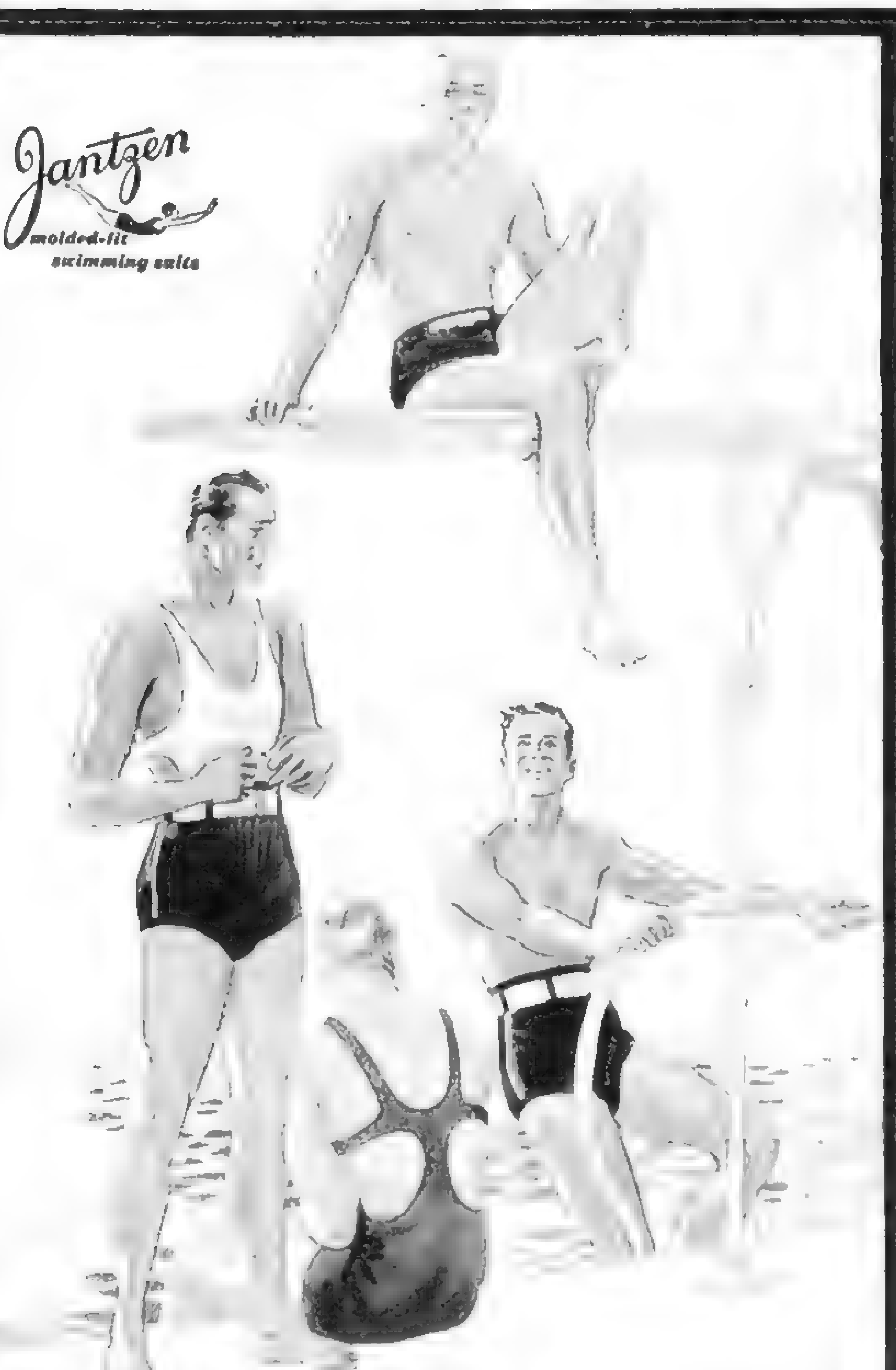
5—John David Suits smartly-tailored of our cool, Summer-weight Tropical Worsteds in the same smart shades and patterns as regular-weight Suits. Single or double-breasted coat and trousers, **$20**

6—Sports Jackets of Shetlands and Tweeds in district checks and plaids, **$20.** Jacket of blue or brown Flannel, **$15.** Trousers of striped or checked Flannel, plain white, gray or tan Flannel, **$7.95**

7—John David Suits of imported Irish Linen. Retains smart appearance and comfort because it is London coldwater shrunk and well tailored. Single or double-breasted coat and trousers, **$15**

8—John David Suits smartly-tailored of our cool, Summer-weight Tropical Worsteds in the same shades and patterns as regular-weight Suits. Single or double-breasted coat, waistcoat and trousers, **$25**

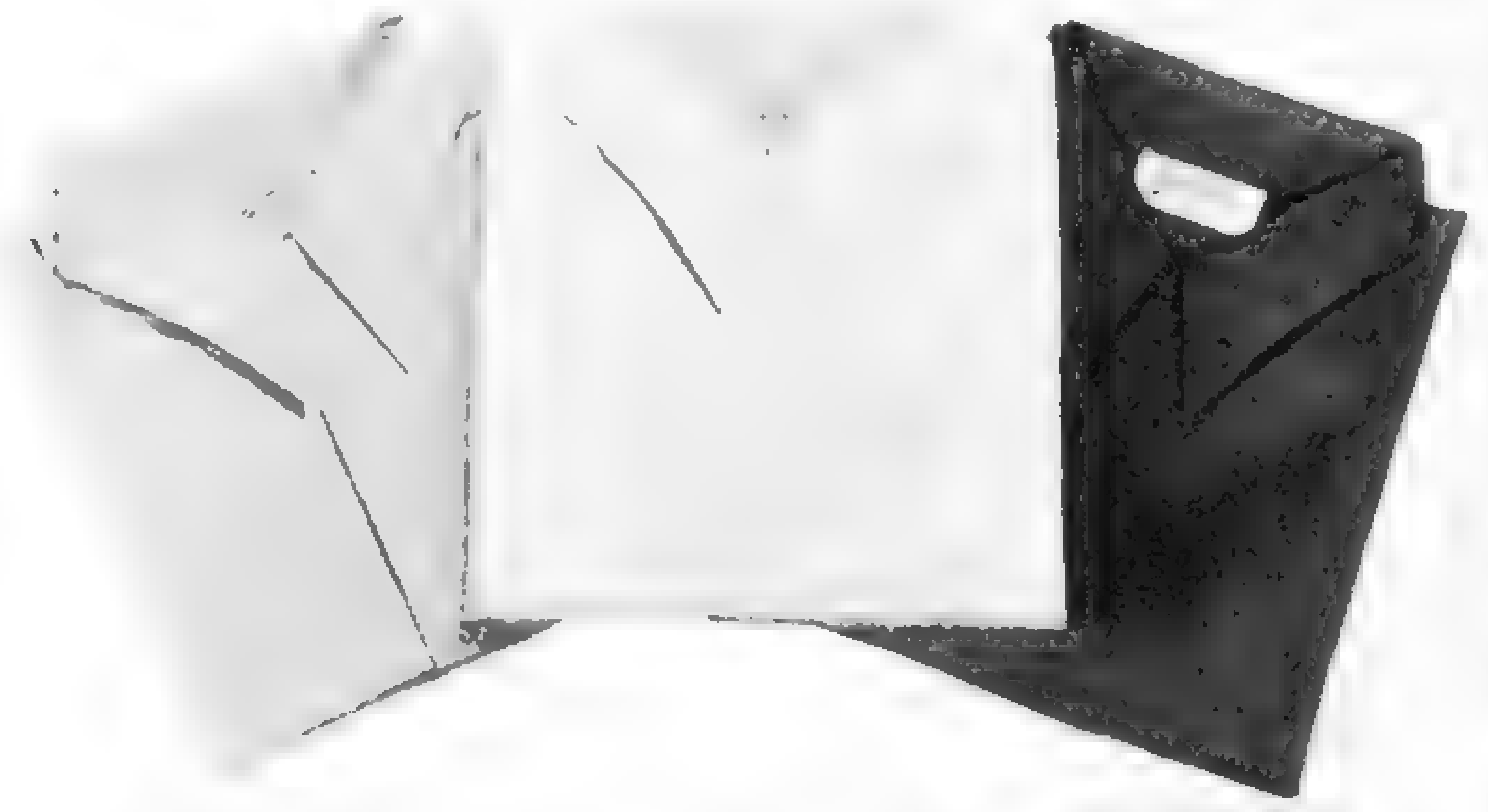
9—John David sports suits of fine, long-wearing, roughish-finish Tweeds in gray, blue gray, brown or tan intermixtures. Choice of authentic new sports models (coat, waistcoat and trousers), **$29.50**



THE TOPPER (*Standing Above*) The Two-in-One Jantzen that zips from athletic suit to trunks in a matter of seconds. With uppers attached it offers more freedom, more sun exposure, than any complete suit you've ever worn. Choice of White Top with Navy; Tan Top with Brown; Light Blue Top with Medium Blue; Medium Blue Top with White. **$4.95**

SPEED SUIT (*Seated Below*) In every sense of the word the Speed Suit is true to name. Deep cut under arms and at back, it affords complete freedom and maximum exposure. A remarkable one-piece suit. Maroon, Black or Blue **$4.50**

HALF-HITCH TRUNKS (*At Top*) Brief, yet modest, it provides the maximum in freedom and sun exposure. Like all Jantzen Trunks it has the soft, silky Sunaka Support that adds

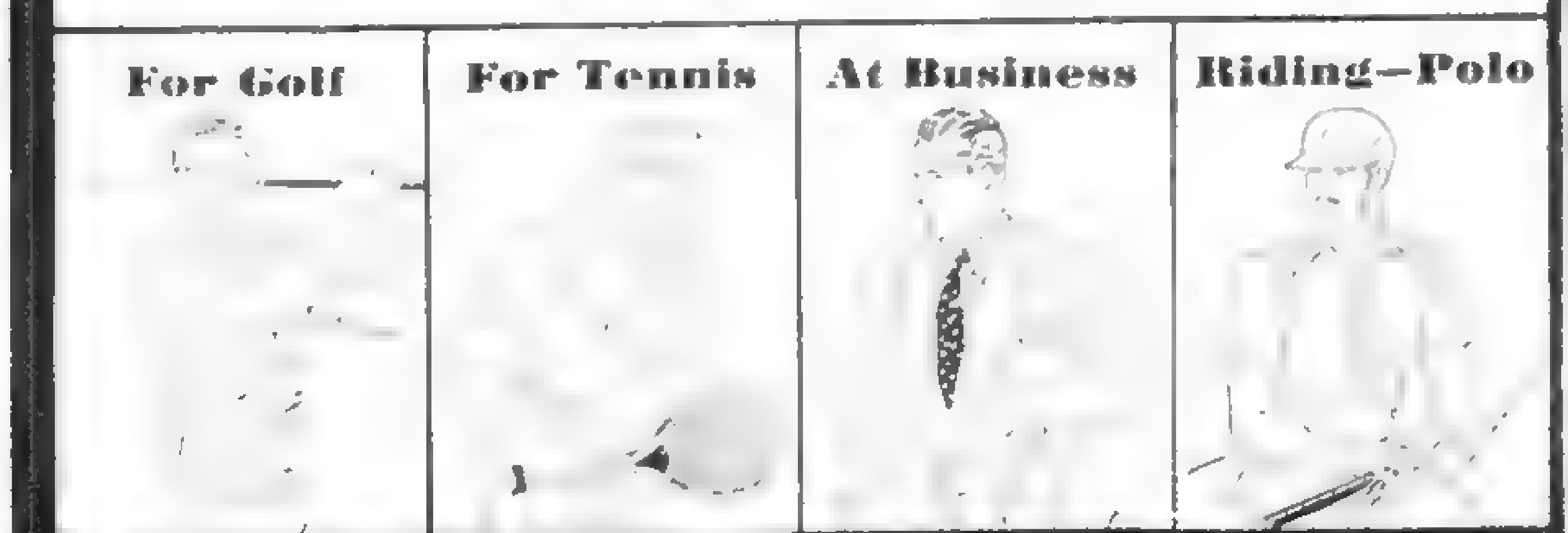


Nobutton Shirt

JoHN DAVID
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

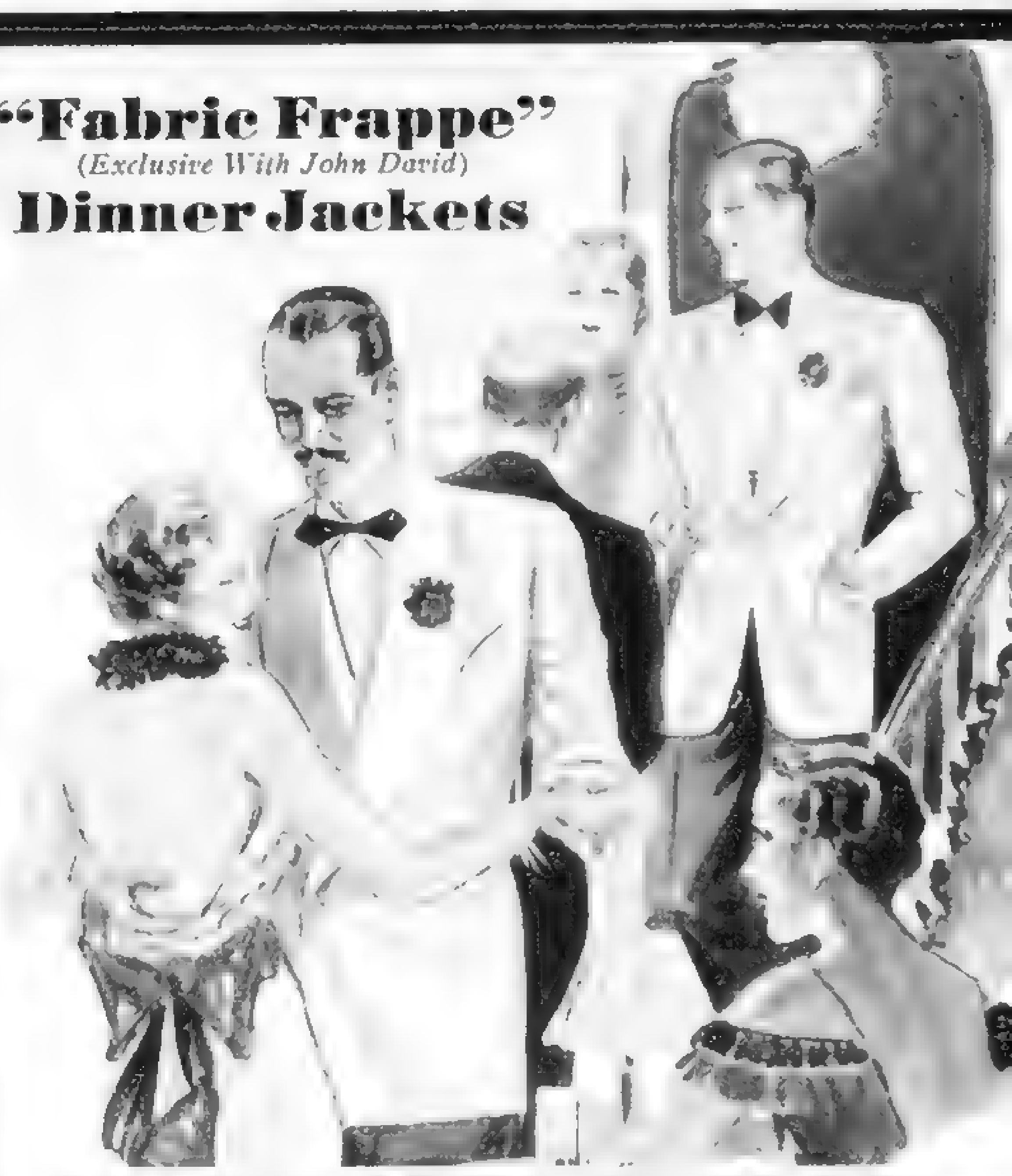
PATENT APPLIED FOR

Every man may enjoy new freedom and comfort in the John David "Nobutton" Shirt of fine Oxford Cloth in pure white, medium blue, and new deep-tone shades of navy blue or maroon. No buttons, no mechanical fasteners, no tricks! Smart-looking, well-tailored and fits correctly. No more annoyance from broken or missing buttons nor frayed, torn buttonholes. Slip it over your head and it adjusts to your individual comfort. To wear a tie, merely adjust the collar with the tie and that's all there is to it. Correct tailoring assures that front opening will not gape or bulge. For active sports, it looks trim and neat worn open at the neck, because it's tailored that way too. Half sleeves for utmost comfort (**3 FOR $4.75**) **$1.65** *Each*



COMPARE!

"Fabric Frappe"
(Exclusive With John David)
Dinner Jackets



Exclusive John David "Fabric Frappe" White Dinner Jackets—single-breasted or double-breasted. A shape-retaining cool suiting of surpassing excellence. **$12.50**

John David Black Tropical Worsted Tuxedo Trousers—the correct trousers to wear with our "Fabric Frappe" Jacket. . **$7.95**

John David, Mail Service Dept., 1271 Broadway, New York

Kindly send to me the following merchandise as advertised in "Esquire".

Charge My Account ☐ Check or Money Order ☐ C. O. D. ☐

ARTICLE	COLOR	SIZE	AMOUNT

Name____________________

Address____________________

Photo by Clyde Brown

DRIVE *it* HOME IN 1936

. . . the newspaper that doesn't hook, slice or foozle . . . balanced and capable . . . the right club for the shot when competition is at your heels and you know it's up to you to DRIVE IT HOME.

It isn't hard for any experienced advertiser to score on the Chicago course. All he has to do is to STAY IN THE FAIR and not waste his shots.

This means staying inside Chicago's own clearly defined TRADING AREA.

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS makes it very easy for him to do just that.

The great bulk of its better than 400,000 home-read circulation goes into strictly Chicago and Chicago suburban homes . . . the type of Class A and Class B home which has the desire and the means to buy good goods . . . and DOES! HABITUALLY!

Because THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS saves you strokes advertisers use it to a greater extent than any other Chicago daily newspaper.

And here is why:

—it is the finest kind of evening newspaper and gets the unflurried attention of the WHOLE FAMILY at night when they are most approachable.

—it is an essentially clean and wholesome newspaper, the kind you yourself would want your own family to read. Morbid pictures, class-against-class incitement, overemphasis of crime, and debasing news . . . all this is taboo in The Daily News.

—it is exceedingly well and interestingly written . . . with more Pulitzer prize winners on its staff than any other, it is accepted by many as America's best written newspaper.

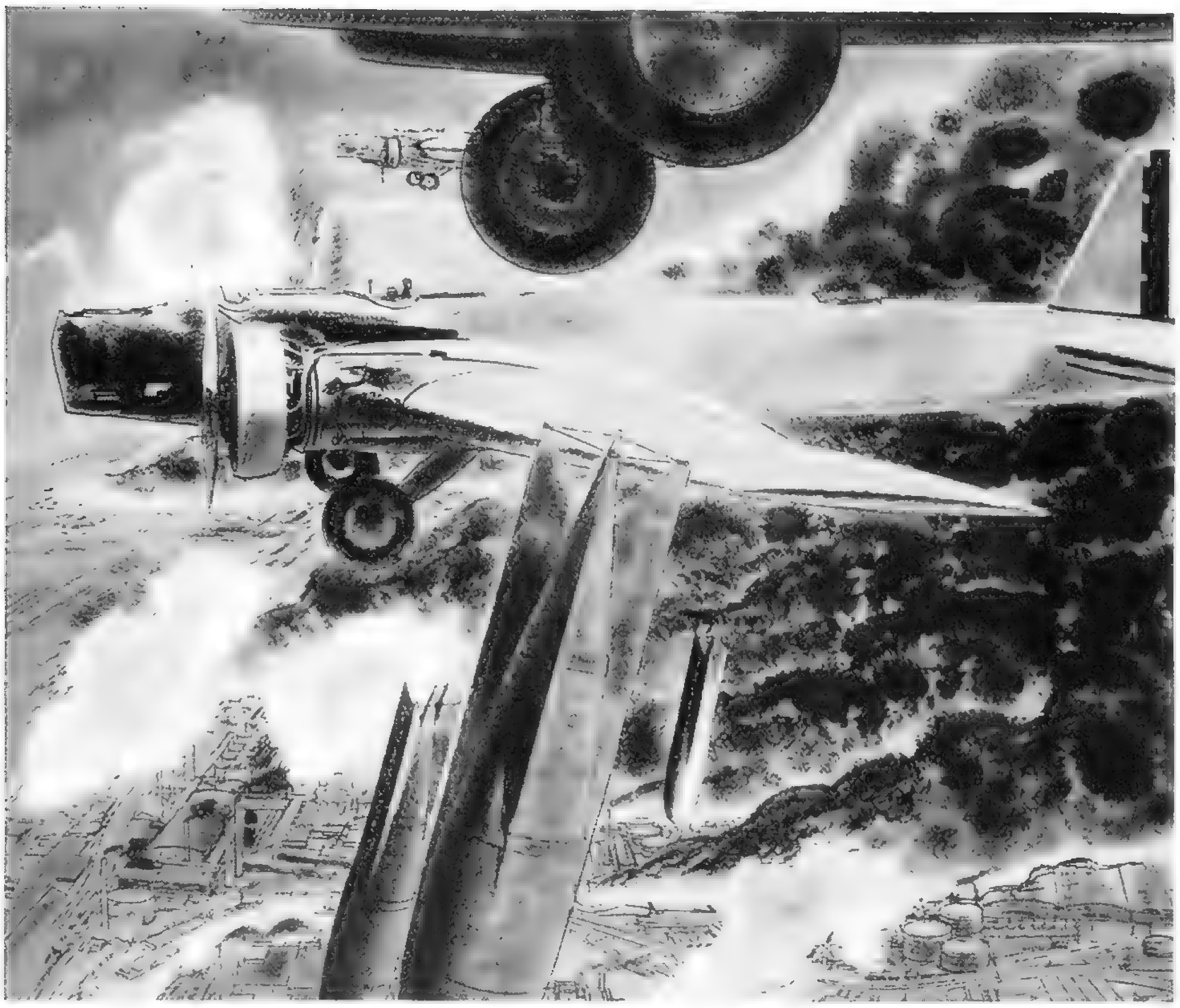
To get your sales story over to the people who count in Chicago DRIVE IT HOME IN THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS!

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

-Chicago's Home Newspaper

400 W. MADISON ST., CHICAGO

GEORGE A. McDEVITT CO., Eastern Advertising Representatives . . . 444 Madison Avenue, NEW YORK . . . 12 S. 12th Street, PHILADELPHIA
JAMES L. LENOX, Eastern Representative Photogravure, Color Comics and Retail . . . 444 Madison Avenue, NEW YORK



"What Business Needs is ANOTHER WAR"

You hear that frequently nowadays, propounded usually by men who feel that there can be no worse catastrophe than a passed dividend.

Much has been written to prove that the World War was the real cause of the Depression. But let's not get too involved in economics. Let's just consider the most shocking waste of the last war—the human waste . . . the *dead*.

17,000,000 men were killed.

They were good men, for it's part of the folly of war that each country sends the cream of its youth to slaughter. Can the world kill off 17,000,000 of its best men, and be as good a world thereafter? Most of those 17,000,000 would be spending today, building, helping families that need help, steadying people who are hot-heading the world into more trouble.

If those 17,000,000 were let live would the world be in its present mess . . . would another war be imminent?

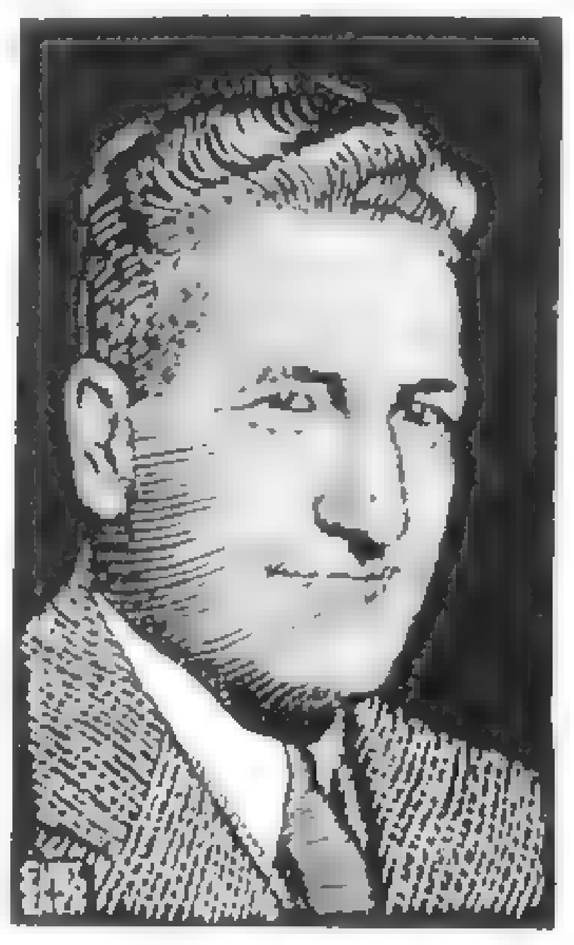
Do *you* think the world needs another war? If you don't, stir yourself to action, for *action* is definitely needed.

What to do about it

Today with talk of another war heard everywhere, millions of American people stand firm in their determination that the folly of 1914-1918 shall not occur again. World Peaceways is a non-profit organization for public enlightenment on international affairs. Your cooperation is needed to extend its campaign, of which this advertisement is a part, into every corner of the world. Send your inquiry today to: World Peaceways, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

We used to lock our door when we wanted to be alone long enough to write a column like this, but of late that hasn't been necessary. All we have to do to insure uninterrupted solitude is stoke our pipe with the mixture that a writer-friend gave us a while back. The whole top floor of the Palmolive Building has been known to empty with faster than fire-drill speed upon the ignition of this mixture. Only those who are themselves puffing a briar can penetrate our smoke screen with impunity. One of that hardy breed is George E. Sokolsky, who took a sample of our mixture back to New York with him along with an assignment to do an article for us on civil liberties. He hasn't sent the article but he has sent a report on the tobacco. Arch-tory that he is, he couldn't keep politics out of even this: "I took your tobacco to Dunhill's and told them I liked it and asked them what it contained. My friend, the report is heart breaking. It is a synthetic tobacco, it is as synthetic as Mr. Roosevelt's charm and Mae West's smile. It is a raw deal. For I am told that it is Burley sprayed with some aromatic stuff to make it smell like tobacco. The aromatic stuff is what gives it its flavor. If I must have glycerine or licorice, I like to take it straight and not hidden in tobacco. So I have gone back to my old brand . . ."


Frank Scully

That's all very well for him, he has an old brand to go back to, but we haven't, because our old brand was Balkan Sobranie with which Dave the demon publisher flatly refused to share the same skyscraper. Maybe some kind reader has perfected a blend that passes the test of handsome is as handsome smells. Correspondence is invited. Meanwhile, by way of saying thanks in advance, we direct your attention to the best pipe article that has ever come our way . . .

•

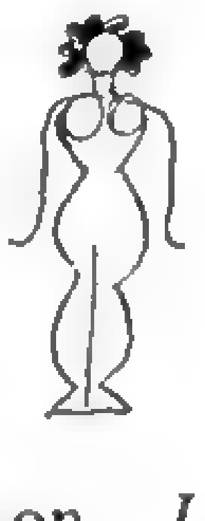
Lester Hutter who wrote the pipe article (*Peace with a Pipe*, page 95) was Technical Radio Editor of the old New York *Evening Mail* at the age of sixteen. Since then he has haunted the pages of leading and lesser magazines as a ghost, grinding out about a quarter of a million words a year. He writes on science, medicine, sex, economics, sociology, philosophy and psychology. Just now he's knocking off a book called *All About Pipes*.

Harry Salpeter (*Saturday Night's Painter*, page 105) used to do reviews and interviews for the old New York *World*. After the *World* went under and his radio speaking contract expired, he "got into the habit of visiting galleries and museums and even, when finances allowed, acquiring an occasional lithograph, water color, etching, or woodblock—not to mention a very occasional oil." He has contributed to *Scribner's*, *Current History* and *Creative Art*, and is the author of *Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell*.

•

Frank Scully (*When Irish I's Are Smiling*, page 70) has recently published the third of his famous *Fun In Bed* series, called *Bedside Manna*.

April's most popular article was R. B. Sullivan's piece about copyreaders, *An Unidentified Man*. This popularity is not fully reflected in this month's S. & F. department because most of the mail that it provoked was howlingly funny but hopelessly unprintable. For instance there was a letter from George B. Anderson of *Call Me Crazy* fame, that began: "No proofreading error quite approaches one made on the Des Moines *Register and Tribune*. Iowa's largest newspaper runs an Inquiring Reporter column in which the question for the day was, 'What is the first attribute of a happy home?' One good Des Moines housewife answered, 'I think a good cook is the first attribute of a happy home.' Most of the members of the *Register and Tribune* staff were quite proud of the linotype operator's error . . ." and then he went on to tell how in the most important word in the dear lady's answer one letter was repeated in place of the letter that should be repeated.



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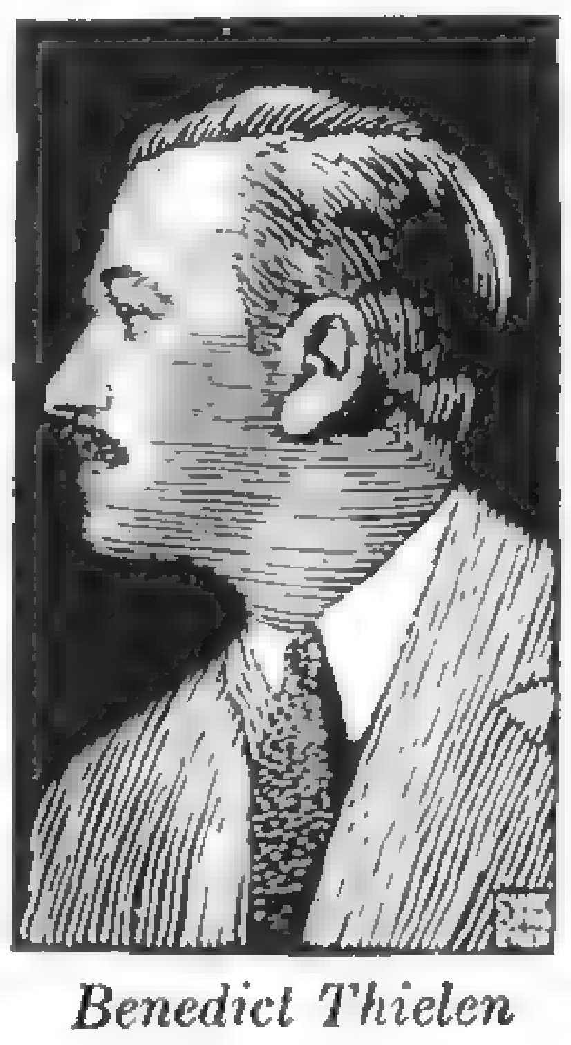
Benedict Thielen

Benedict Thielen (*Prelude to Matrimony*, page 45) says that as far as he knows, he and Stephen Crane are the only authors to emerge from Newark, New Jersey. After taking an A. M. in English in the graduate college of Princeton, he decided that further work in that line would be a fate worse than death, so he went to Europe for seven years. He lives in New York part of the time now, and is married to Virginia Berresford, a painter. He's written two novels, *Deep Streets* and *Women in the Sun*, and has just finished another.

James S. (for O'Sullivan) Kearns, who wrote *Record Turnover* on page 97, is a sports writer for the Chicago *Daily News*. He is a Notre Dame graduate, and hails from Dubuque. This is the first time he's crashed a magazine.

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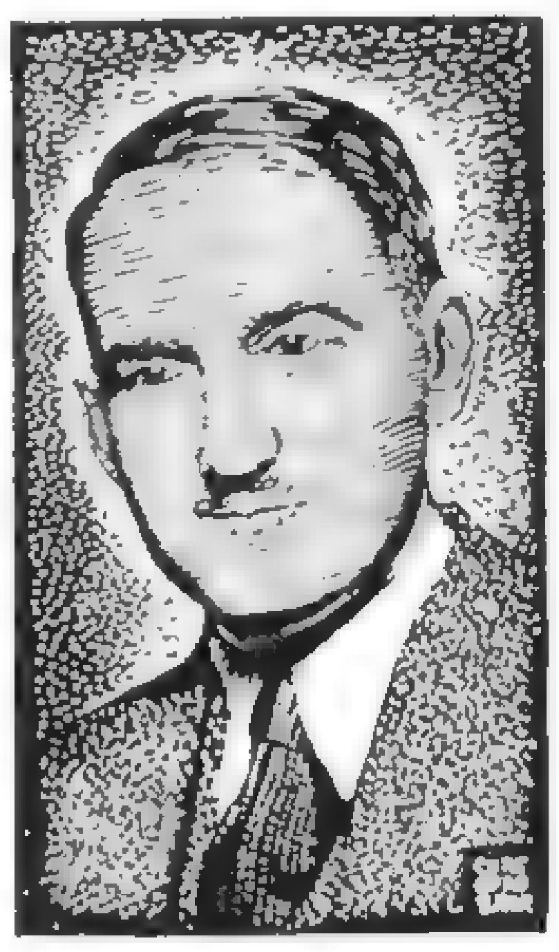

George Seldes

George Seldes (*The Color of the Press*, page 46) was born at Alliance, New Jersey in 1890. He was a war correspondent with the American army during the World War and interviewed Hindenburg during Armistice Week. He has two world scoops to his credit; the Vienna revolution in 1927 and the Bombardment of Damascus in 1925. He has written seven books, including *You Can't Print That*, and his latest, *Sawdust Caesar*, wants the world to know he is a member of no club, no religious denomination, no political party, no organization whatsoever. His home (heavily mortgaged) is in Woodstock, Vt.

•

This month's most popular article will undoubtedly be Antheil's definitive opus on page 36, *The Glandbook in Practical Use*. An enlarged and improved version of the Glandbook itself appears on page 37. It's so greatly improved, in fact, that Gus who couldn't make head or tail, to use his phrase, out of the one in the May issue found that he had memorized this one in the mere act of preparing it for production, and forthwith began classifying all the girls in the various cartoons. Like this: the Campbell girl on page 30 is adrenal (Type B); the Petty girl, see page 34, is hyperthyroid (Type C), despite the too-bright red of her hair (a B characteristic); the Bundy girl, see pages 59 and 72, is typically and invariably adrenal (B), while Ty Mahon's famous dumb blonde, see page 84, is pure thymocentric (Type D). So, for that matter, is the Rienecke movie star on page 71. Incidentally, if you will turn to the Glandbook after looking at each of these cartoons and read the Personality classifications for each of the types, you will even notice that the gag-lines are in perfect tune with the psychic as well as the physical traits of the types portrayed in the drawings. We miss our fondest guess if amateur endocrinology doesn't become a great beach sport this summer.

Orrick Johns (*Straws in the Southwind*, page 55) was the first winner of a national poetry prize. He has been editor of *The Carmelite* (Carmel-by-the-Sea, of which Lincoln Steffens is unofficial mayor) and *The New Masses*. He has published several volumes of verse, and a comedy, *A Charming Conscience*, produced by Margaret Anglin in 1923. At present he is writing plays and autobiography and supervising the Federal Newspaper Project. He lives in New York City.

•

Hermann B. Deutsch (*Old Dog's New Trick*, page 56) is a New Orleans newspaper man who won't be lured away from New Orleans—notwithstanding the siren calls of newspapers all over the country. His latest novel is called *The Wedge*. He is a frequent and favorite contributor to Esquire.

•

Every so often we let a good idea turn sour. One case was the editor's note on the Petty cartoon for May. We were trying to break the world's record for brevity in editor's notes and at the same time convey our indignation and astonishment that Petty, whose reputation rests on body-jobs as obviously as does that of the Fisher Brothers, should attempt for even one month to palm off a male in the Petty girl's allotted place. But it seems nobody got it. Another wet firecracker was the hot idea we served slightly lukewarm in April. We meant to have an editor's note on the Seldes "pome," *Eros in Metropolis*, which was a sly poke at those poets who cloak banality of content in a wrap of modernist technique. Mr. Seldes took, advisedly and avowedly, the most shopworn of all plots and dished it up in pseudo-heroic metrics, in the spirit of broadest burlesque. The old fur-coat story is, of course, the bane of all editorial offices, where readers patiently read and reject it on an average of six times a week. We assumed that it was at least as well known as Cinderella. At the last minute it began to seem to us that an editor's note, announcing that the performance was not in earnest, would be in itself that culminating banality, elucidation of the obvious, so we let the thing ride without one.

We shouldn't have. For a month we've been deluged with accusations of plagiarism from dozens unto scores of "authors" of the story!

Continued on page 28

DISTILLERS
SINCE 1857
Seagram's
90 PROOF
"V.O."
Rare Old
Canadian
Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND
UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF
THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
6 Years Old
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS LIMITED
WATERLOO ONTARIO CANADA
"Time Works Wonders"

LAFAYETTE landing at Boston in 1780. Leaving a young wife and child behind, Lafayette won the hearts of Americans by his unselfish devotion to the high ideals of their cause. Here was no mere soldier of fortune, but a man whose depth of character and high purpose made him, in truth, a man *"born to lead."*

Born to Lead

Seagram's
"V. O."
Rare Old
Canadian
Whiskey
Every Drop
6 Years Old

Lafayette achieved leadership because of *inborn* qualities. So, too, the products of the House of Seagram have won acclaim as masterpieces. Superior taste, inviting bouquet have marked each of them. But Seagram whiskies have had more than this. There is a depth of character, an inborn soundness in each whiskey that could be put there only by the good faith, the high purpose of the makers . . .

Typical of the leadership Seagram has won, is "V. O." This suave, mild 6-year-old whiskey has outsold by far every whiskey in America over four years old . . . not just for a few months . . . but ever since Repeal. Here, truly, it can also be said, "V.O." was *born to lead.*

Seagram's "V.O."

Say Seagram's and be Sure

Seagram-Distillers Corp.—Executive Offices: New York

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

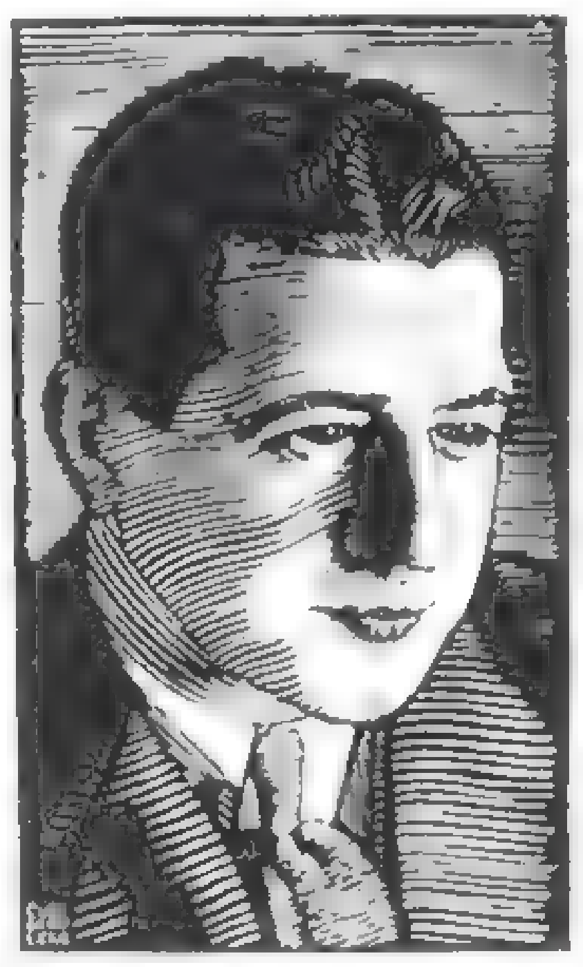
Remember this for the next time you feel a cold coming on: a level tablespoonful of butter, a heaping teaspoonful of sugar, three ounces of whisky, five or six ounces of boiling water; stir quickly in an earthen beer mug and down it while it's still as hot as you can stand it. Oddly enough, it won't make you tight, the melted butter seeming to have the same effect as milk or olive oil in cushioning the kick, but it may make you sweat buckets. Maybe you're the guy who thought it up, but we in our innocence heard of it only recently. It's called a Hot Brick. It knocked two colds in the head that gave every indication of developing into doozies.

•

Murray Gitlin (*The Tower of Weakness*, page 122) says drearily that life has been a hard struggle, "wandering about the country in search of jobs, getting them and losing them, now a farmhand, or a clerk in a department store, director of group activities at a community center, or school-teacher." He offers further that fifteen years of his life were spent on farms in Connecticut and Massachusetts, that both his paternal grandfather and his father were blacksmiths; and that he went to college years ago, but can't remember where.

•

John Vassos (*Fear Into Phobia*, page 81) who is a Greek, was born in Roumania, reared in Constantinople, served with the British during the World War, and now is a citizen of the United States. He has studied with Sargeant and Sloan. His first illustrative work was Oscar Wilde's *Salome*. He is now consulting engineer for RCA.



John Vassos

•

James Wright Poling, who writes about swing, riffs and long underwear gangs in *Music After Midnight*, page 92, says: "I reached New York from Lima, Ohio, by way of the University of Michigan, where I graduated with honors. Went to work in the book publishing business and have been there ever since, with the exception of two years of free lance writing. Wrote anything I thought would earn an honest (?) dollar, from book reviews for the leading New York newspapers to countless stories for the pulp paper magazines. Also wrote radio scripts, a few serious articles, and one talking picture, which, when produced, taught me the real meaning of the word embarrassment. Left pulp writing, went back to publishing, and am the present editor of The Crime Club, Incorporated. My hobbies are criminology, talking, and relaxing. Would like to do more writing but it's such hard work. I am twenty-eight, married and have one dog."

•

People keep writing in to ask whether Carleton Smith has been kicked out of the magazine as a result of the furore over his last article, *Woman as Creator*. On the contrary, steps are under way to institutionalize him. Beginning with the next issue, he's to have a regular monthly department. At that time, too, we'll try to tell you the involved story of the five Carleton Smiths who write, each one of whom seems to feel in his secret heart that his achievements are being credited to the other four, while only their mistakes are being attributed to him.

•

Jesse Stuart who wrote *Ballad of Lonesome Waters*, page 32, comes from mountain people. He is the first of his family to get a college education—he hitch-hiked his way to Lincoln Memorial College at Harrogate, Tennessee, where he earned his way by digging water and sewer lines and crushing limestone rock for the highways. After an interim of teaching, he did graduate work at Vanderbilt. He has published a widely-praised book of poems, *Man with a Bull-Tongue Plow*. He lives on his partly-paid-for farm near Fullerton, Kentucky—the same farm where he used to work for twenty-five cents a day.

•

The late Harold E. Scarborough, who wrote *The Big Winner*, the story on page 68, was for fifteen years London correspondent for the New York *Herald Tribune*. He met his death on shipboard returning to England last November. He was well known for articles during the Peace Conference and the League of Nations.

•

We're seldom right but we were never wronger than when we told Scott Fitzgerald, upon receipt of his first article in *The Crack-Up* series, that we thought the whole idea of a series of self-revelatory sketches was lacking in general interest. Seldom has as much interest been aroused by anything printed in our pages. So there'll be some more soon.

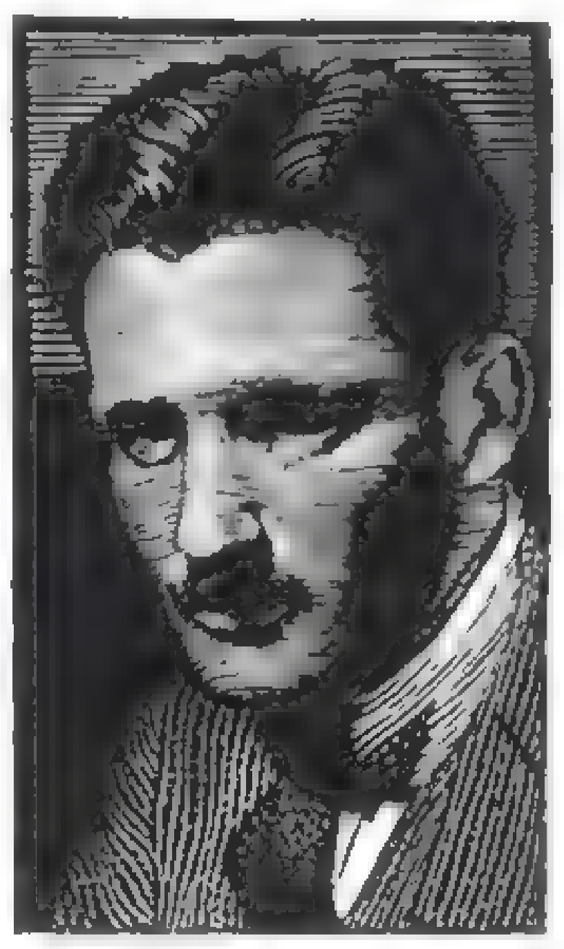
When Kenneth A. Millican (*This Wedding Racket*, page 82) was one year old, his family moved to a haunted house in Kineton, Warwickshire. In four years the ghosts drove them out, thoroughly jittered and twelve thousand pounds poorer. Later he moved with his family to San Quentin, Lower California, and at the tender age of fifteen, he succeeded the local telegraph operator who had been conveniently shot on Christmas Day. Incidentally, he ran the railroad which was 17 miles long. He says: "It started from nowhere and went to hell through a swamp, and we had to run at least one train a month as an excuse for drawing a subsidy from the Mexican Government." Later he went to Los Angeles and became a cub reporter, successively, on each of the four newspapers published there. He fought in the Spanish American war, got married, and went to San Francisco, where he became—of all things—a banker. But he says he's an honest man again now, and does nothing but writing and broadcasting daily comment on the stock market. He admits that he collects postage stamps, smokes almost anything and drinks absolutely everything.

•

Richard A. Knight (*Divorcées in Name Only*, page 67) says, "I was born and raised in Dallas, Texas, attended, in swift succession, the University of Texas, Yale, Princeton and Harvard, and finally got a law degree from the last named in 1924. Since then I have practiced law in Wall Street. I live in a house at 182 E. 64th Street, NYC, with a wife and an unmarried daughter, aged three weeks.

•

Add things that make life needlessly difficult: There's a new saloon in Chicago's Rialto called *The Esquire Pub*. Vendors of various barroom supplies are beginning to drive our reception girl crazy, while we keep hearing of people who go into the saloon to give a change of address, renew a subscription or leave a manuscript. Our legal department has been dead-eye so far in knocking off places and products using the magazine's name in vain, but maybe *The Esquire Pub* won't wait to be asked to change its name—when a quorum of the customers they greet with a hospitable smile turn out to be teetotaling and terrible tempered bluenoses who have just stomped in to cancel a subscription.



R. H. M. Goldman

We have never held with that school of thought which insists that Ernest Hemingway is short changing us every time he devotes his space to a piece on deep-sea fishing. But we direct the attention of that faction to his short story on page 31, *The Horns of the Bull*, which ought to make retroactive amends for all anguish ever caused the anti-fish fans by any of Mr. Hemingway's twenty-six previous contributions.

•

T. F. Healy, (*The Greek and the Gael*, page 79) is writing his first book. He was born in Limerick of Munster in southern Ireland, and was educated at the University of Notre Dame, Indiana. He has done newspaper work in many states, including Colorado, Nebraska and New York, and he has contributed to *American Mercury*, *Commonweal*, *Forum*, *American*, *Catholic World* and *Columbia*. He lives in New York.

•

R. H. M. Goldman, our Discovery of the Month, is the author of *The Art of Old Guilio* on page 126. He says: "I was born in 1910 and was educated at a terrific clip. Until graduation from Columbia College I was very young and unquestioning, and as a consequence acquired very good marks and very absurd ideas. I held a fellowship in Fine Arts for a year after that, but before I reached the age of twenty-one I decided to get out of the vacuum. I went abroad, abandoned music and the arts generally, started to write, learned six languages, and met a young lady named Alexandria Rienzi who is now, when not painting, writing or lecturing, Mrs. R. H. M. G. Since returning, I have taught music, languages and fine arts at various schools; I have tried raising chickens; I have written pulps, articles on music, publicity, and so forth; I have started a novel. I live in Mount Tremper, New York, or in New York City."

•

Luigi Barzini, Jr. is an Italian newspaperman, educated at Columbia University. His article *Ethiopia; Enter Madame*, which appears on page 64, came to us from Eritrea, hot off the battle front.

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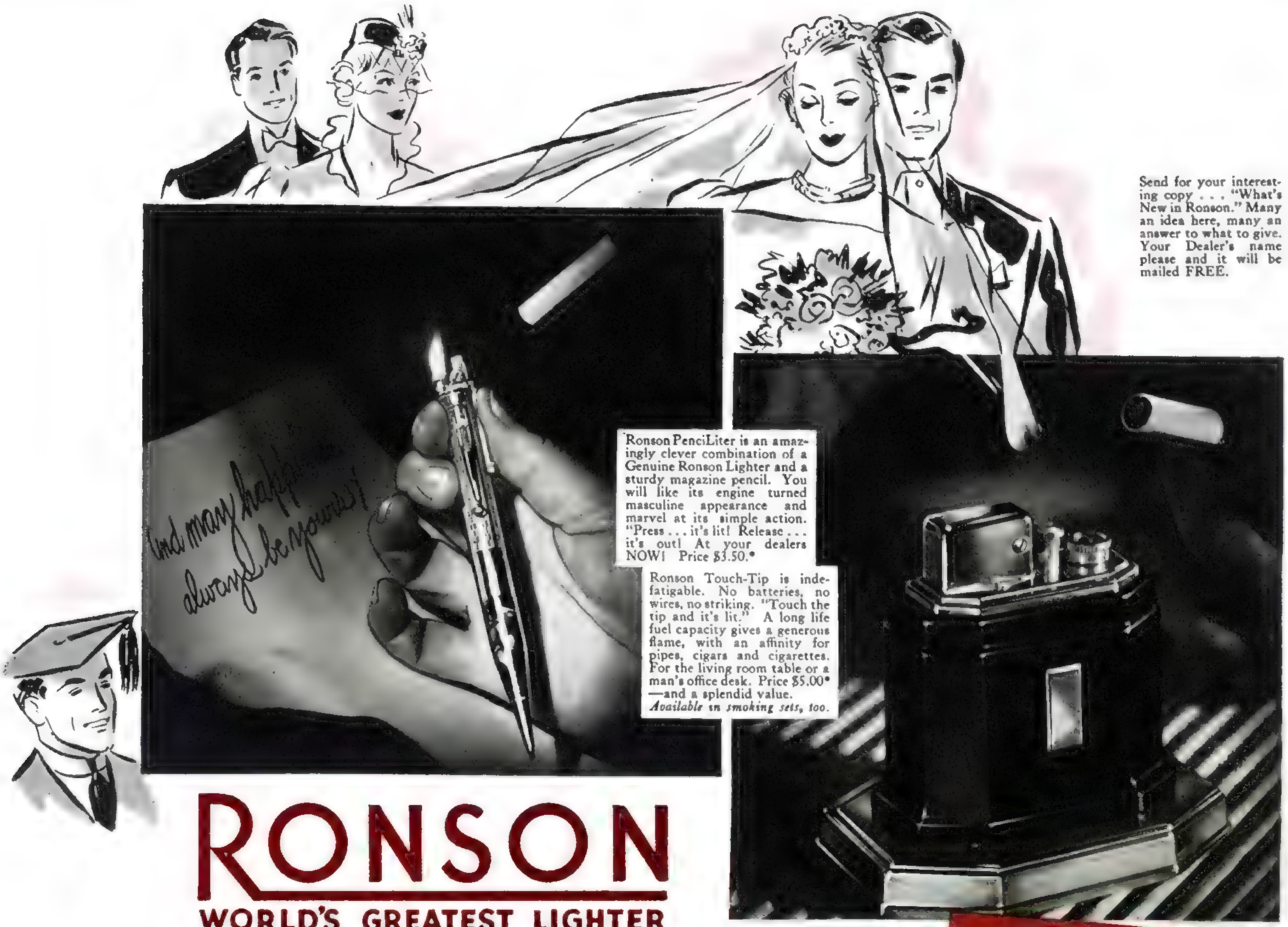
Incidentally, we were telling an eminent critic about this Barzini piece and he said, "That's the kind of article that would be wonderful even if it's no good." #


And may happiness always be yours!

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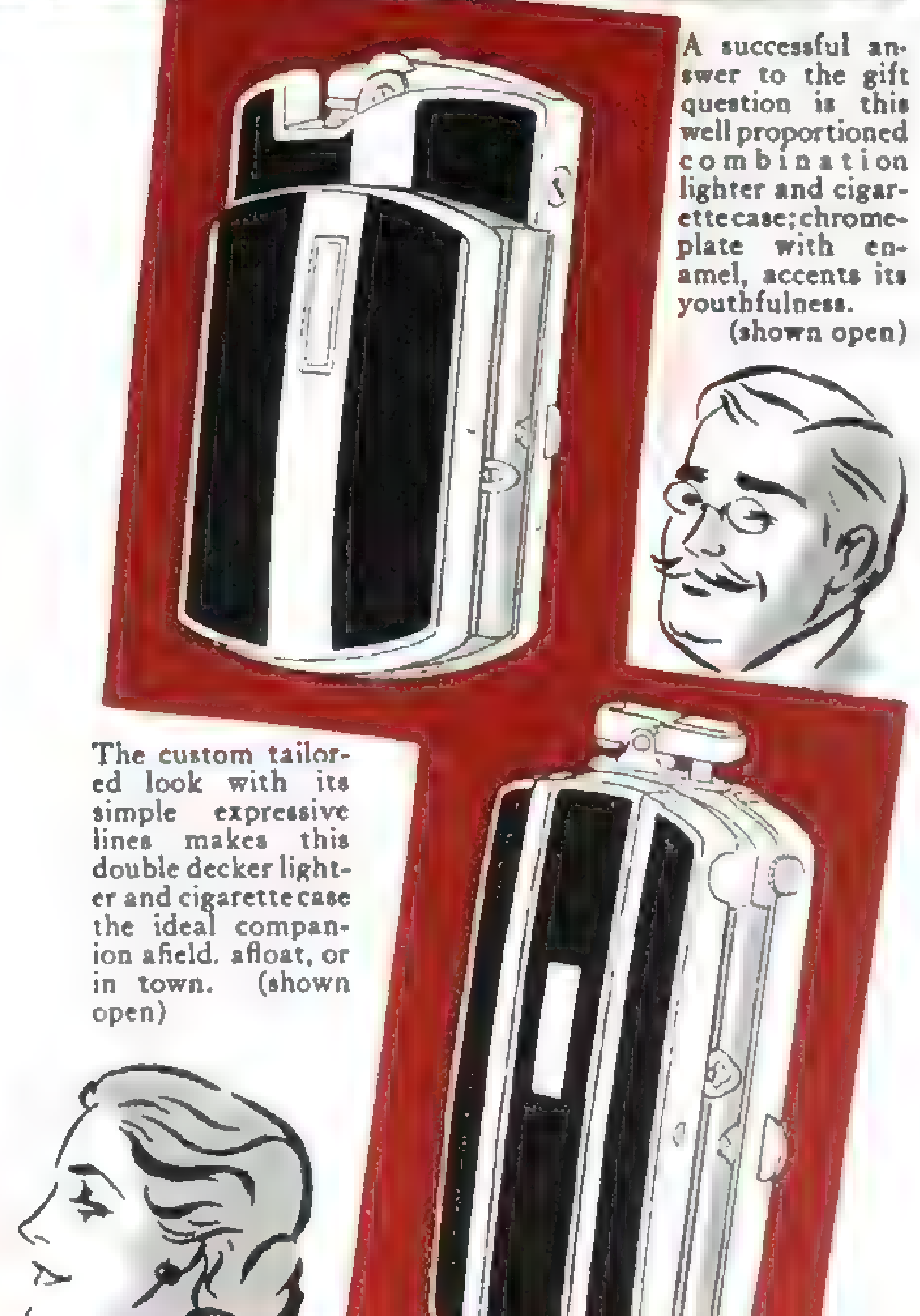

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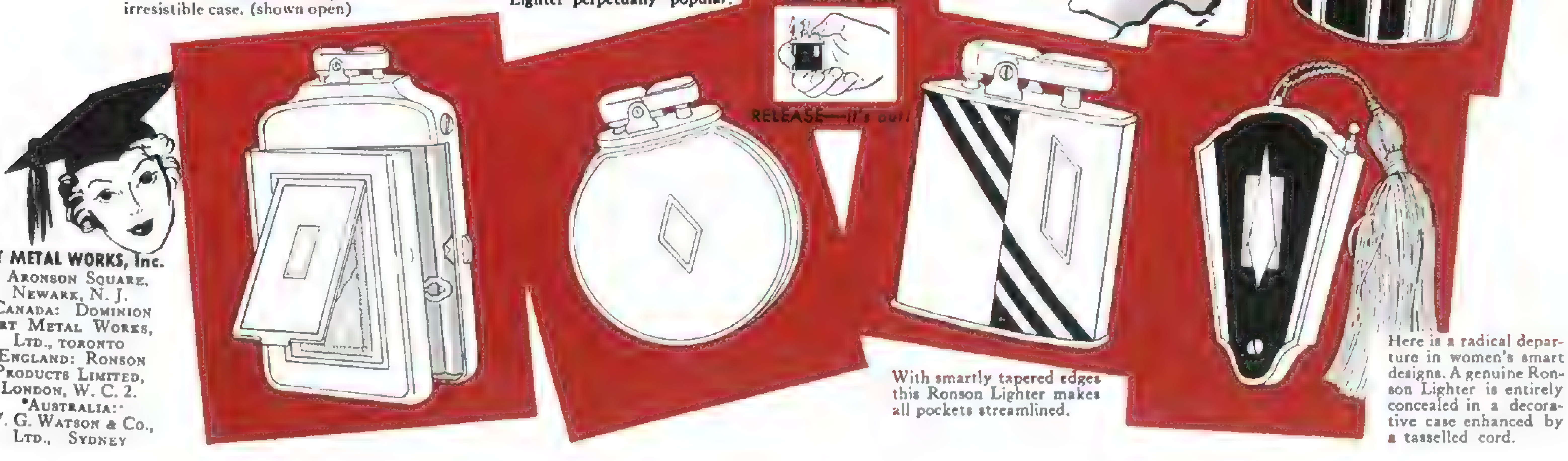
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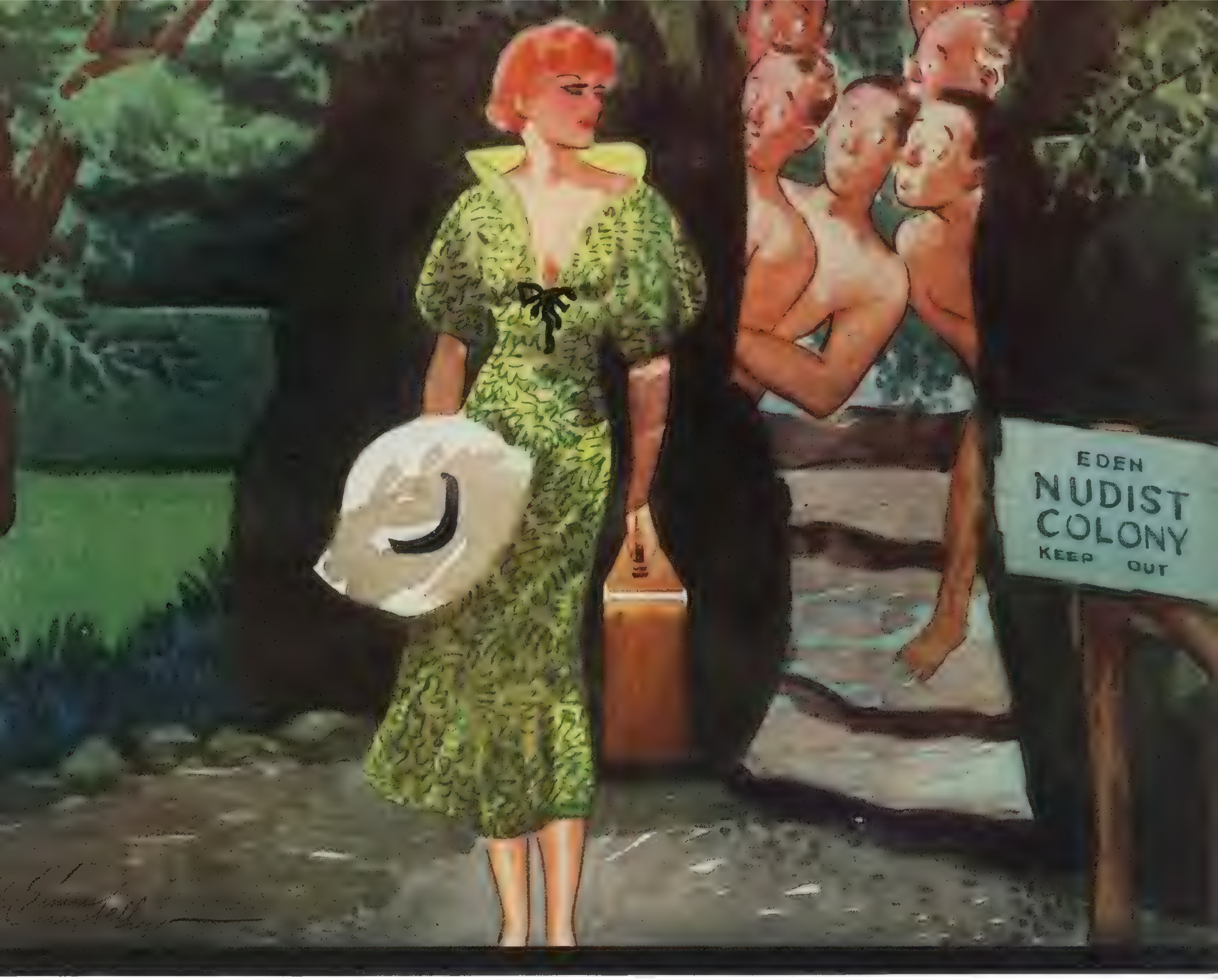

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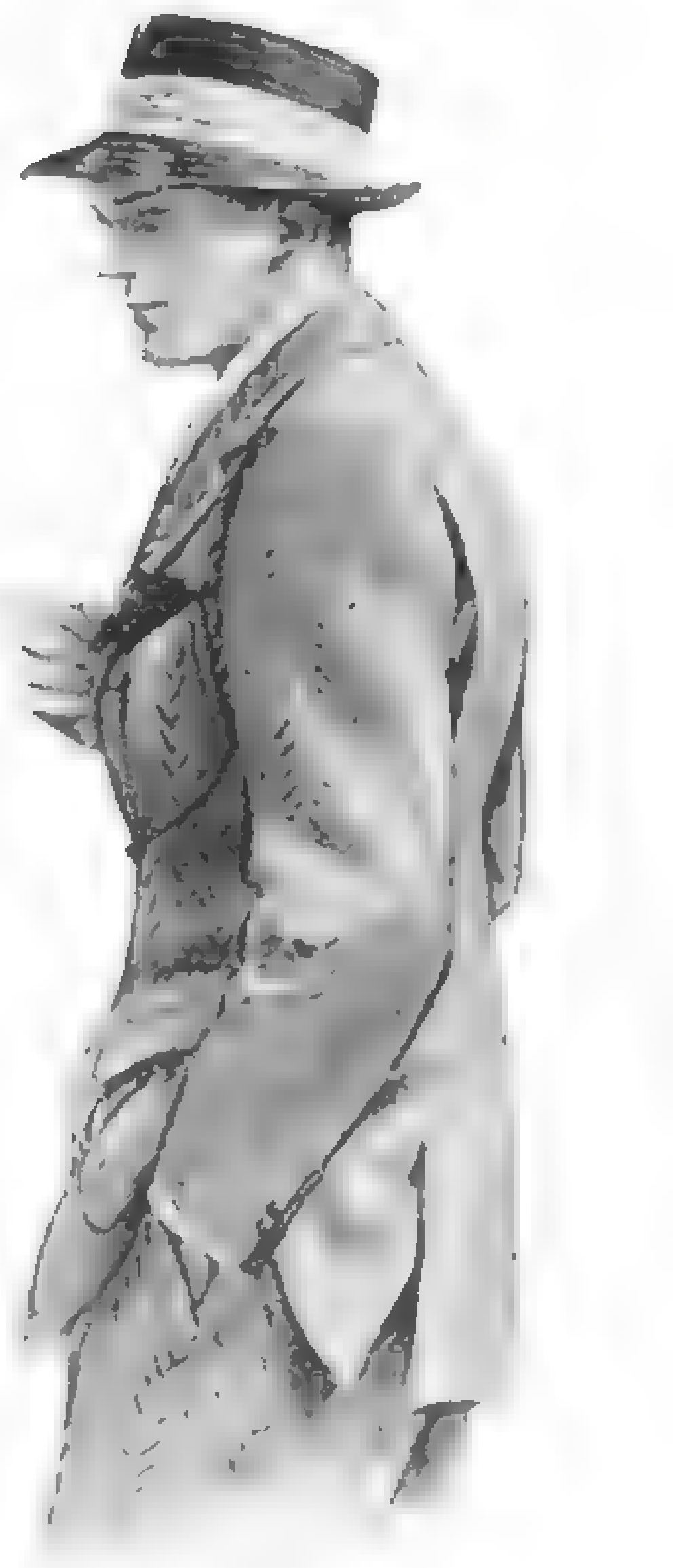

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

THE TRUMPETER LABEL

A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR ... A BIG THING TO FIND

The Horns of the Bull

A short story

by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

MADRID is full of boys named Paco, which is the diminutive of the name Francisco, and there is a Madrid joke about a father who came to Madrid and inserted an advertisement in the personal columns of *El Liberal* which said *Paco meet me at Hotel Montana noon Tuesday all is forgiven papa* and how a squadron of Guardia Civil had to be called out to disperse the eight hundred young men who answered the advertisement. But this Paco, who waited on table at the Pension Luarca, had no father to forgive him nor anything for the father to forgive. He had two older sisters who were chambermaids at the Luarca, who had gotten their place through coming from the same small village as a former Luarca chambermaid who had proven hardworking and honest and hence given her village and its products a good name, and these sisters had paid his way on the auto-bus to Madrid and gotten him his job as an apprentice waiter.

He came from a village in a part of Extremadura where conditions were incredibly primitive, food scarce and comforts unknown, and he had worked hard ever since he could remember. He was a well built boy with very black, rather curly hair, good teeth and a skin that his sisters envied and he had a ready and unpuzzled smile. He was fast on his feet and did his work well and he loved his sisters, who seemed beautiful and sophisticated, he loved Madrid, which was still an unbelievable place, and he loved his work which, done under bright lights, with clean linen, the wearing of evening clothes, and abundant food in the kitchen, seemed romantically beautiful.

There were from eight to a dozen other people who lived at the Luarca and ate in the dining room but for Paco, the youngest of the three waiters who served at table, the only ones who really existed were the bull fighters.

Second rate matadors lived at that pension because the address in the Calle San Jeronimo was good, the food was excellent and the room and board was cheap. It is necessary for a bull fighter to give the appearance, if not of prosperity, at least of respectability since decorum and dignity rank above courage as the virtues most highly prized in Spain, and bull fighters stayed at the Luarca until their last pesetas were gone. There is no record of any bull fighter having left the Luarca for a better or more expensive hotel; second rate bull fighters never become first rate; but the descent from the Luarca was swift since anyone could stay there who was making anything at all and a bill was never presented to a guest unasked until the woman who ran the place knew that the case was hopeless.

At this time there were three full matadors living at the Luarca as well as two very good picadors, and one excellent banderillero. The Luarca was luxury for the picadors and the banderilleros, who, with their families in Seville, required lodging in Madrid during the spring season; but they were well paid and in the fixed employ of fighters who were heavily contracted during the coming season, and the three of these subalterns would probably make much more apiece than any of the three matadors. Of the three matadors one was ill and trying to conceal it; one had passed his short vogue as a novelty, and the third was a coward.

The coward had at one time, until he had received a peculiarly atrocious horn wound in the lower abdomen at the start of his first season as a full matador, been exceptionally brave and remarkably skillful, and he still had many of the hearty mannerisms of his days of success. He was jovial to excess and laughed constantly with and without provocation. He had, when successful, been very addicted to practical jokes but he had given them up now. They took an assurance that he did not feel. This matador had an intelligent, very open face and he carried himself with much style.

The matador who was ill was careful never to show it and was meticulous about eating a little of all the dishes that were presented at the table. He had a great many handkerchiefs which he laundered himself in his room and, lately, he had been selling his fighting suits. He had sold one, cheaply, before Christmas and another in the first week of April. They had been very expensive suits, had always been well kept and he had one more. Before he had become ill he had been a very promising, even a sensational, fighter and, while he himself could not read, he had clippings which said that in his debut in Madrid he had been better than Belmonte. He ate alone at a small table and looked up very little.

The matador who had once been a novelty was very short and brown and dignified. He also ate alone at a separate table and he smiled rarely and never laughed. He came from Valladolid, where the people are extremely serious, and he was a capable matador, but his style had become old-fashioned before he had ever succeeded in endearing himself to the public through his virtues, which were courage and a calm capability, and his name on a poster would draw no one to a bull ring. His novelty had been that he was so short that he could barely see over the bull's withers, but there were other short fighters, and he had never succeeded in imposing himself on the public's fancy.

Of the picadors one was a thin, hawk-faced, gray-haired man, lightly built but with legs and arms like iron who always wore cattleman's boots under his trousers, drank too much every evening and gazed amorously at any woman in the pension. The other was huge, dark, brown-faced, good-looking, with black hair like an Indian and enormous hands. Both were great picadors although the first was reputed to have lost much of his ability through drink and dissipation, and the second was said to be too headstrong and quarrelsome to stay with any matador more than a single season.

The banderillero was middle-aged, gray, short, cat-quick in spite of his years, and, sitting at table reading the paper, looked a moderately prosperous business man. His legs were still good for this season and when they should go he was intelligent and experienced enough to keep regularly employed for a long time. The difference would be that when his speed of foot would be gone he would always be frightened where now he was assured and calm in the ring and out of it.

On this evening everyone had left the dining room except the hawk-faced picador who drank too much, the birth-marked faced auctioneer of watches at the fairs and festivals of Spain, who also drank too much, and two priests from Galacia who were sitting at a corner table and drinking, while not too much perhaps enough. At that time wine was included in the price of the room and board at the Luarca and the waiters had just brought a fresh bottle of Valdepeñas to the tables of the auctioneer, then to the picador and finally to the two priests.

The three waiters stood at the end of the room. It was the rule of the house that they should all remain on duty until the diners whose tables they were responsible for should all have left, but the one who served the table of the two priests had an appointment to go to an Anarcho-Syndicalist meeting and Paco had agreed to take over his

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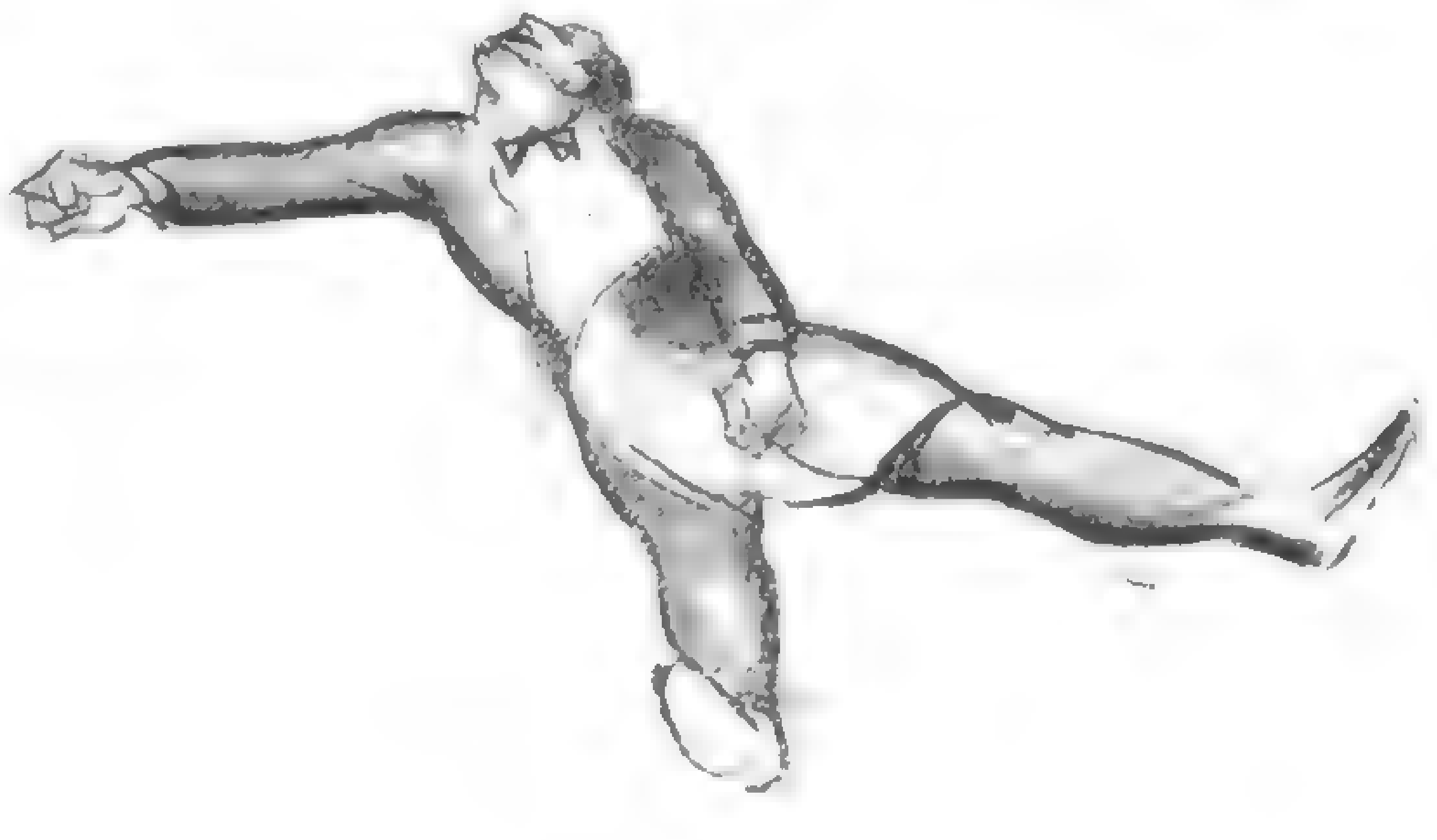


The Ballad of Lonesome Waters

by JESSE STUART

COME off the hill and quit a cuttin' fodder,
Come walk with me, Dave, by this lonesome water;
Come walk beside your landlord's only daughter;
Come talk to me beside this Blue Creek water.

And one-eyed Jim he passes Dave and Liddie Bee,
He sees them spooning by a sweet-gum tree.
And Liddie's Pappie, Jim he goes to see.

And Alec Seaton on his hands and knees
Slips down among the pretty sweet-gum trees
And Alec looks and looks and then he sees.

There by a sweet-gum and the lonesome water
Stood Lackey Dave kissing his only daughter.

The caw-caw crow he laughed from his tall tree
And never a merrier haw-haw laugh laughed he.

"Oh Liddie Bee, I'll plug that Lackey Dave!
I'll teach a fodder chopper to behave!
I'll put that scoundrel in a deep deep grave!
Above his bones the tall ragweeds will wave."

I am myself—I'll do as I durn please.
I'll churn no milk, black-flag no hound-dog fleas.
I'll patch no pants and stockings in the knees.
And from this yard I'll rake no black oak leaves.
I'll let you know I'll do as I durn please.
And you can growl and cuss and storm and mutter;
Gather your apples and make your own old apple butter.

"I tell you Liddie Bee it'll happen soon
If you and Dave stay out beneath the moon
And lean against gum trees and spoon and spoon.

"We'll have one of them shot-gun weddings soon;
You out with Dave this way beneath the moon.
This is the time of year of a mad moon."

Oh Pappie, Dave has gone—he went to sea.
He left a note down in a hollow tree.
Oh Dave he's gone and he did lie to me.
Oh what am I to do—oh can't you see!
Since my Davey has lied—plum lied to me!

The dead leaves in the fall-time winds are sighing,
High in the blue blue sky wild geese are flying—
I tighten my lips to keep from crying,
I cannot stand their lonely honk honk crying.

What will the neighbors think of me a lady
Not married and a going to have a baby?

I see the geese high in the blue blue sky.
They're flying fast with many a honking cry
I think of Dave—I bite my lips and cry.

I know if Dave was here he would not cry.
He'd take his gun and them goose-birds would die.
And married now, late in the bed we'd lie.
Oh Lordie—I want to face the stars and cry.

I want to hide my face—I want to die.
It's bitter here—back here, I sit and cry.
I listen to the lone winds sigh and sigh.
I watch the winter birds come flocking nigh.

"Liddie Bee shore as them waters run
I'll get that Dave at the pint of this old gun.
I knowed he'd do this after your heart he'd won.
And now you bear for him a twelve-pound son.

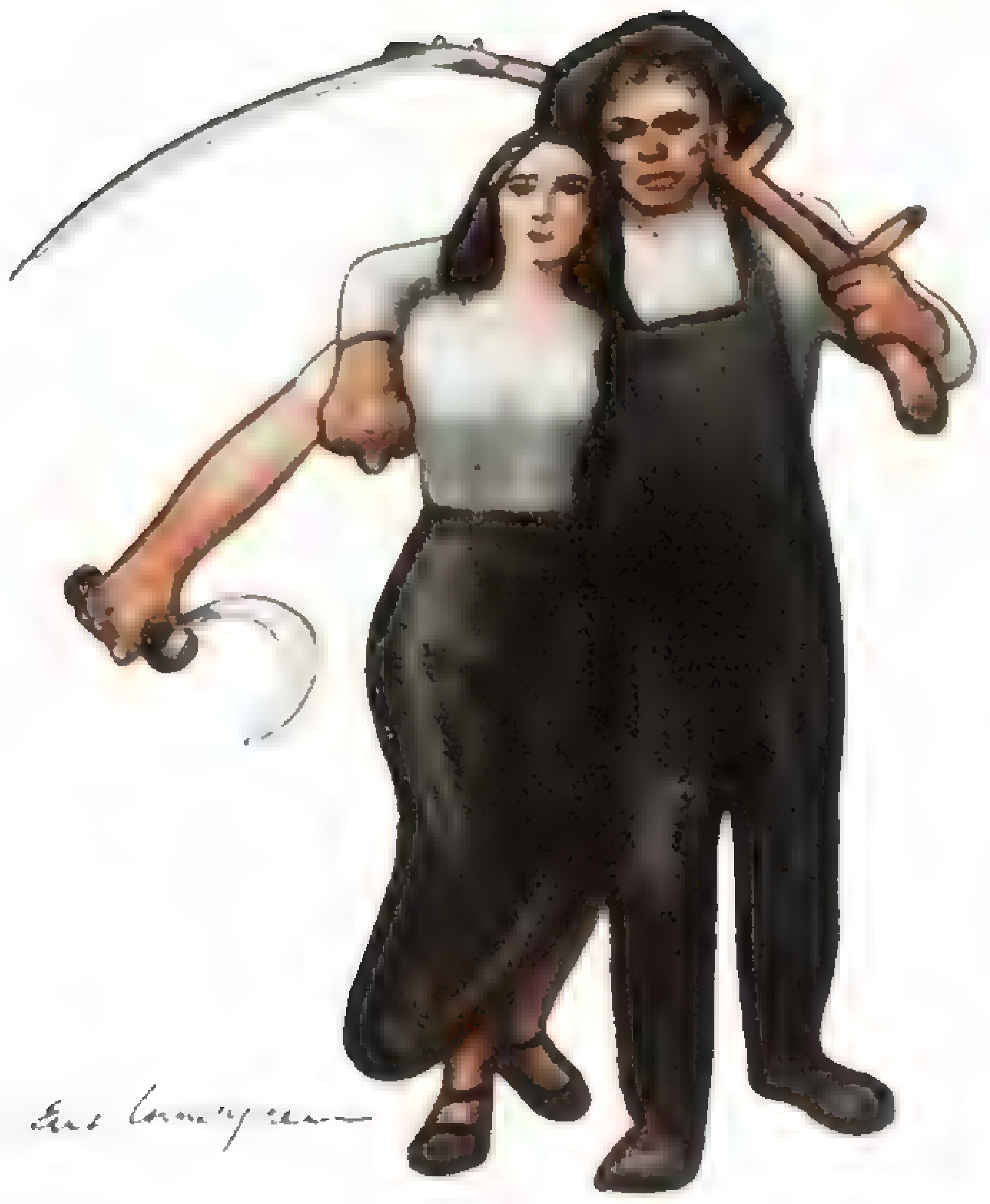
"He will come back to drink of lonesome water
And hear Kentucky winds blow through the fodder.

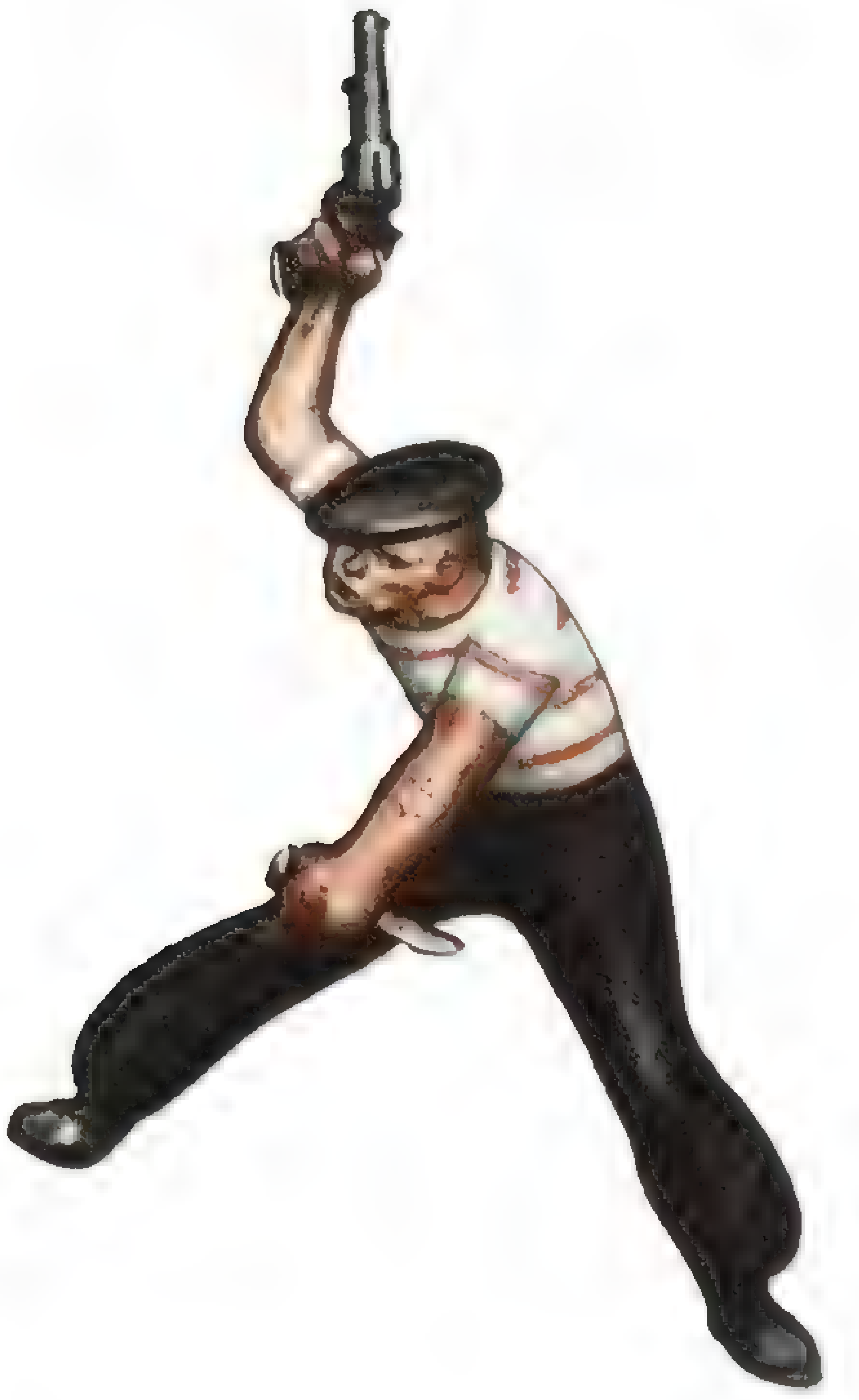
"As shore as God has made the stars and sun
I'll get that Dave at the pint of this old gun."

Dave will come back—I think it all the time
For in them lonesome waters Pappie he drapped a dime.
Dave will come back and then there'll be a time
If me and Dave are both then in our prime.

But Pappie what d'y know old One-eyed Jim
At the Buck Run dance asked me to marry him!

"A son by Dave, your chances now are slim.
Old One-eyed Jim—you'd better marry him
Before your hair turns gray and eyes grow dim.
Old One-eyed Jim, you may think lots of him!"





And now beside the lonesome Blue Creek waters
Play Dave's son and One-eyed Jim's five daughters;
And Liddie warns them not play close the waters.

The lazy hound-dogs snore and cuff the fleas
Under the shade of the broad cherry trees—
And the wind goes a whispering through the leaves.
And Liddie Bee and One-eyed Jim are hoeing peas.

Nine years and Dave comes marching back in blue.
He says, "Where is the girl I loved so true?
Liddie Bee—oh Liddie Bee! Oh where are you?"

And when dead leaves were strewn on lonesome waters
And fall-time winds were shaking blades of fodder,
Dave went to see old Seaton's only daughter.

He had come back to drink of lonesome waters
And take his bride, the landlord's only daughter.
What did he care for One-eyed Jim's five daughters?

And when Dave reached her lonesome log-shack place
He saw the marks of time on Liddie's face.
Days hoeing on the hills had left their trace.
Nine years child-bearing had changed her lovely face.
But Dave caught Liddie in a strong embrace.
And put a thousand kisses on her face.

A gun went off and Dave had lost one arm
But then it did not do his body harm.
It would now be a little hard to farm;
To hold the plow with only one good arm.

When Jim came home he pulled a gun on Dave
But One-eyed Jim is sleeping in the grave.
For One-armed Dave was fast for One-eyed Jim.
He pulled his gun and got the best of him.

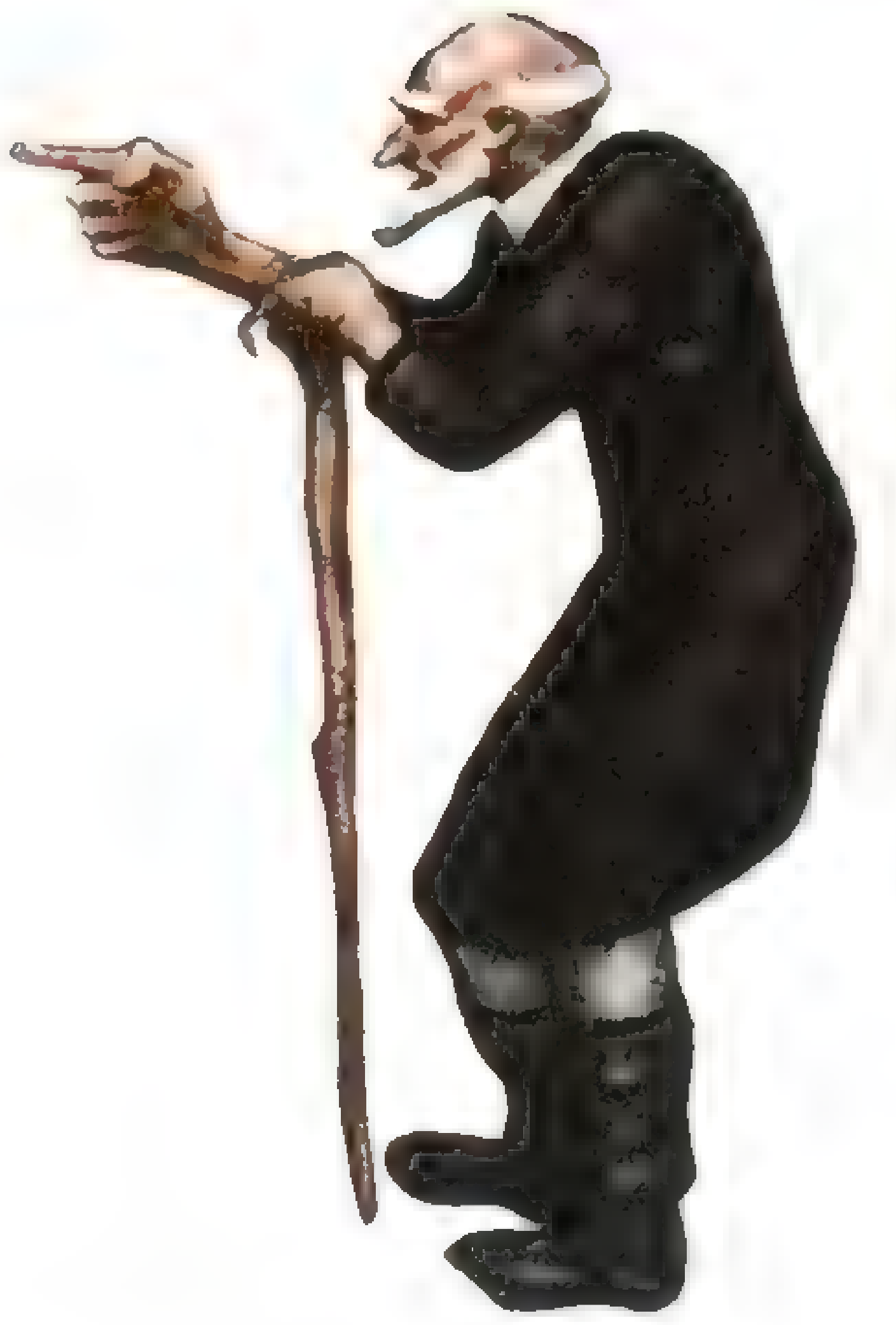
Out on a hill-top where it is so still,
Where in the moonlight sings the whippoorwill,
Lies poor old One-eyed Jim forever still.
Above his grave there rests a whicker-bill.

Jim's cutter plow is standing in the furrow
And in his pea-patch groundhogs make a burrow.

Crab-grass is smothering the spindly corn.
The weedy place is snakey and forlorn.

When strangers pass this place so desolate,
Nine hound-dogs meet them at the front-yard gate.

They run up to their legs and whiff some scent
Then yelp and laze and yawn in self content.
With front teeth pretty as a monument.



Then they go off and dig up buried meat;
Left there nine days for earth to make it sweet.

The yard is green—it's like a velvet rug.
The sky is high—blue as a water-jug.
And through the air flits many a spooning bug,
And Dave gives Liddie Bee a one-armed hug.

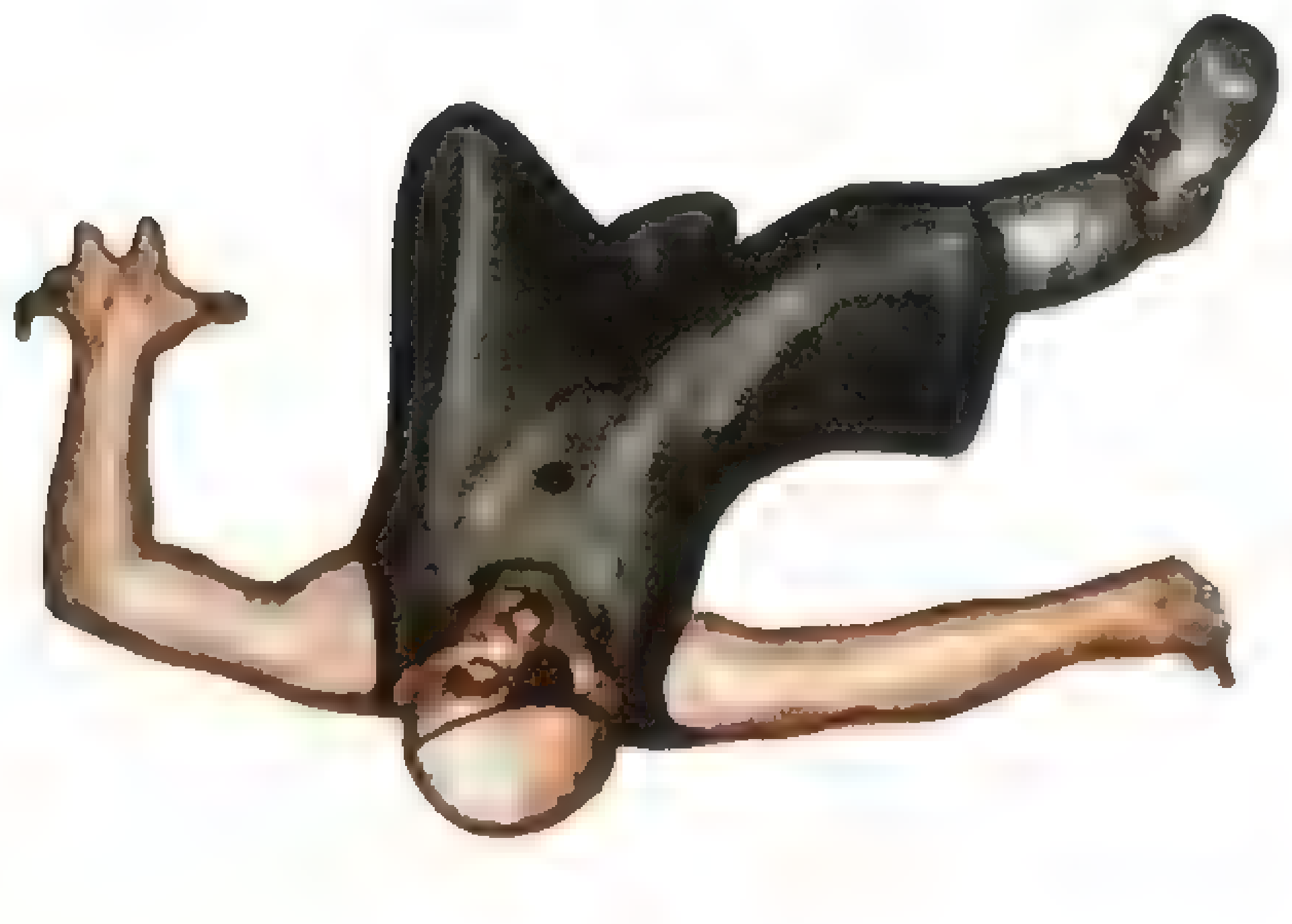
In lonesome waters when you drop a dime,
It may be long but you'll return sometime.

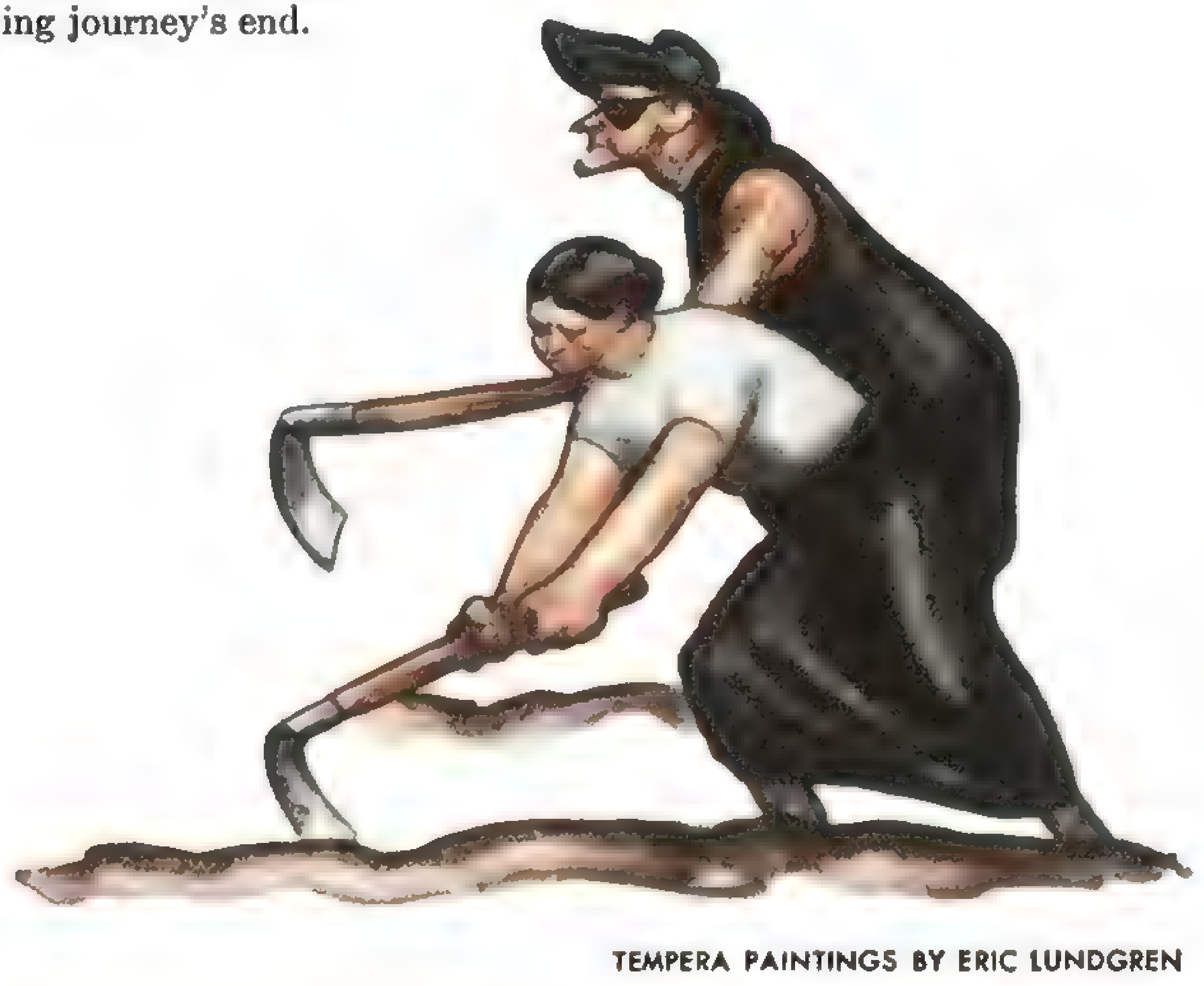
Tall boulders scratched by wind and sun
On husky hills that shoulder to the sky;
Where water falls and rabbits shyly run
Is where Dave hopes his bones are left to lie.

Just leave him in these open mountain spaces
Where hungry buzzards circle low and veer;
Where wind's a blanket for dead warrior faces
And whines for each lone hunter lying here.

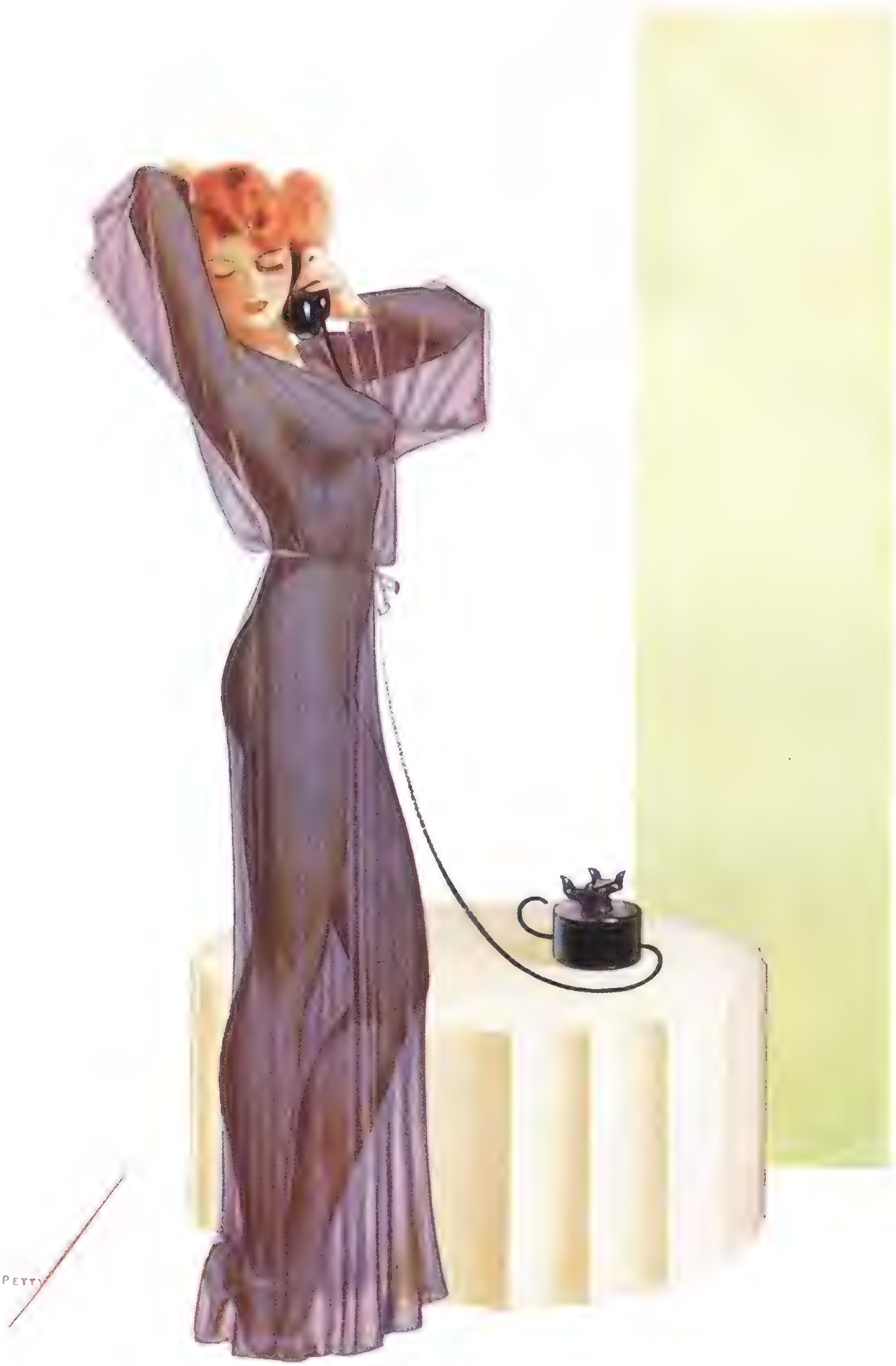
For he was built of stubborn mountain earth;
With kindred dust at death, let him remain;
He's been a brother to her since his birth;
Color was in his face and in his brain.

Then dig him a grave and shovel him under
And laugh and smoke as you do it old friend;
He'll love the slash of rain, the sound of thunder
And the sunset of the coming journey's end.





TEMPERA PAINTINGS BY ERIC LUNDGREN



"He doesn't smoke and he doesn't drink — I don't know what I'll do to amuse him."

The Ants at Princeton

He was secondary defense on the offense, and vice versa, but once he humbled the pride of Harvard

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

• SATIRE •

SUFFICIENT time having elapsed it is now possible to tell the facts about a case concerning which little is known, but about which the wildest speculations have been made. As a Princeton man and a friend of certain University officials the present author is in a position to know the true story, from its beginning at a faculty meeting to its nigh tragic ending at an intercollegiate football game.

One detail will forever elude me—which member of the faculty first conceived the idea of admitting *ants* as students to the University. The reasons given, I remember, were that the insects by their highly complicated organizing power, their discipline and above all, their industry, would set an example to the other students.

In any event the experiment was inaugurated one autumn under what seemed the best auspices. It was possible through the efforts of Professor ______ of the bacteriological department, and through the generosity of Mr. ______ of the Board of Trustees to find a number of ants suitable to the experiment. And so tactfully was it managed that many of the students were totally unaware of the presence of their new classmates, and, but for a certain incident which forms the basis of this story, might have remained so all through college.

Some of the ants, because of their diminutive stature, found difficulty in "keeping up" with their fellow students and these were reluctantly dropped at midyear examinations. The majority of them did well, however, and all progressed favorably through the year in spite of a growing inferiority complex among them. This complex was strongest in an especially large well developed ant, in whom the conviction gradually grew that it was his destiny to justify his people and their abilities before the rest of the student body.

As I say, his stature approached that of a man, and it was natural that his ambition should take the form of making for himself a berth on the varsity football team.

This was not so difficult, for during the previous year the team had been disorganized. It was between regimes, so to speak, and Fritz Crisler had been called East from the University of Minnesota to take the reins.

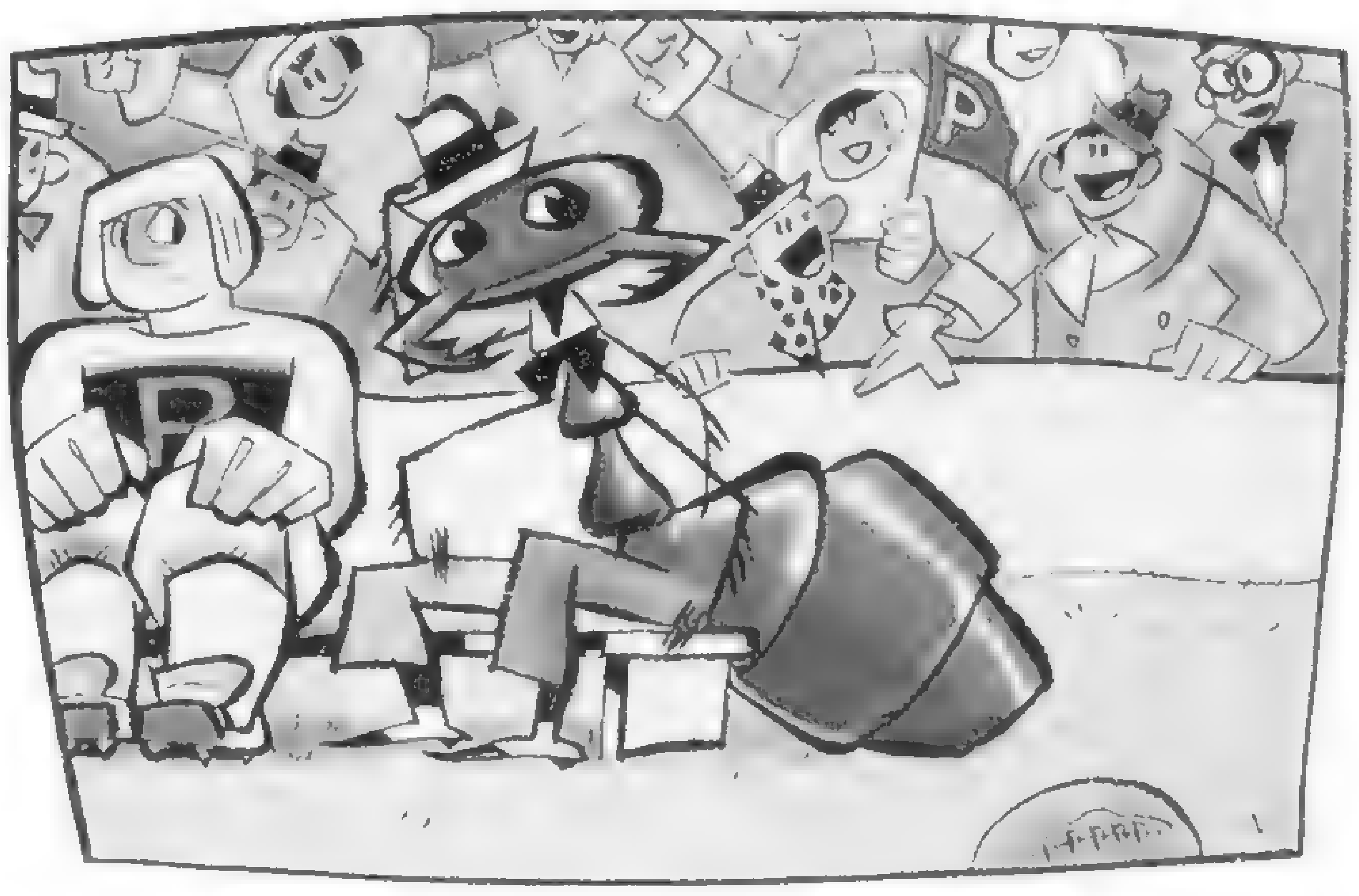
One of Mr. Crisler's first acts in assuming control was to ask for full independence in moulding a newer and better team—and the first matter that came up in this connection naturally centered about the ant.

For the ant by this time was playing running guard on the second varsity and to older alumni it seemed almost a disgrace that a team which had in other days contained such legendary heroes as Hillebrand, Biffy Lee, Big Bill Edwards and the Poes should have an *ant* on it, no matter what his personal character or ability.

But Crisler was firm.

"At Minnesota," he would say, "we have no racial discriminations on our teams—except of course against Scandinavians."

So as spring practice turned to fall practice the older alumni became resigned to the situation. And meanwhile the ant was moved up to the first varsity in which he became an important cog because of his versatility, playing secondary defense on the offense and secondary offense on the defense.



By the beginning of the season the coaches were beginning to think of him as a potential All-American. He was big and rugged and the dazzling way in which he twisted through the line on all fours, as well as his confusing ability to carry the ball under any of his eight arms, seemed to inaugurate a new era in American football. The whole offense was gradually built about him.

Every old Princetonian will remember that season—how in turn Cornell, Pennsylvania, Dartmouth, Columbia and Yale, and the two "breathers" (as the easy games were called), the Lawrenceville Seconds and the New Jersey School for Drug Addicts fell before the onslaught of the Tiger—or rather of the ant, for it was to him that the sports writers gave full credit. When his head was torn off in the Yale game there was dismay on the campus and a sigh of relief went over the undergraduate body when it was once more fixed in place.

Only one obstacle lay in the way of a victorious season and a sure trip to the Rose Bowl. The last game that year was with Harvard and the captain of the Crimson, Cabot Saltonville, who also played running guard, declared that he would rather cancel the game than play against an ant.

"I do not think it necessary to give any reasons," he declared to an eager press, "but I assure you on my word as an old Groton man it is not a question of fear."

The battle raged in the newspapers and on the two campuses. The Princetonians naturally saw in it a disingenuous desire to get rid of their star player. The claim was made that a Maeterlinck had written about ants while only an Adams had written about Bostonians. The Cambridgians stood almost unanimously behind their captain and broke up a radical meeting which considered the matter an aspect of the class war.

In the end Princeton yielded. The ant would sit on the sidelines. Saltonville had won.

As the game progressed the result was as prophesied. Without their quintuple threat the Princeton team was as paralyzed. Steadily the score mounted 7-0, 14-0, 50-0, 65-0—while the cheering from the Tiger stands gradually took on the semblance of a groan.

Finally someone—legend ascribes it to a freshman—started a sing-song slogan:

"We want 'Aunty'.
We want 'Aunty'."

Those near-by took it up and finally the whole orange and black section were chanting it.

"*We want Aunty!*"

It was here that Captain Saltonville of Harvard made his great mistake. There were only ten minutes to play and in the overweening confidence engendered by the score he was moved to one of those gestures of chivalry inherited from a long line of New England ancestors.

He called time out and shouted to the Princeton sidelines.

"Send in that insect."

They sent him in. He was in his civilian clothes for he had not expected to play, but before ten seconds had passed that seemed to make no difference, for once he was on the field a new spirit possessed the Princeton players. They swung into their old formations and with the ant leading the tandems rushed down the field. Crisler, as has been said, had built an offense around him that had carried them through an undefeated season. As "Aunty" bucked, tackled, spun, reversed, kicked and passed, hundreds of other smaller ants making their way cautiously through the grass swarmed over the

Continued in center of page 201

The Glandbook in Practical Use

More fun than Freud, more fascinating than fortune-telling; astound all your friends and confound all your rivals

by GEORGE ANTHEIL

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Those questing males who read the Glandbook may have, during the month's interval, encountered a few bewilderments or complications in attempting to do a little analysing of their own. In this case they must have noticed many apparent paradoxes. For instance that the greatest difference between the kind of girls whose beauteous torsos are flaunted in *Film Fun* and the society matrons who peer archly at one from the society sections of the right newspapers is a most emphatic lowering of the brow; frankly the *Film Fun* girls are highbrows, and the society matrons lowbrows. I cast no horrid insinuations—I mean this in a sheerly physical sense only. There is a ponderous amount of hyper-thyroid, excess-pituitary, and an equally staggering percentage of thymus in *Film Fun;* "Society" on the other hand shows no startling thymus characteristics, thereby proving that society *per se* is a serious business not for weaklings.

Society, however, shows a startling tendency toward adrenalism; the adrenal is the sportswoman's and business woman's gland. This now perceptible fact induces a line of thought productive of a moral—that our owners of great riches, our industrialists, capitalists, and owners of parkside Fifth Avenue, pick wives that will stand the strain; society, moreover, seems a nerve-straining and harassing species of profession. To those (not like myself) who have gone through it year after year, the Lido, St. Moritz, Biarritz, Vichy, Paris, London, and then New York, is no joke; night-clubs, dancing, skiing, skating, horsebackriding, motor-boat racing, or what-have-you, *demand* an adrenal wife. Society's price for acceptance and participation is aggressiveness. The adrenal takes to it with natural aptitude.

It is also interesting to notice that older society matrons invariably tend towards the pituitary. This means, that in their youth in the early nineteen hundreds they were more interested in the opera than in skiing, in Paderewski than in skating, and in child-welfare than airplane-riding. I do not say this in rebuke; I merely hold it up as an interesting symptom. As a composer I have a certain glittering interest in these young rich people—they will be our society patrons of tomorrow—if we can ever catch them. And, if they will like any music at all, it will be an electrical and adrenal kind of music, high-tensioned and vibrating with the forces of the present day. And they will dislike intensely poor wonderful thymocentric Schubert.

Film Fun, however, presents us with Schubert good and proper. Every page of it I turn I see the big goo-goo-eyed thymocentric female beauty looking out with pseudo soulfulness from above about five feet five inches of flawlessly white epidermis. Here indeed is Schubert (Franz, not Lee), love, June-moon, dove, and rapture, all rolled up into one. Whereas, when I leaf idly through *Vogue* or *Harper's Bazaar* I encounter, particularly in this season of man-tailoring, an almost regimented preponderance of adrenal.

The adrenal in women is a prudish gland and holds out to the very last (after which, like as not, it may well help along a latent nymphomania). Adrenal controls, too, that brisk body-modeling which seems to be absolutely *de rigueur* for our 1936 tomboy conception of womanly beauty. Although probably most men are thereof unaware, a decidedly masculine note has crept into our contemporary evaluation of feminine beauty and one can recognize a definite cycle starting from the nineties (which found us pituitary-minded, à la Mae West) after which the Gibson girl moved over from the pure postpituitary toward the thyroid. The thyroid was the ever increasing dominant from the Armistice up to the crash, culminating in the hyper-thyroid ideal of 1928. Since then the adrenal has been in gradual and constant ascendency. In all cases, and beyond any question of a doubt, the one greatest difference between the woman of 1836 and the woman of 1936 is masculinity, which, if it is hyper-adrenal, goes to make for a maddening prudishness, and which, if pushed a little further, a catastrophe of meaningless nymphomania. Fortunately our modern life no longer throws these "neurasthenic" hyper-adrenal girls into Victorian seclusion but allows them the full and athletic-tomboy existence they crave, therefore they are more often sexually articulated and well-expressed, although the latent prudish danger is always there. A *hyper*-adrenal girl with enough postpituitary to make her a woman, usually stays virginal longer than her girl friends but is apt to talk more sex than all the other types put together. After she has ceased to be a maiden, she stops talking about sex.

If society women seem to conform to a certain uniform adrenal type (the hyper-adrenal-pituitary), then our ten-cents-a-dance girls can lay claim to being in fine company, for they too are another kind of adrenal, the thymus-adrenal. Because of a common tendency, present in both the adrenal and thymus types, toward "modeling," it is quite possible to confuse the classic adrenal type with the classic thymus type. The adrenal woman, however, will have a more definitely "modern" turn to her muscles and sculpturesqueness of her body; the thymus, on the other hand, will have an icy, almost classic modeling, fine-drawn, taut, and exquisite. If one happens to observe these women upon a bathing beach one can easily see how striking are the differences, especially about the elbows, knuckles, knees, and shoulders . . . the adrenal will have a stronger set of them every time. Our ten-cents-a-dancer, being both thymus and adrenal, is very likely to be well-knit, and have in the bargain, a decided liking for dancing. This will be due to her adrenals. But her thymus characteristics will be ever present: in the first place she would hardly have drifted into this luckless profession without an ever active thymus to make her inefficient, childlike, and incapable in the problems of everyday life. However, the only difference between her and the society matron is that she has a little less adrenal than the latter, and perhaps a little more thyroid, but, oh ever so much, more thymus.

Upon the bathing beach all truths are instantly laid bare. The thyroid woman instantly becomes distinguishable because of her lack of any apparent muscular outline. She is merely and simply built in the form of Woman Eternal without undue masculoid muscular development of any kind. The thyroid, as a matter of fact, does not develop muscles easily . . . the bulgy, visible kind. Her muscles differ from the knotty adrenal's in that they are of that long, sleezy, superfine kind that ripple slightly beneath the skin, and never *never* get tired. The postpituitary is also very "Eternal Woman"; she is, if anything, a bit more "eternal" than the thyroid, for the postpituitary will tend to have larger breasts and larger hips; she will be smaller, and will, after a time, have a tendency to put on weight where it shouldn't be put on. This tragedy doesn't often happen to the good thyroid woman. Pituitary and

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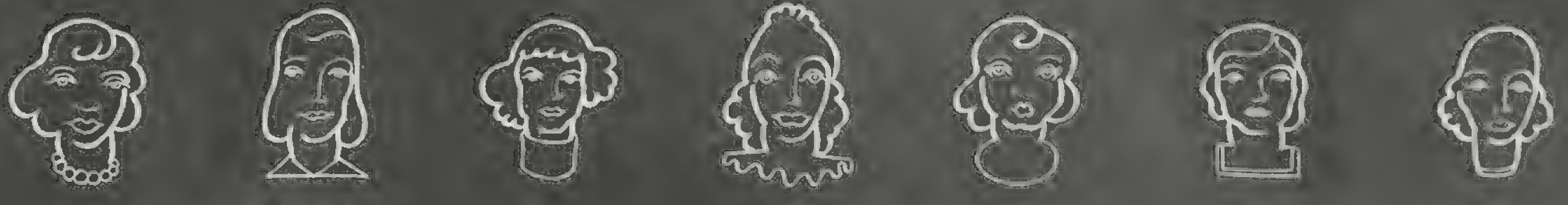
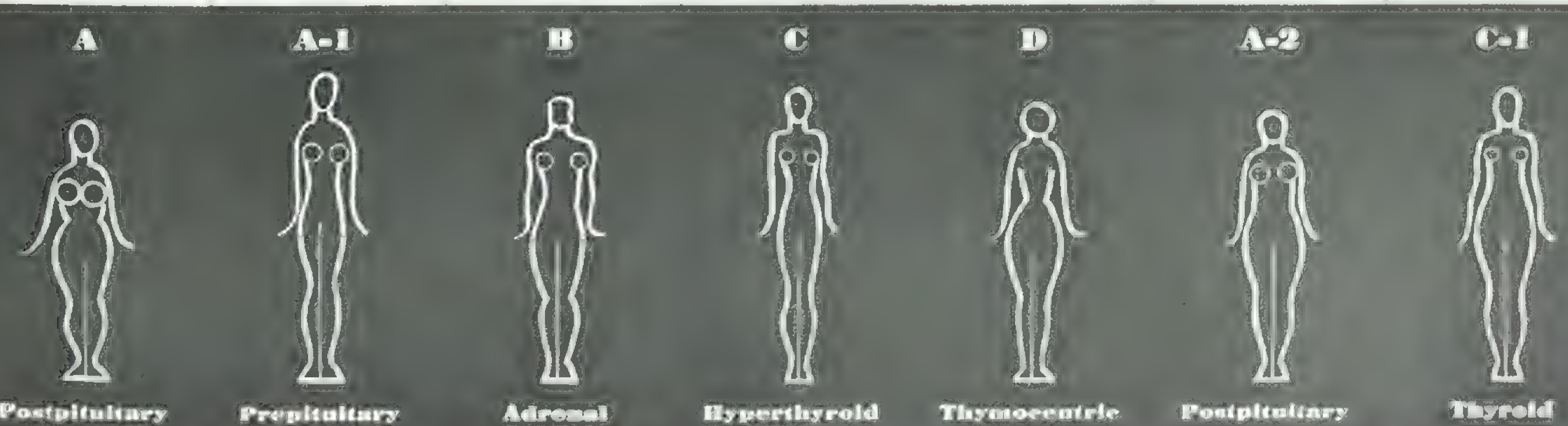
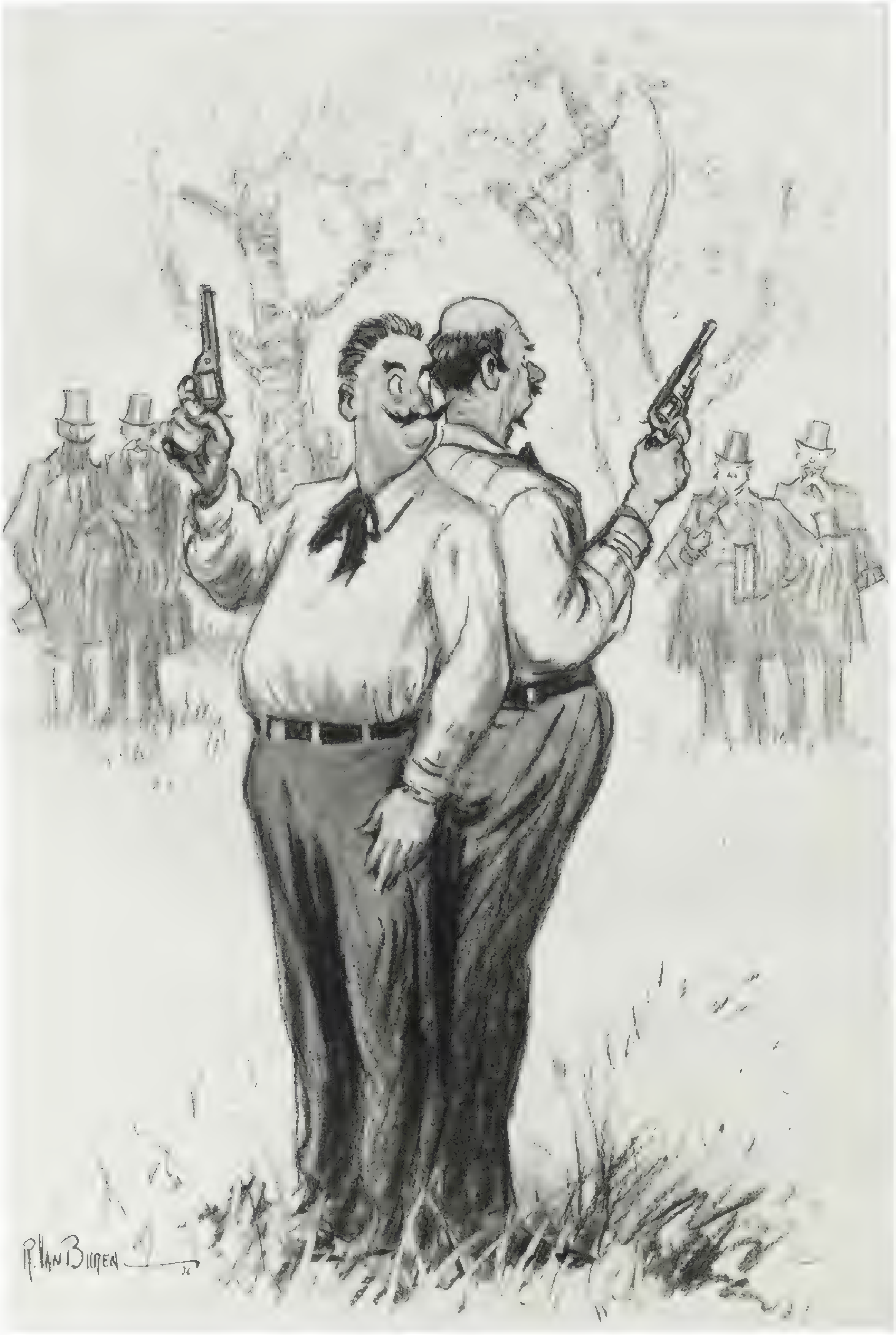


	A	A-1	B	C	D	A-2	C-1	
GLAND DOMINANT	**Postpituitary (hyper)** *"the companionate and hail-fellow urge"*	**Prepituitary** *"the intellectual and creative urge"*	**Adrenal** *"the organizing and sporting urge"*	**Hyperthyroid** *"the restless urge for excitement and action"*	**Thymocentric** *"the irresponsible and childlike"*	**Postpituitary** *"the maternal instinct"*	**Thyroid** *"the fellowship instinct"*	**GLAND DOMINANT**
WALK	Sexy, rolling	Rangy, loping	Boyish, quick, and springy	Animal and nervous, the pace of a leopard	The graceful walk of a dancer—ethereal, other-worldly	Womanly grace	Energetic but graceful—the pace of a greyhound	**WALK**
BUILD	Small and trim but with definite emphasis upon distinguishing feminine attributes	Lean, somewhat gangling, long-legged	Boyish, cleancut, hard and firm athletic figure	Perfectly symmetrical, lean, sleek and supple. Beautiful legs	Perfect proportion but delicately moulded. Thin waist	Slight but maturely feminine, curvy	Not so lean as C but equally well proportioned	**BUILD**
HEIGHT	Short. Very definitely below average	Tall, very definitely above average	Short to medium	Medium to tall	Can be almost any height	Short	Medium to tall	**HEIGHT**
BUST	Ample, usually tightly brassiered (size of breast is an indication of pituitary activity)	Large for this slender build	Medium, in good proportion	Relatively small although fully developed and firm	Small, immature, arrested	Large	Medium, in good proportion	**BUST**
EYES	Large and far apart, not extremely brilliant (color variable but most often blue or grey)	Large and far apart, not extremely brilliant (color variable but most often hazel)	Quick, usually brown to dark-brown, black	Too big and too bright, almost pop-eyed: usually blue or grey	Baby-big, almost always clear blue. Very long lashes	Prominent and either very widely or very narrowly spaced	Brilliant but not so large and pop-eyed as C; usually blue or grey	**EYES**
FACE	Oval, the features chiseled rather than moulded. Often strikingly beautiful	Bony, especially as to forehead, high cheekbones, usually a long oval	Inclined to squareness, low hairline, pert, forceful, vivacious	Oval, delicately modeled, long eyelashes, wide high brow, expression of suppressed excitement	Baby-face. Delicately moulded. Peaches and cream complexion. Chin has tendency to recede. Angelic; doll-like	Broad, oval, very Dresden China doll-like, but not to be confused with D because more mature in features	Similar to C but expression calm, serene, poetic and not startled	**FACE**
NOSE	Medium to large and broad	Medium to large and long	Short, broad, modeled, button	High arched, thin, delicate	Snub, small, babyish	Medium to small, pointed	Normal in size and proportions; classic	**NOSE**
EARS	Small	Medium to small	Very fine, small, most beautiful	Large	Medium	Small but thick	Large	**EARS**
MOUTH & LIPS	Wide with full lips	Wide with medium lips	Medium with medium lips	Wide with full lips	Small with full lips	Small with thin lips	Wide with medium lips	**MOUTH & LIPS**
TEETH	Crowded close together and long	Large, square, especially upper front teeth	Not pearly white but tinged with reddish yellow cast. Accented canines	Pearly, even, translucent, small	Milky white, but very thin and rather translucent; childish, scalloped edges	Rather long and crowded, high arched palate	Pearly, glistening, small and regular	**TEETH**
SKIN	Fine, soft, moist, hairless	Fine, soft, moist, apt to have hair on arms and legs	Usually freckled, always somewhat pigmented; bothered by body hair	Soft, moist, no fat beneath it. High warm color, perspires readily	Unusually delicate, and thin-skinned to translucent degree	Roseate, creamy, warm, moist, flushes easily	Same as C	**SKIN**
HAIR	Inclined toward ash-blonde or one of the sandy indistinct tints	Blonde to ash-blonde	Curly to almost kinky. Usually thick, coarse and too dry. Most often brunette, but all real redheads belong to this type	Luxurious, inclination towards brunette or deep reds; tendency to be too rich in oils	Exceptionally silky, tendency to be too dry. Fine texture better guide than color which is always mixed, e.g. dirtyish blonde, blackish brown	Thick, with tendency toward golden blonde or any shades on the blonde side	Same as C	**HAIR**
VOICE	Variable in pitch, but always somewhat husky	Variable	Altoish to low	Variable, usually rich full mezzo	Thin, piping	High, clear	Variable	**VOICE**
HANDS	Small	Large	Squarish, short-fingered	Long tapering fingers, graceful, beautiful	Childish, pudgy	Small, very feminine	Long	**HANDS**
FINGER-NAILS	Medium, small moon	Heavy and ridged, very little moon	Thick, brittle	Medium, very translucent, large moon	Very thin, break off easily	Medium	Medium, beautifully arched, classic, big moon	**FINGER-NAILS**
ANKLES & LEGS	Womanly, well turned ankle, good calf, not over or underly muscular, full thighs, rounded, chubby knees	Long, usually thick ankles, small thighs	Muscular, very sculpturesque ankle; small hard thighs, solid	Sleek, beautifully moulded, not muscular, good unmoulded ankles	Can be well shaped though not much calf, thin ankle	Graceful, womanly, well turned	Same as C	**ANKLES & LEGS**
FEET	Small	Large	Long and narrow	High arched, fine	Often flat-footed, never large	Small	High arched, medium	**FEET**
PERSONALITY	"The Eternal Feminine with a supercharger." Thrill-chasing, roving, inconstant, very strongly sexed	"The Soul of an Artist." Pensive, thoughtful, masculoid, but also daring and imaginative. High in curiosity and intellectual acquisitiveness	"The Emancipated Woman." Masculoid, intelligent, good business-sense, has inclination towards manly interests. Can be very explosive, vicious, "neurasthenic." Courageous, sporty, aggressive	"The Beautiful and Damned." Restless, sleepless, never tires, subject to palpitation of the heart. Can eat like a horse and stay thin, drink like a fish and stay sober. Emotionally and intellectually quick-triggered	"The Beautiful and Dumb." The soul of a child, quixotic, flighty, cruel, but often trusting as well. Dangerous: always gets acquitted by juries because "everything went black"	"The little heroine herself"—with a will of iron. Strongest of all in the maternal instinct—a natural mother. Sentimental, emotional: all the traditional feminine psychic traits—the womanly woman	"The girl scout." Pleasant, frank, open, poetic, vivacious; the pal, the comrade	**PERSONALITY**
ACCESSIBILITY	Will come much more than halfway; highest in accessibility; highest (with Type C) in susceptibility	Very high. May be reasoned with, especially by sophistry on advanced intellectual-moral grounds	High rating because of innate potentialities but never a sure-thing gamble as this type varies between extremes of enthusiasm and reserve	Very susceptible to quick impulsive persuasion; (given C rating on accessibility chiefly because frequency of nymphomania among pituitary and adrenal types raises their already high average) very high	Low; variable; apt to look more interested and interesting than they are	Coyness is a postpituitary quality; never actuated by desire apart from sentiment; low	Low; sisterly	**ACCESSIBILITY**





"By the way, just what was it you said that I didn't like?"

The Emperor and the Gladiator

Little fable of what happens to the strength of a democracy beguiled into trusting a tyrant

by FELIX SALTEN

▪ SATIRE ▪

One day Paetus, the head of all the gladiators, said to young Bassianus: "Listen! Tomorrow the Emperor will fence with thee!"

Bassianus thereupon inquired: "Am I to go to the palace, or will the Emperor come to us in the school?"

"Neither the one nor the other," replied Paetus. "Commodus will appear in the arena tomorrow as a swordsman like thyself."

"Like myself?"

"Why yes . . . or like Emilius, or Marcus. . . . The Emperor will be exactly like a real swordsman tomorrow, and will show off his art before the entire public."

Bassianus laughed.

"It's very foolish of thee to laugh," remarked Paetus.

"Oh, I'm not afraid!" replied the young gladiator, and his dark eyes shone with excitement.

"Thou art not afraid, because thou art foolish."

Bassianus reflected for a while, then he brightened up again.

". . . If I deal him my Thracian double-cut the Emperor's sword will fly onto the sand. . . . Nobody knows the Thracian double-cut but myself. . . . I learnt it from old Narcissus . . . no opponent has ever counterfenced it. . . ."

"It's not a question of thy Thracian double-cut. The Emperor intends to overcome thee, none having, as yet, been able to stand up against thee."

"Well, let him come," cried Bassianus. "His sword will fly into the sand. . . ."

Paetus grew angry. "Foolish ass! Remember, it is the Emperor!"

"Certainly . . . and I will not harm him . . . but his sword will roll in the sand . . . thou canst take my word for it!"

"In that case, the Emperor will have thee crucified an hour later . . . thou canst take my word for it!" answered Paetus scornfully.

Bassianus laughed no more.

On the following day, as he passed through the narrow passage leading to the arena, a man in disguise stepped up to him and whispered in his ear: "Kill the Emperor, and thou shalt receive two hundred thousand sesterces and freedom to go where thou wouldst!"

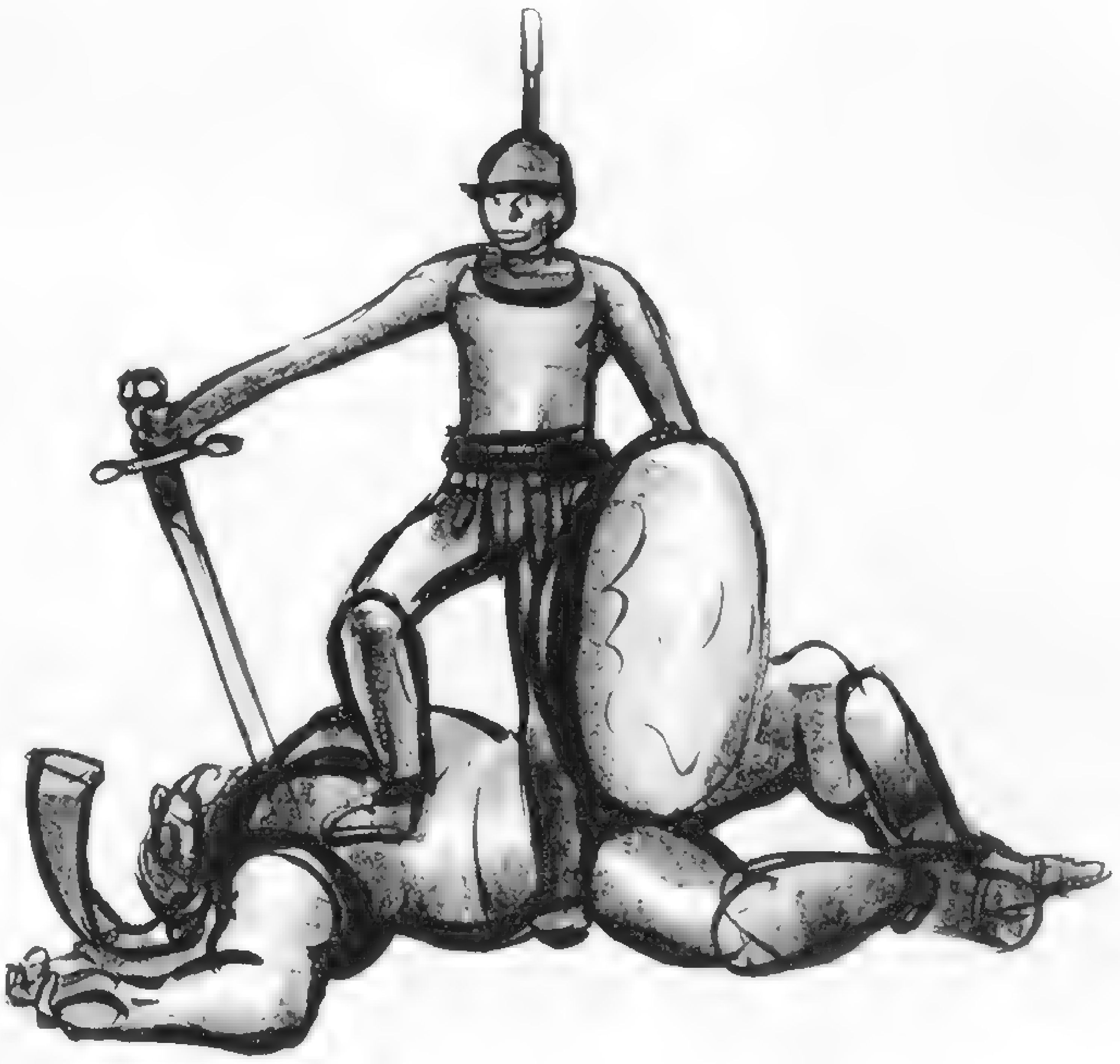
The young fencer was startled; he groped in the dark for the sinister figure, but it had freed itself from him and fled.

Bassianus shook his head and stepped out through the low entrance into the daylight.

The shouts of the crowd greeted his ears like the sound of distant thunder.

He stood facing the Emperor, whom he saw for the first time at such close quarters.

"Quite a little fellow," thought Bassianus, "as delicately built as my brother Antonius. Poor Antonius can never become a gladiator." And he smiled.



But the Emperor was looking at him menacingly.

"What a white chest he has," thought Bassianus, "and such soft shoulders and weak arms!"

And he smiled.

The signal was given by a blast of tubas.

Commodus sprang forward and made some hasty thrusts of the sword.

Bassianus stood his ground without even raising his weapon, and the blows glanced off his shield.

The Emperor sprang to one side and tried to attack Bassianus in the flank. The young gladiator turned almost imperceptibly, and wherever Commodus' sword quivered, it struck Bassianus' shield with a metallic sound.

Then Commodus attacked him. Bassianus thrust out his sword and the Emperor's blade slid past it.

"He has learnt this method of attack from Paetus," thought Bassianus to himself. He advanced a few steps, tapped with the point of his sword on the Emperor's golden shield, passed over it and, in a flash, touched Caesar's body quite lightly, almost caressingly, in four places with his sword, on the neck, under the shoulder, on the chest and at the knee. Commodus felt the cold steel on his bare skin and was afraid. Bassianus smiled kindly at him.

From this moment the Emperor left off glaring at his opponent; his furious expression gave place to a smile. He began to implore him with his eyes.

Suddenly Bassianus remembered the man in disguise.

"What if I thrust my sword through this boy's chest!" thought he.

But the Emperor looked at him beseechingly.

"One moment, Caesar..." Bassianus whispered hurriedly. It seemed to him disgraceful and ridiculous to let himself be worsted by this floundering fellow.

"He will reward me," he thought, and looked into the Emperor's disheartened and entreating eyes. "He will very greatly reward me!"

Once again he hesitated, not wanting to be too ignominiously defeated in the presence of the people who had so often admired his art. They might turn down their thumbs if they thought him too great a bungler. The Emperor almost fell over backwards as Bassianus, standing firm as a rock, resisted his attack.

"Now, Caesar," he whispered, and held out his sword for Commodus to strike. And as the blow fell, Bassianus sprang aside with a light, dancing step, feigning to slip, and threw himself onto his shoulders. "He will reward me," he thought.

He smiled up at the Emperor, who bent over and glared at him infuriatedly as he thrust his sword into his throat.

Young Bassianus just heard the roar of the rejoicing multitude. ⧺

The Sound of Death

There was an accident on the job, and the reverberations travelled into strange corners

by ROBERT M. COATES

▪ FICTION ▪

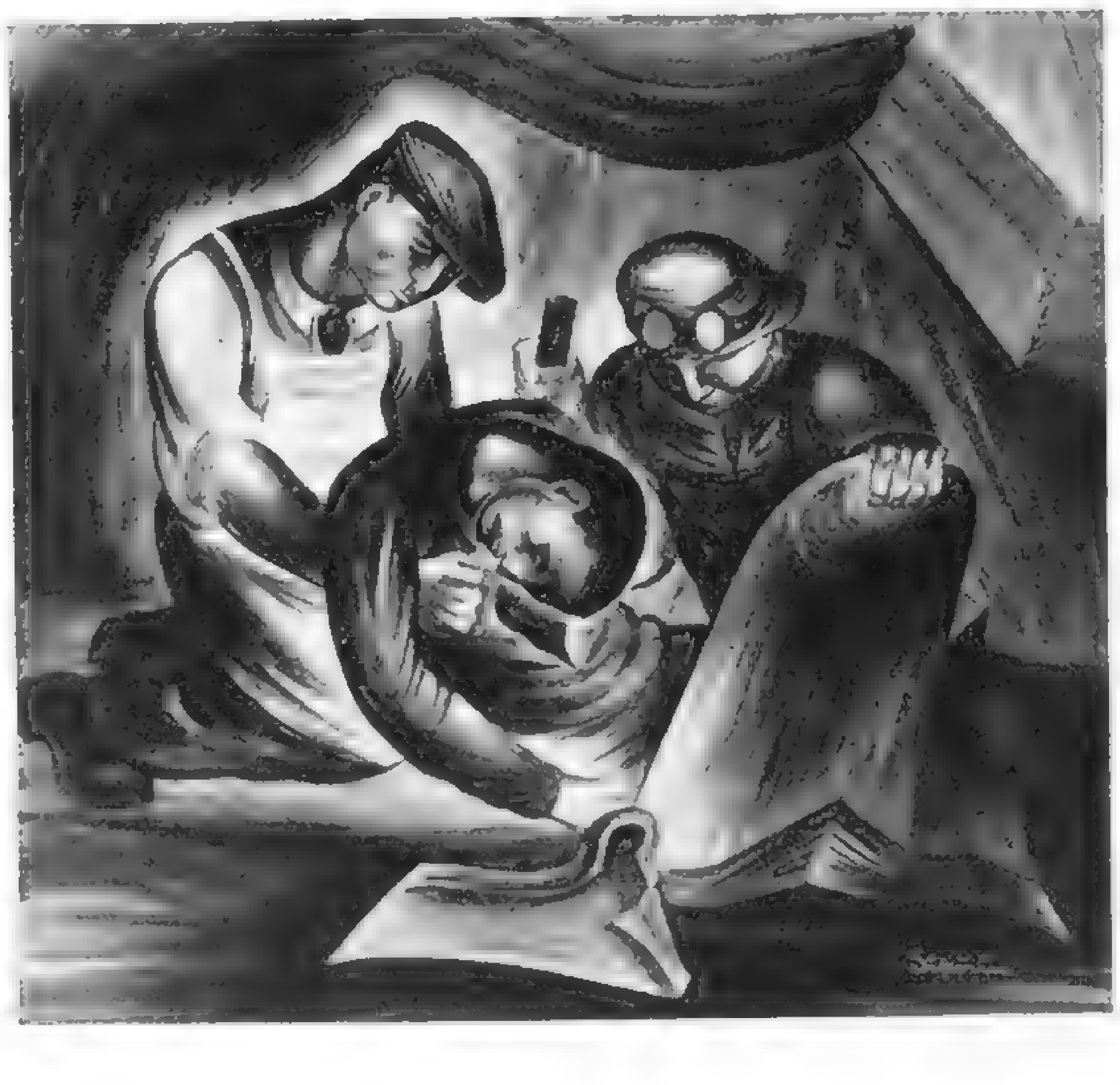
Arthur Warder, assistant district sales manager of Purity Woolens, glanced through Samuelson's report again, then laid it down and pressed a button at the side of his desk. He would have to write Samuelson right away. Meantime, he got up and walked over to the window. There was an excavation under way for a new building down below, and he stood a while watching that; from his height on the twenty-third floor it had a laid-bare look, a kind of bright minuteness that always attracted him. It was like looking down into a mine from which the top had been stripped off, so that you could see, in full sunlight, the dark earth and the bold gray rock, and the men working as if no one observed them at their subterranean tasks.

Just now, they were getting ready to blast; he had seen enough of their way of working to know that. The drills had been dismounted from their tripods and removed; the steam shovels had been backed away; the workmen, in straggling little groups, were moving unhurriedly towards the farther end of the excavation. At the end beneath Warder's window only a little group remained squatting before the exposed face of rock there.

Then they too got up and walked away. As they did so, another man ran a cable from the end of a derrick-boom to a mat made of woven steel that was lying nearby. The derrick started to turn, its boom rising at the same time, snaking the mat clumsily over the ground and then lifting until the thing swung clear, a great tangled mass of metal, wrinkled like an enormous blanket but brown with rust and tattered by the force of previous explosions. Warder knew what that was for, too. They always lowered it over the places where they were blasting, to keep rocks from flying, he supposed. There was a man waiting now to guide it into place as they lowered it. He was the only man left in that part of the excavation.

Then he heard his office door close behind him and knew that Miss Kohler was in the room. And she was in a merry mood. "You *would* call me in here," she said. "*Just* when that smoothie from Swasey's was leaning over my desk, gazing deep into my eyes." She always had her little cracks like that.

Warder turned back from the window. He'd have liked to stay till they set off the blast, but he knew if he did she'd be over there too, probably full of jokes and what-not, and then when the hell would he get that letter off: Better get the thing over with. "You don't love him as much as you do me, do you, baby?" he asked.



Miss Kohler sat down in the straight-backed chair beside the desk, crossed her legs and opened her notebook. She had sort of light tan stockings on, very thin. She had good legs. "Ah, never, exclamation point," she said. "What is it now, a letter?"

* * *

The high board fence that concealed the excavation ran from about the middle of the block all the way down to the corner. Here and there, where a gap in the boards permitted, people stood peering in; and even where there were no such openings there were occasional little groups on the sidewalk, watching the come and go of trucks, gazing up at the moving derrick-tops visible above the hoarding. Everywhere, on everything and even in the air you breathed, there was a fine white dust, carrying the dry rock-smell with it.

Joe Harris picked his way among the loiterers, getting along as fast as he could. There were three more places the agency had given him, and if there was nothing doing here he wanted to cover the others before it got too late in the day. As he came to the main gate, he saw a loaded truck coming up the ramp from the diggings, little dribbles of excess earth and clay trickling down its sides. A man with a red flag was following it.

They were getting ready to blast, then. It must be nearly noon. Joe stepped through the gate and up to a little man in overalls leaning against the wall of a supply shed just inside. As he approached, the man turned his head to look at him. "Where's the office?" Joe asked.

The man still looked at him, his eyes staring a little as if he were thinking of something else. He had round bright eyes and a curiously dry chalky skin. He waited so long that Joe began to feel a little resentful. Some guys were like that, when they had a job and another guy didn't. Then, just as he was about to say something himself, the man spoke. "What office?" he said.

"Hiring," Joe said.

The man took one hand from his overall pocket and jerked a thumb towards a man in a light brown suit standing over by the head of the ramp. "There's the super'nten'nt," he said. "Catch him."

Joe walked over and stood for a moment, waiting. Then the superintendent looked at him. He had a small brown brush-moustache and quick blue eyes behind horn-rimmed glasses.

"I'm looking for a job," Joe said, and went into his story. He had said the same thing half a dozen times already that day. He was getting used to it. The superintendent looked him over impersonally. "No opening in any of the trades," he said finally. "But we're taking on a few laborers." Joe hesitated, thinking that over. "Fifty cents an hour," the superintendent added.

"I'll take it," Joe said. He was tired of hunting. "But I'm a rigger by trade and—" he repeated. The superintendent was scribbling something on a piece of paper. "Sure," he said. "If an opening comes, we'll remember it." He handed the piece of paper to Joe. "Take that down to the time-keeper, in the company shed. Tell him I sent you. Start tomorrow."

"I'll be here," Joe said, and turned away. He had just reached the sidewalk when he heard the *thud* of the blast. He remembered thinking it sounded funny. Then he heard the shiver and crash of rock against the boards of the fence and saw a fragment of something go sailing high in the air down towards the corner, heard the startled yells inside the excavation, and knew that something had happened. For a moment he stood stock-still, and if he thought of anything—but he didn't really think of anything. The one thing that filled his mind was a kind of intense perception of his own safety, here on the other side of the hoarding.

Then he turned and ran back to the gate. The superintendent had disappeared, and a crowd of workmen was at the head of the ramp, standing staring and talking; then they started down the ramp, Joe followed them.

* * *

Bobby Delafield saw the flash. Tommy Slemon had just gone, taking his head with him, but she had a head too; in fact, she had a bitch of a head, so after Tommy had gone she went into the bathroom thinking to stick her finger down her throat but when she got in there she decided that would

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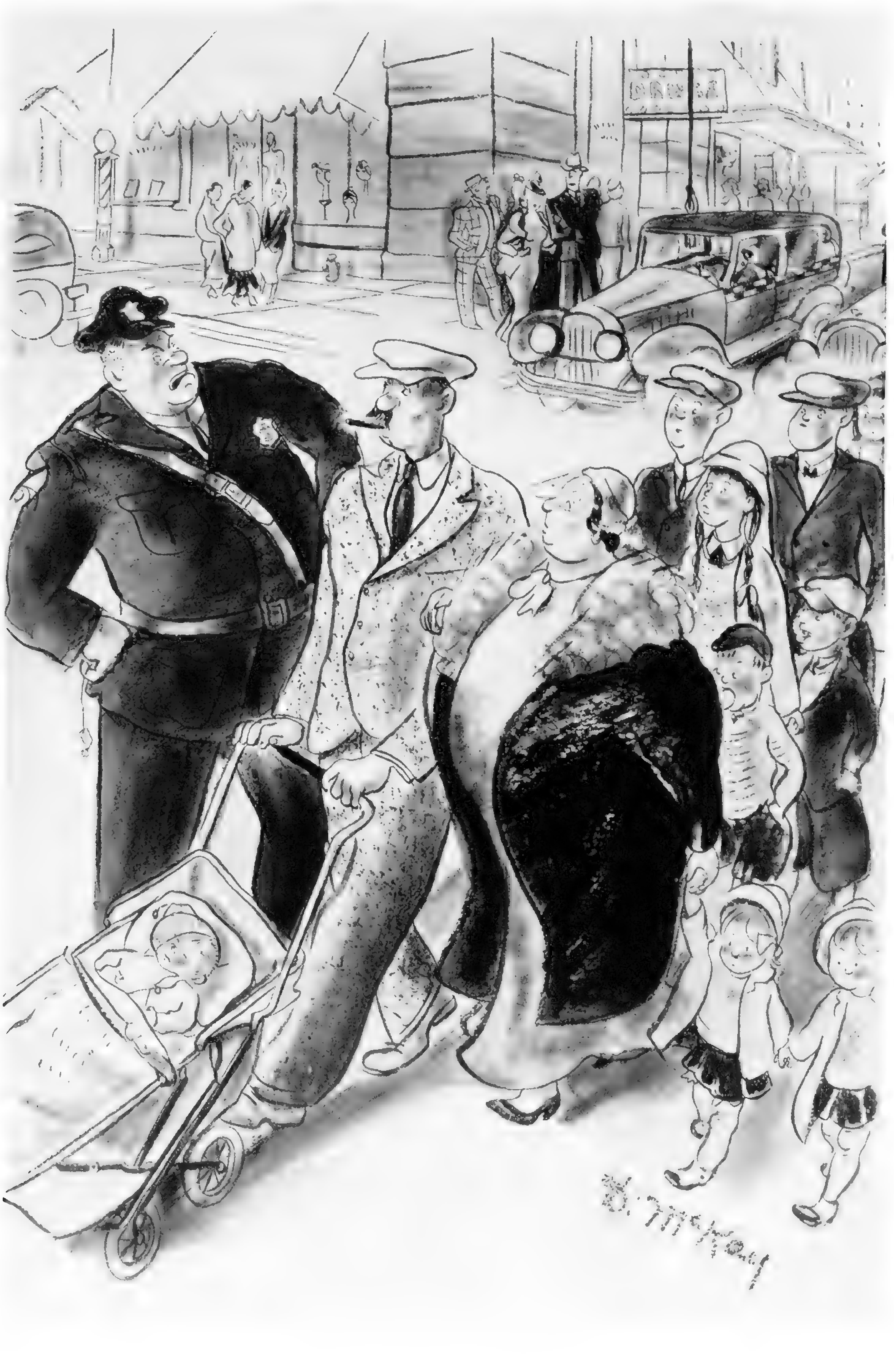


"Have you got a permit for a parade?"

The Great Unknown of the Seas

Surely one of the many who've seen the sea-serpent in these 200 years must have been sober

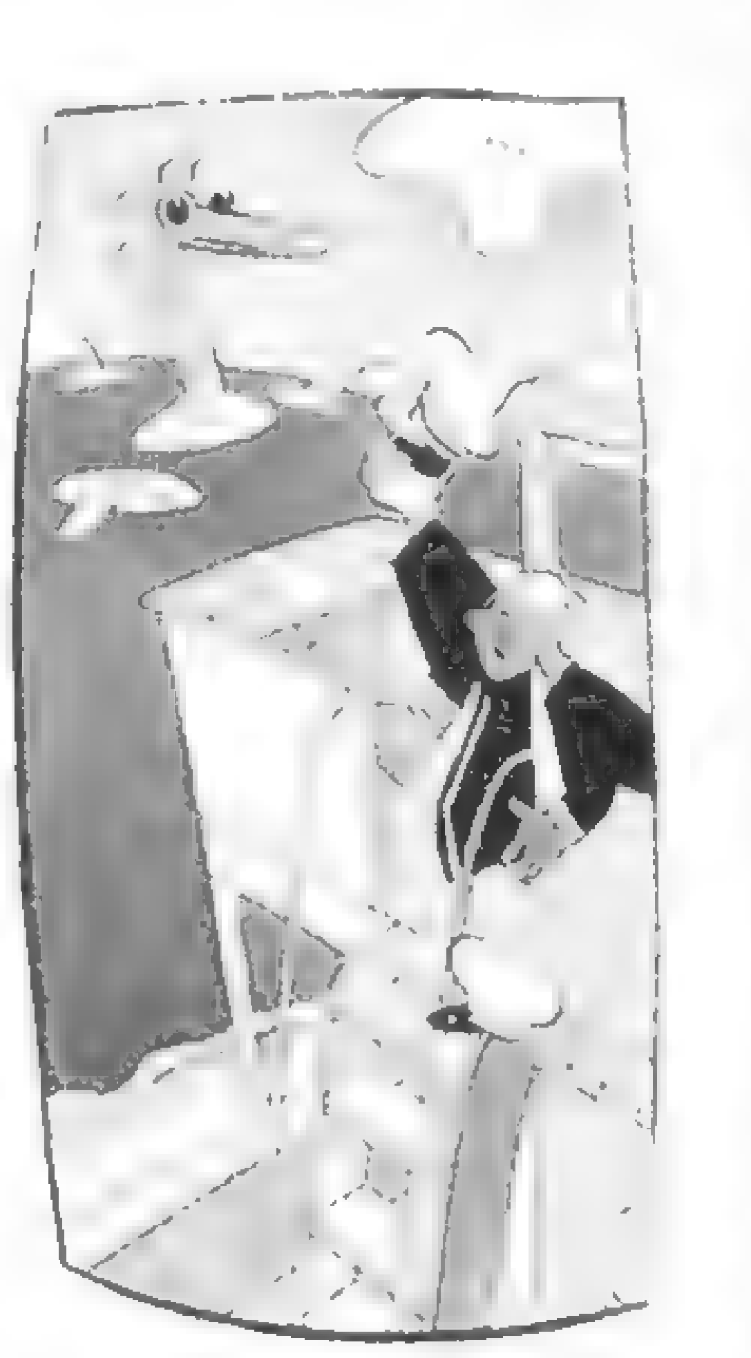
by WILLY LEY

▪ FICTION ▪

ABOUT four hundred years ago a scientist — Conrad Gesner of Zürich in Switzerland, later famous as the "Father of Zoölogy"—pondered on a zoölogical problem which proved to be insoluble for the knowledge of his time. After spending considerable effort to arrive at a definite conclusion he finally decided with a short Latin sentence that "this problem may be solved by postponement."

He was right; accumulated knowledge of later times solved it without difficulties. But the method he had unwillingly introduced—to solve the problem by postponing the solution—became, afterwards, more frequent than it is desirable. And it found an especially frequent application in the case of that much ridiculed but nevertheless existing and persistent problem which for lack of a better name still runs under the term "the Great Sea-Serpent."

Gesner himself wrote about this animal in his ponderous volumes of animal life. His source was Olaus Magnus, living in superstitious Scandinavia and specializing in phantastic sea-monsters. Gesner did not believe too much of Olaus' tales, but on the other hand he felt obliged to record what was being reported, making occasional question marks here and there. The sea-serpent, however, is without this question mark, *nota bene*, in Gesner's tomes. The question mark was made later and when the word sea-serpent was only mentioned, all readers, listeners and spectators were ready for a good laugh. For what reason—if any at all—is hard to understand, because these reports that made them laugh, came very often from most reliable sources. They were sworn statements of witnesses in high and responsible positions . . . it was impossible to doubt their sincerity. It was, however, possible to doubt their abilities of observation.



When the problem of the Great Sea-Serpent is finally settled some scientist will probably write the history of this animal or this error, whichever it will turn out to be. It will be the history of the postponement of a problem. That the scientists of the eighteenth century doubted the statements of the scientists of the sixteenth century is obvious. That they doubted the statement of a missionary (we will speak about this case later) is no reason for bewilderment. That British scientists doubted the official testimony of commanders of the British navy is already a bit surprising. That a committee in the United States, after investigating the dozens of testimonials referring to the so-called New England Sea-Serpent finally postponed a decision is only in line with the previous procedure.

But eventually there is always something that stops a good old practice. In the case of the sea-serpent this "something" runs under the heading "*The Valhalla Monster*"—two British naturalists saw the Great Unknown of the Seas very distinctly and very near to their ship and reported officially to their zoölogical society. Now it became hard to explain the report in the usual way as misinterpretation, swindle or hoax. It was impossible to charge the observers with "vivid imagination," "insufficient scientific training," "lack of observative qualities" and other friendly adjectives of the same order.

Consequently, since a doubting Thomas never admits, this case is the most rarely quoted observation of all. There is no room for doubt and therefore the whole story is intensely disliked.

As a matter of fact, investigators have found that a good many observations were not reported at all. There is the famous story of the captain of a vessel who was called from his cabin by the navigator in order to witness the appearance of a large unknown animal, presumably a "sea-serpent." The captain refused to leave his room and stared at the table in order not to look through the porthole by mistake. Because, as he declared later, "Had I said I had seen the sea-serpent, I should have been considered a warranted liar all my life after!"

We may take it for granted that every commander of every seagoing ship in the world has heard something about the sea-serpent We may also presume that many of them know the book by the Dutch professor of zoölogy, Dr. Willem Oudemans; though probably not every man who has seen the book had the necessary patience to read all 800 pages of reports that are very similar to each other. This similarity is very important from the scientific viewpoint, because it forms proof, but it has to be admitted that it is somewhat bothersome reading. Nevertheless, it was a surprise to the captains of German vessels, when shortly after the world war the Deutsche Seewarte in Hamburg issued the order that all captains have a good camera ready for instant use on the bridge to photograph "unusual clouds, waves, sea-serpents, etc."

This order marked the beginning of a very remarkable change in attitude towards the unknown monster of the seas. Dr. E. C. Boulenger, director of the London Zoölogical Society's Aquarium, writing in 1926, came to the conclusion:

"The sea-serpent should not be hastily dismissed because he has not been actually hooked. The yet unexplored areas of the ocean run into many hundreds of square miles, and it would be almost surprising if the sea did not yield some hitherto unknown creature of large size. I submit, therefore, that we should at least give the sea-serpent the benefit of the doubt, and not condemn him along with all those who have testified to his existence."

Since that time scientific magazines, especially in Europe, have opened their columns to discussions of the sea-serpent problem and even such a conservative standard work as the Encyclopedia Britannica concludes the article about the mysterious animal with the remark that, while a large number of so-called sea-serpent stories can be explained by reference to some known animal, "there is still a residuum sufficient to prevent modern zoölogists from denying the possibility that some such creature may after all exist."

This, of course, does not mean, that modern zoölogists believe in the existence of *one* immortal Great Sea-Serpent, a thousand feet long or more. The popular though incredible conception of one sea-serpent is still a remnant of the period of thoughtless doubt. What science hopes to discover is an unknown rare sea animal of large but not extravagant size which occasionally played Great Sea-Serpent, but which is *most certainly not a snake.* What it actually might be is a point of disagreement among the scientists. While some of them believe that it might be a large reptile, either related somehow to the large marine reptiles of the Jurassic and Cretaceous Ages or a survivor from this time, others believe in a marine mammal comparable to seals and sea elephants but of different outward appearances and, of course, forming a separate class in the zoölogical system.

Captain Hope of the *Fly* gives the description which corresponds most nearly

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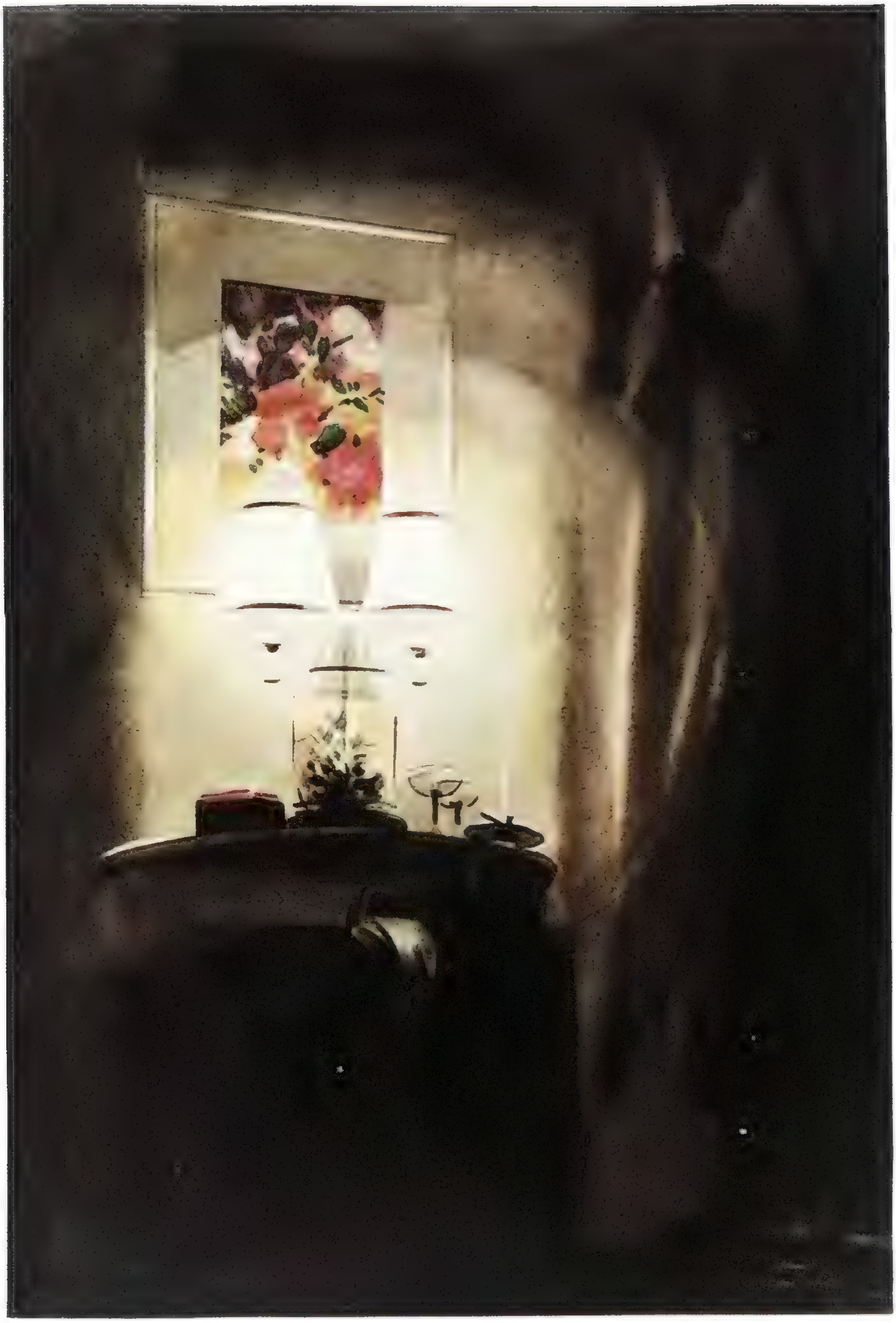
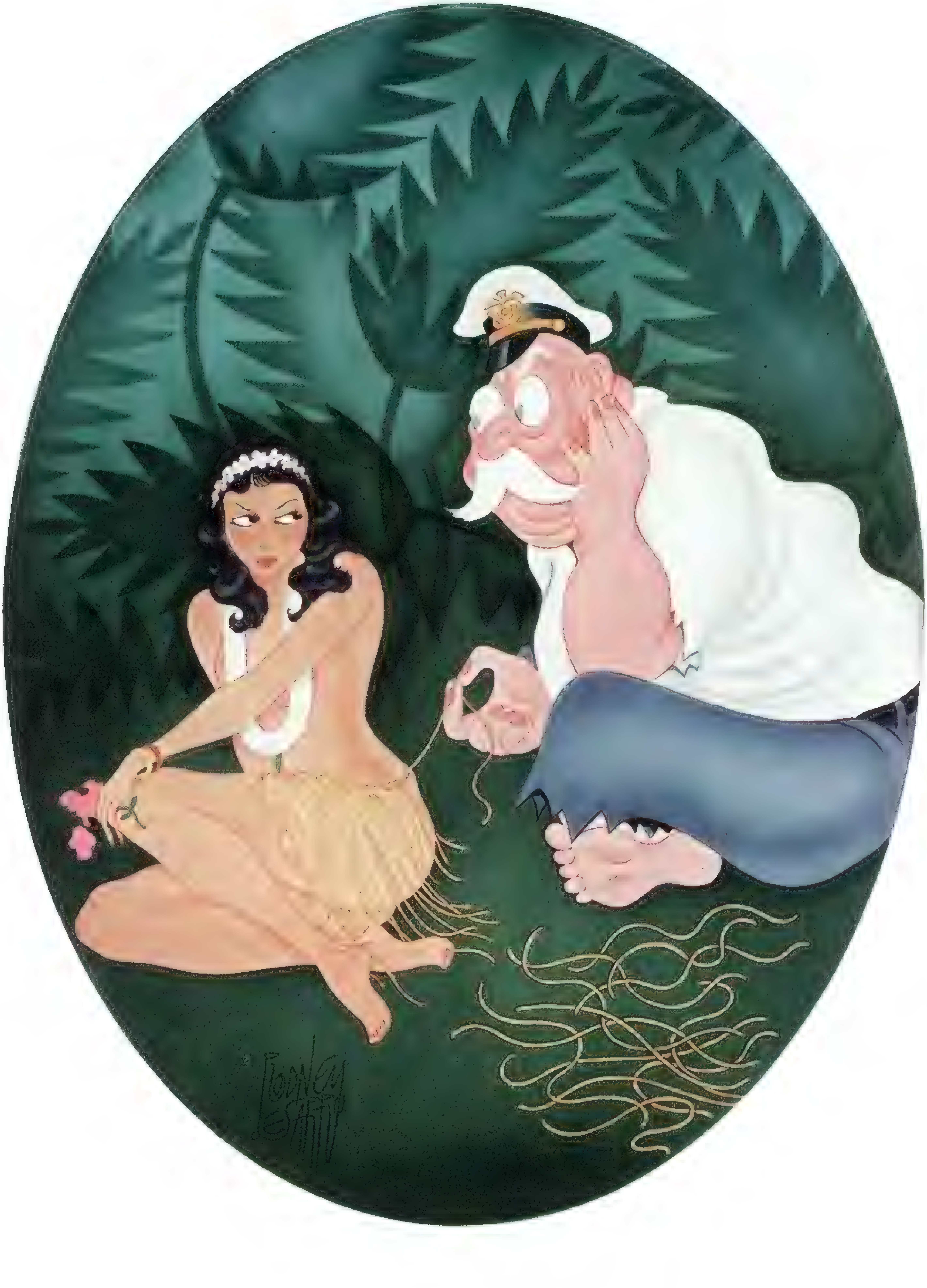


"What! You aren't the casting director?"



"She loves me—she loves me not!"

Prelude to Matrimony

Of the stodgy seduction of a quiet evening in the bosom of a pal's suburban family

by BENEDICT THIELEN

• FICTION •

When they got off the train the sun had just gone down behind the hills on the other side of the town and the new green of the trees looked yellow in the late light. The air was sunny and clear and the shadows lingered at the foot of the trees and houses, slowly stretching themselves out across the warmed sidewalks and the fresh lawns. Around the station it was noisy with people and the starting and driving-away of cars, and blue gasoline fumes drifted across the yellow light.

They got into a sedan that was parked in front of the station and Jack Shaw said:

"Just another Ford, Fred."

"They're great cars," said Fred.

"I'll say they are." He pointed down at the speedometer. "Twenty-one thousand five-hundred and forty-three miles and never a bit of trouble. Oh, a little adjustment on the carburetor now and then perhaps, but . . ."

"Oh, sure, of course," Fred said.

"Yes, sir, you've got to go a long ways to beat that. And then they don't cost a thing to run, hardly. That's the trouble with a bigger car. The upkeep, I mean."

He nodded his head. Fred nodded his head also.

Cars, skillfully driven, threaded in and out among each other, engines running smoothly, brakes acting promptly, heavy rubber tires making a pleasant drowsy sound on the table-smooth asphalt pavements. Standardized, efficient, equipped with the latest devices for the safety and comfort of their passengers, they moved with effortless speed down the streets lined with cleanly painted, efficient houses, each one with its allotted amount of grass, its shrubbery and its one tree at the edge of the accurate concrete sidewalk.

Jack Shaw took a deep breath and turned partly toward Fred. His lungs still full of air, he said tightly:

"Don't you notice the difference? I mean in the air."

Fred took a deep breath and nodded his head, holding his breath. They both exhaled at the same time.

"You sure do. I guess the air in New York must be pretty bad for you, at that."

Jack shook his head and frowned.

"It's full of carbon monoxide. It stands to reason that can't do you any good. No, sir, I wouldn't go back there to live for anything. People say, 'How can you stand commuting every day?' but what the hell, you can get used to anything if you set your mind on it. And then it's no place for kids. New York, I mean."

"That's a fact, it isn't."

"No place at all. Why, out here they get fresh air and sunshine and . . . well, it's a lot different."

The car slowed down and they turned into a narrow driveway laid with two lines of concrete with grass growing between them.

"Here we are," said Jack. "This is the Shaw estate, in person." They both laughed, then Jack looked serious. "But listen, Fred, how about changing your mind and staying out? Then I'll drive the car right in. How about it? We can fix you up with a pair of pajamas and a toothbrush. We'd be tickled to death, honest."

"No, I can't, Jack, really. I really have to get back."

"All right. But you know we'd be tickled to death to have you."

They went up the narrow straight concrete walk to the door, pausing every few steps while Jack pointed out something on the place, a bush, a tree, a copper leader on the side of the house, a window pane in the sun-parlor which had recently been broken by a baseball, the place where a new lawn swing was to go.

Fred nodded his head, listening, following Jack's pointing finger with his eyes. The air was still and warm and glowing and there was a soft smell of freshly watered earth. After the dust and smoke of the city it smelt strange and almost unreal, and it recalled distant memories of spring in wet fields and by the banks of streams.

As they stood there the front door opened.

"Ah, there she is," Jack called. "Hello, honey. Here's this big sap I was telling you about."

Mrs. Shaw stood in the open doorway, wearing a pink and white checked gingham apron over her dress and smiling.

"Sweetheart, may I present Mr. Hubbell?"

"It's awfully nice of you to ask me out," Fred said.

"I've heard so much about you from Jack I feel as if I'd known you a long time," said Mrs. Shaw. They all smiled at each other.

"Well, how's everything, honey?" said Jack.

"Jack, did you remember to stop at Lehman's?" she said.

He made a face and winked at Fred.

"Oh, boy, here's where I get hell. I . . ."

"Oh, Jack!" she said.

"I forgot all about it, Vida. Gee, I'm sorry, but it must just have slipped my mind."

She looked at him for a second, then smiled and turned to Fred.

"Jack never remembers a thing you tell him to do."

"I'll do it tomorrow, honey, sure." He patted her heartily on the back as she turned toward the door.

"Would you care to wash your hands before supper, Mr. Hubbell? If . . ."

A cry sounded from an upper storey, thin and insistent and prolonged.

Jack Shaw's face lit up.

"That's the young man now. You'll have to see him, Fred. He's got his mamma's looks and his daddy's . . . well, his daddy's personality."

"I was afraid you were going to say 'his daddy's memory,'" said Mrs. Shaw and they all laughed heartily as they went into the hall, where the sun came in warmly, making highlights on the yellow oak furniture.

When his father came in, the child upstairs stopped crying and belched contentedly. In the room there was a faint damp smell of sour milk and talcum powder. Outside the window was the branch of a tree, yellow-green with buds and new leaves.

"He's a great kid, all right," said Fred.

"Say 'Daddy,'" said Jack. "Say 'Daddy,'" The child said, "Gaag."

"He says 'Daddy' just as plain as anything," said Jack. "But I guess it sort of scares him when he doesn't know people."

He went to the window and pointed down to the yard below.

"You see there, that's the vegetable gar-

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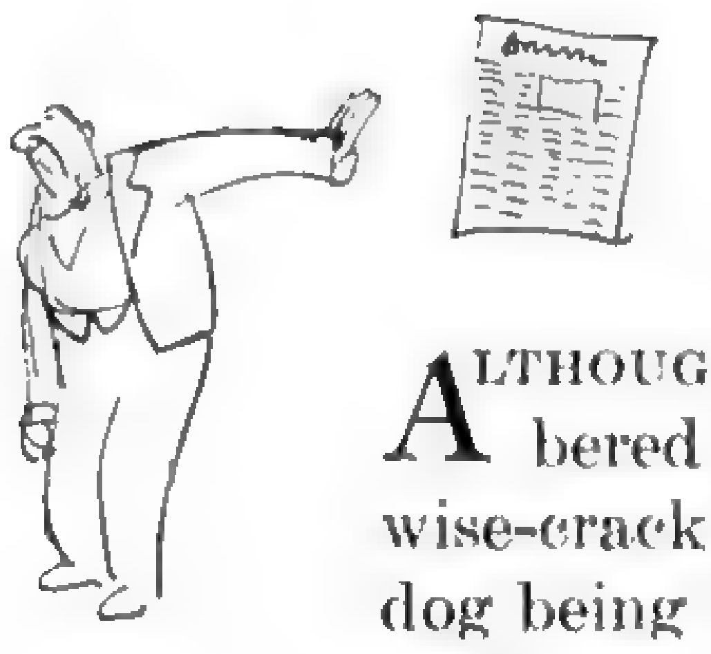
The Color of the Press

You can get the weather, maybe, and the stock reports, perhaps, but you never can get the news

by GEORGE SELDES

ARTICLE



Although Dana will be remembered forever for that pale wise-crack about a man biting a dog being news, he said a lot more brilliant and important things about journalism that are pertinent, almost impertinent, today. The newspaper business, he remarked one cynical morning, consists of buying white paper at two cents a pound and selling it for ten. And once, criticized on the moral tone of some news items in the *Sun*, he snapped back, "What the good Lord lets happen I am not ashamed to print in my paper."

Of course statement One implies that something is done to the white paper, namely, that it is overprinted with black words which imply an expense and therefore predicate a profit, but what is not implied is that figuratively at least the words are "colored." And remark Two is the crux of many controversies, and all three of Dana's opinions can be used as a test for the great freedom of the press controversy of the past three years.

In this war in which the commander-in-chief of the armed forces of the United States and General Johnson and Private Heywood Broun fought throughout 1934 and 1935 and in which the two leading colonels of Chicago, McCormick and Knox, opened their guns in 1936, the one big element concerned, namely, the reader, played almost no part, except that of innocent bystander—he who usually gets shot, as *vide* any riot story. And yet all the shooting was for him.

The fact is that although the reader has taken no part in battles of the free press, he knows what he wants in the newspapers, and this is merely that the press prints what the good Lord lets happen—neither more nor less, neither colored nor distorted nor corrupted, nor changed to suit the whim of an owner—and above all things else, the facts published, and not suppressed in whole or in part.

And this is exactly what he cannot get.

To prove this statement I intend taking as examples events which according to Dana the good Lord let happen recently. Moreover I will not search hard to find news which has been generally suppressed or about whose journalistic value there can be any doubt, but the big items which are the equivalent of whole armies of dogs biting millions of men—in short, the page line stories *circa* New Year's Day 1936. (I would in fact be willing to sit down with each of my, shall I say million, readers and take this morning's newspapers for the test, but physical limitations not willingness prevent.) We take recent items therefore because there are always brilliant critics who will arise to shout that it is unfair to challenge an institution about a lapse from integrity which occurred in the dim disgraceful past—say in 1934—the it-can't-happen-here and it-can't happen-now school of critics.

Big recent news items which have interested me are:

Lindbergh's second flight to Europe.
The President's speech to the assembled Congress.
The Nye munitions investigation.
The beginnings of the political campaign.
The silicosis story.
The newspaper guild suit against the Associated Press.

Any one will do.

The case of Lindbergh vs. the American Press has never been called for trial because the only court in which it could have a hearing is the Court of Public Opinion which is controlled by the newspapers and therefore never open to a layman. It can be epitomized as follows:

1927-1928—Lindbergh made world's most important individual and greatest hero by newspapers which had forgotten Hawker, and Alcock and Brown.
1929—Lindbergh hounded by press on his honeymoon; denounced by yellow journals for not being a "national commodity."
1930, July—Lindbergh refuses photographs of son to following New York newspapers: *Graphic*, *News*, *Mirror*, *American* and *Journal*.
August—"Monstrous persecution of Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh," charged by liberal magazines which demand action of American Society of Newspaper Editors.
1932, April—Lindbergh statement charges "press is making it extremely difficult" to establish contact with kidnapers.
August—Lindbergh statement says "It is impossible for us to subject the life of our second son to the publicity which we feel was in a large measure responsible for the death of our first. . . . I am appealing to the press to permit our children to lead the lives of normal Americans."
1935—The press made a circus out of the Hauptmann case.

At the end of that year events occurred which were the payoff to the famous 1927 flight from San Diego, St. Louis and New York to LeBourget, Paris, namely Lindbergh's second flight to Europe—the world's greatest hero and most popular individual went into voluntary exile with his wife and child. What did the press say to that? Did it give the real reason for the flight? Did it name the persons responsible?

The San Francisco *Chronicle* thought it was a "national disgrace."

The Chicago *Tribune* believed it was as "great a humiliation" as losing a battle.

The New York *Herald Tribune* bemoaned the country's "inability to protect him from its criminals and lunatics and the vast vulgarity of its sensationalists, publicity seekers, petty politicians and yellow newspapers."

The tabloid New York *Daily Mirror* (Hearst) wrote a "peace on earth, good will toward men" editorial regretting the fact the Lindberghs had to leave "gangster-ridden America" for a haven of quiet and security in England.

In its Sunday Review of the Week the *Times* repeated its original scoop of the Lindbergh flight, again mentioned the story of "a few weeks ago, as Jon was being taken from his school . . . an automobile in which he was riding was forced to the curb by another car, from which jumped several men who thrust cameras in the boy's face. Later the pictures were published . . ." (No mention of who or where.)

Meanwhile the great Reuters agency of England published the views of leading American citizens, among them William Randolph Hearst, who had said in part:

"I think it is extremely distressing and discouraging that this grand country of ours is so overrun with cranks, criminals and communists that a splendid citizen like Colonel Lindbergh must take his family abroad to protect them against violence . . .

"When the American people recognize and perform their duty to their country and elect a more competent and more patriotic lot of public men, America will be cleansed of its criminal vermin, and fine men like Colonel Lindbergh can live here with their families safely and proudly."

Two score Hearst newspapers naturally spread this report among their several million readers. These millions of Americans, if they confine themselves to only the Hearst press, therefore get the Hearst eye view of the world, they are stirred to indignation, lulled with confidence, angered or flattered by the news—colored or plain—which bears the impress of a powerful journalist.

Imagine the shock the professional Hearst reader might have had that same day if he

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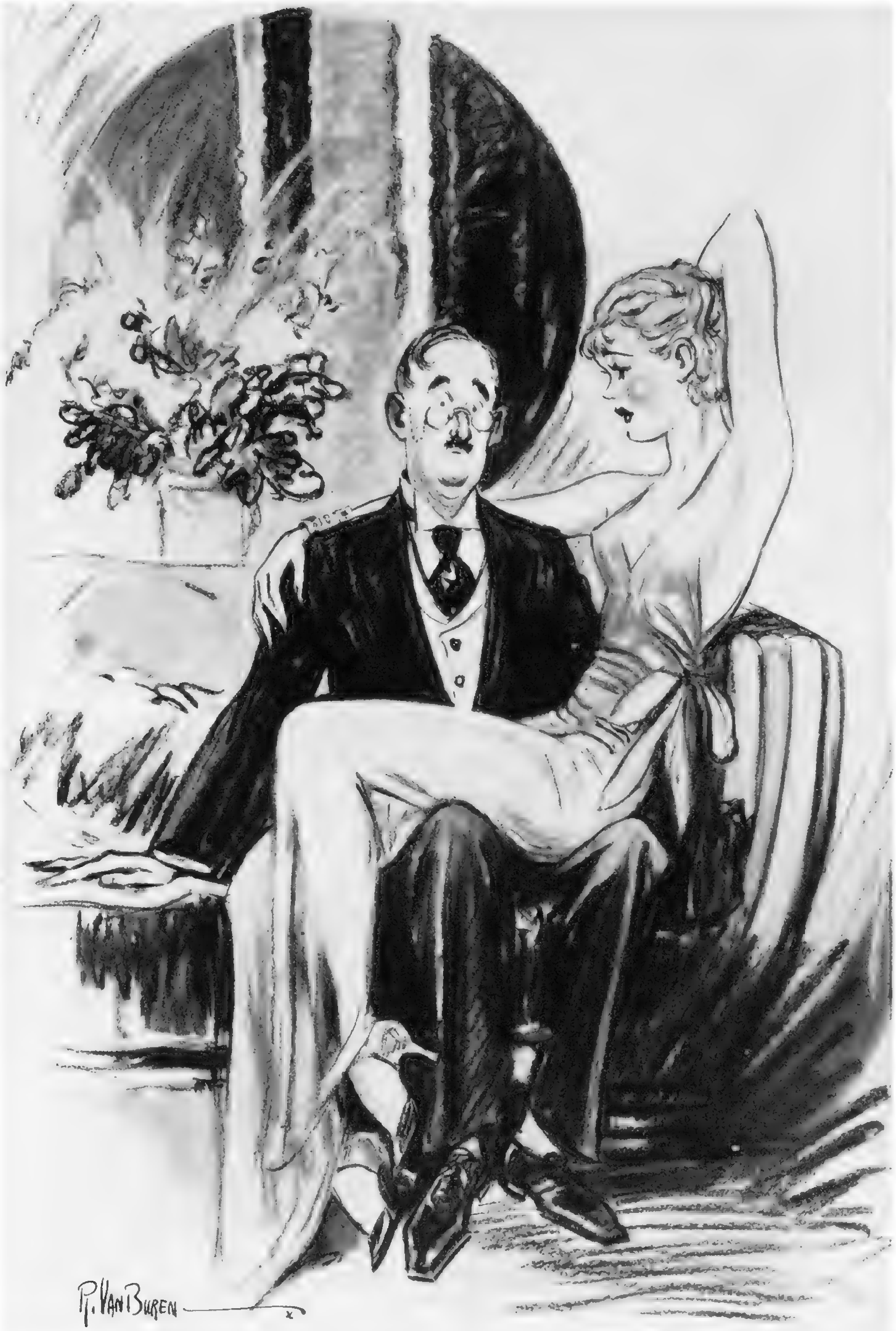

"Oh, Mr. Stranberg—couldn't I go back?—I miss my typewriter so!"

Portrait of a Worm Fisherman

His hand-adzed beams for the clubhouse gave him his last laugh at mechanical fishermen

by LYNN MONTROSS

▪ SATIRE ▪

If an angleworm had ever invaded the Parmachene Club the shock might easily have been fatal to some of the more devout members. They were of a high-blood-pressure age and income, and as certified sportsmen they believed only in fly-fishing—preferably with dry flies. Their twelve-acre artificial pond, resulting from a cement dam across Owl Brook, was stocked each spring with expensive eight- and ten-inch squaretails from the State Hatchery; and memberships in Parmachene were as limited as they were costly.

On the other hand it would have been hard to find a blacker sinner than old Ned Putney, who chewed twist tobacco and brazenly fished with worms. But he was the only workman left in the countryside who could still swing an artistic adze, and Parmachene needed him in the remodeling of the clubhouse.

My part was that of the go-between, hearing both sides of the story. Coming originally from the city, I spoke the language of the summer residents who made up the club's membership; and having spent several winters in my New England home, I was so accepted by the local Yankees that they charged me no higher prices than they paid themselves.

Yet at my first interview, the old man was as obstinate as one of the oxen he drove behind a bright blue yoke. The tiny veins in his face—case histories of many an ancient hard-cider bout—sprang into fiery outline.

"Godfrey Mighty!" he roared, full-throated. "They ought to known better'n send you—the dum fools, I told 'em they didn't *need* no beams in that clubhouse. It ain't that kind of a house, can't they understand?"

I saw the point. What he meant was that the modern clubhouse was held together by nails. But the ancient Cape Cod type of dwelling, such as old Ned inhabited, was built from top to bottom of heavy, hand-hewn timbers of "pumpkin pine" interlocked at the ends and secured with wooden pegs. At the end of the 18th Century neighbors helped one another to put up these houses, using few tools and "leveling by eye." The first overhead beam became the "rum pole," and the host kept a two-gallon jug of rum or brandy hanging from it. With such a gallant impetus, the massive framework went up in a few days of hand-labor; yet it was built to last for a few centuries, since a strain against any one beam is met by the united resistance of all the others.

"It's only for the *looks* of the thing," I explained again. "Sure, the clubhouse doesn't *need* overhead beams, but they'd look good lit up by the flames from the big field-stone fireplace, wouldn't they?"

Ned snorted like an aged stallion. "How could they look good if they wasn't needed?" he demanded fiercely.

Here was a principle of architecture that applied to modern skyscrapers as well as Cape Cod houses, so I retreated to the safer ground of economics. "What do you care? They're willing to pay well, you know, and you're the only one around here who can swing the job."

He still shook his head stubbornly, but I had a fifth ace up my sleeve. "I don't blame you, Ned," I said, beginning the exit from his front yard that horse-swapping craftiness demanded. "I suppose it's almost impossible to hollow out those timbers without splitting—"

"Hah!" he muttered. "So *that's* what they think?"

He was shrewd enough, of course, to scent my obvious trap; but he was utterly unable to resist any such compelling bait as a doubt of his craftsmanship. His adze was one of the very few things left on earth which the Machine Age couldn't challenge, and he was one of the last good adze-men left in all New England. "You go tell 'em," he said in a thick voice, "that I'll yoke up Dave and Diamond and be down after them timbers this afternoon."

As the faithful go-between I reported back to the clubhouse and was asked to lunch with the Committee on Remodeling, consisting of Mrs. Brantome (laundry machinery, Newark), Mrs. Soames (wholesale groceries, Worcester), and Mr. Bugby (paper towels, Brooklyn). The Committee was jubilant at the good news I brought. It seemed that when the clubhouse was first built, only comfort and utility had been considered by its masculine membership. The architecture, if such it could be called, had been shaken up like a cocktail: one part bungalow, two parts barracks, with a dash of log cabin. But as Parmachene prospered, and as trout-fishing became fashionable, the wives took a sudden and alarming interest. No Eden without its Eve, of course, and the middle-aged ladies of the club decided that only a thorough remodeling along Colonial lines would do.

The question of overhead beams had been a poser until the architect had suggested that old timbers be hollowed out for lightness, and suspended from concealed steel plates, thus reversing their usual role of helping to suspend the house itself. "Can't you just see the lounge-room when it's done?" exclaimed Mrs. Brantome, half closing her eyes in facile ecstasy. "Pine-paneled walls and Revere lanterns wired for electricity and overhead the stained beams with the dimpled, hand-hewn marks on them?"

I replied that I could indeed vision the splendid effect. Meanwhile I squeezed more lemon juice on a broiled trout which tasted faintly of the chopped liver which had reared it to maturity at the State Hatchery. "It's a Jock Scott—the one you're eating," remarked Mr. Bugby, his round features lighting up with pride. "I tried him first to a Silver Doctor but he wouldn't rise to it."

At that moment there was a sound as of mild thunder outside, punctured at intervals by lightning-sharp commands: "Dave! *You*, Diam'! . . . Hoosh, g'long, both on you!"

Old Ned Putney had come for the beams.

"A worm fisherman," observed Mr. Bugby with distaste. "But nothing can change those mule-headed old natives, I suppose."

He went out to give directions while I trailed along in the rear. The beams were piled near the water's edge: immense slabs a foot in diameter and twenty feet long; solid and knotty pine a century old, with the bark still on. The club had bought them when an ancient barn was torn down, for it would have been impossible to find new timbers of such impressive dimensions.

"I should think," said Mr. Bugby, echoing my own thoughts, "that you'd bring your adze *here* instead of—"

"I'm taking the timbers *there*," said Ned testily, "because I want that I should work in peace without a raft of women around." He paused to glare pointedly. "I aim to show you the best adze job this country ever seen."

A bit mollified, Mr. Bugby still yearned to be constructive. "Those things must weigh a quarter of a ton apiece—won't you need somebody to lend you a hand?"

The old man was all of seventy-five years old, crippled by rheumatism in spite of his powerful build, but he snapped, "I brought my pry-bar along, didn't I? . . . Dave, Diam' —*hoosh, g'long!*"

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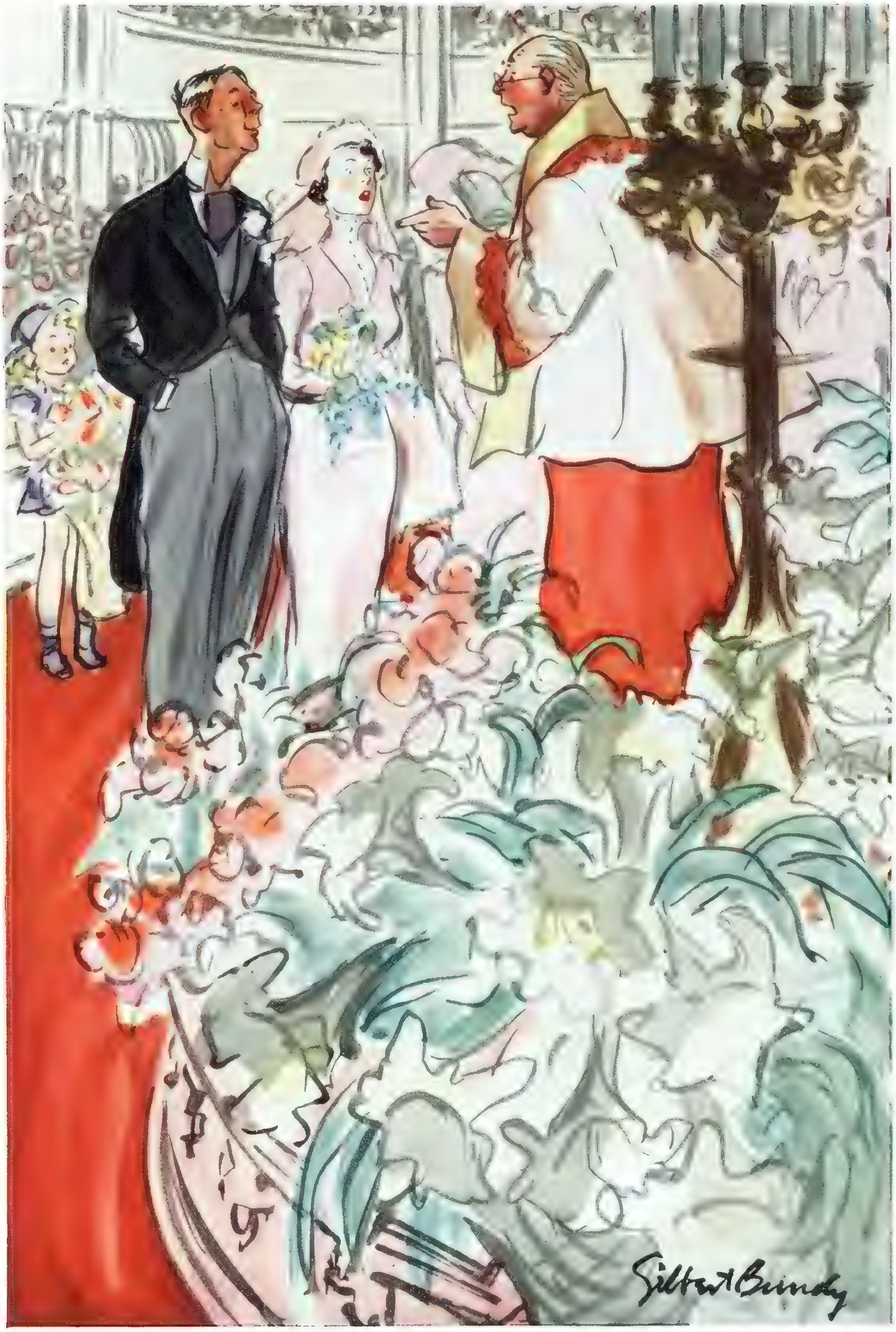
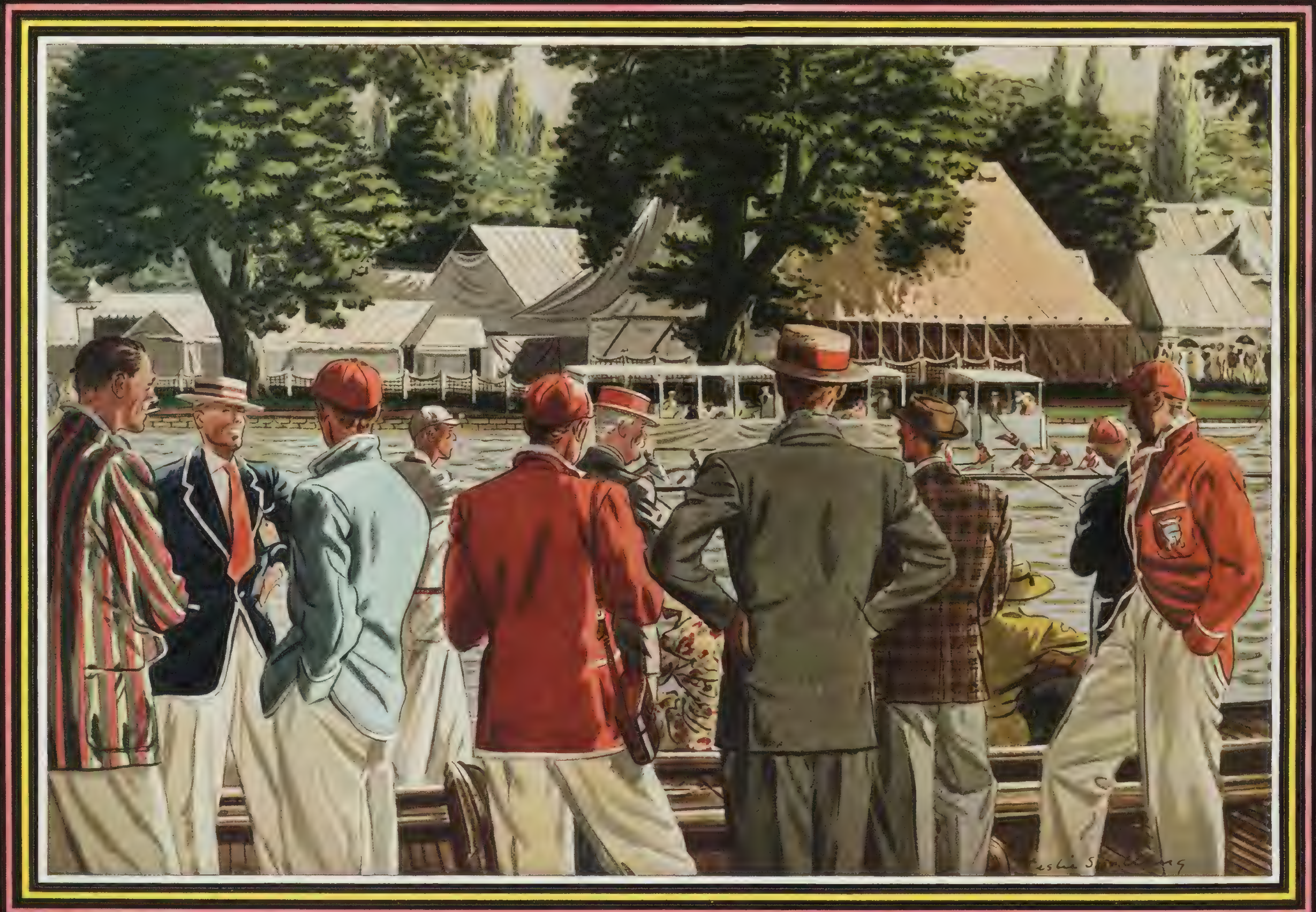

Gilbert Bundy

"Are you sure you take this — to be your lawful, wedded husband?"



Painted in England for Esquire by Leslie Saalburg

ROYAL REGATTA▿HENLEY-ON-THE-THAMES

Taming of the Viking

Einar was a plunderer, and a spoiler of the inland seas, until the human fish appeared

by HAROLD TITUS

• SPORTS •

THIS one is about my friend Einar, former Great Lakes commercial fisherman. This is about my neighbor Einar, grandson of a Viking, son of a plunderer, until recently one of a clan of frontiersmen which persists even today in vocation and spirit, but who has let go all holds and become just another citizen living off the tourists.

To be sure, this piece might be about the newest angling craze—and an old, old form of fishing—to sweep the country, but it won't be. Only incidentally will it be about this deep-sea fishing on fresh water for Mackinaw trout, which in just a minute or two is going to be one of the most popular forms of fishing for sport that ever came along or I miss one of the easiest of easy guesses.

No. This one is about Einar because he is passing while this Mackinaw fishing is just coming in; and he's been of more importance than just another form of sport. Einar is—or was—of social importance, I mean. Colorful importance. He stood for something. He was spice, flavor, in a population which is flattening out, getting standardized and regimented and was long before anti-administration newspapers began to squawk about the dire influences toward that end which were being hatched in Washington. And now Einar has gone to pot and is just another guy making a go of it. It's a shame, I contend. Not, of course, a shame for the dude Mackinaw fishermen who stand in line waiting for Einar to take them out. They're entitled to their fun, I suppose.

To understand about Einar you'll have to be told about the Great Lakes and about the commercial fishing industry on them and something about the amazing growth of this Mackinaw trolling. You'll have to understand a lot of things if I make clear what roils me about Einar's successful fall.

These Great Lakes, now: they're man's water. Bad water. Tough water. Gorgeous to look at but as treacherous as water gets. If you don't know them, if they're just blue blobs on a map for you, maybe you'll sniff at that.

When I tell you that the steamer track from Chicago, at the head of Lake Michigan, to the Straits of Mackinac, at its foot, is around three hundred miles, it may mean nothing. And when I tell you that it's four hundred-odd miles by charted courses from Sault Ste. Marie to Duluth, at the other end of Lake Superior, it may mean nothing, either.

But when I tell you that these Great Lakes go berserk every now and again and take a toll of ships and sailors that'll break your heart to think about, I hope the statement won't miss fire. The Great Lakes do that. They're tough. They're bad. They'll take six-hundred-foot bulk freighters, the ore and wheat vessels, and rip open battened hatches and drown them with all hands. They'll take steel ships with a cargo capacity of a dozen thousand gross tons or more and never leave a trace. They'll weight these great craft to helplessness with ice and heave them up on reefs or batter them against shores which are bald rock cliffs or turn them bottom side up—actually: the *Price* in the 1913 blow—and record in one night enough marine disasters to make your head swim. Fresh water. Landlocked. But tough. Man's water, I mean.

This toughness has nothing to do with Mackinaw trolling. It has a lot to do with Einar, though. That's the water he grew up on; those were the depths from which his grandfather and his sire and Einar himself dragged a living until last summer. He's still dragging a livelihood from those depths, but it's by proxy, now. He lets tourists do the dragging with trolling spoons but Einar gets his fee for taking them there and showing them how.

To measure Einar's fall you'll have to be shown his grandfather whose forebears freebooted the seven seas, stealing sheep and gold and women. Freebooting, in effect, is what this first Einar did on the Lakes. He saw something to take and took it. His wanderings brought him from salt water to fresh, from oceans to mighty lakes, and what he found here to take was fish.

You don't stake out a claim to fishing grounds but they are—or were—a natural resource just the same, a social asset, and should have been utilized for common good instead of being pillaged for private gain, but this old Einar went after them just as other buccaneers had taken the fur and other plunderers were taking the forests and still others were grabbing the mineral wealth and water power of the north. Appropriating for self what should have belonged to the entire population, had we had good economic and social sense, and if you suspect this commentator of being tempted to yearn for a socialist state you certainly are right again, mister.

But it took men to fish in those days on these Great Lakes, I'm telling you! In that day on these Lakes, understand, there weren't any power driven tugs, nor mechanical lifters to haul the nets from the thirty or fifty or sixty fathoms in which they were set to snare the finned wealth which coursed the bottoms. Not much! Those hard old rascals went out under sail, and they hauled their gangs by hand. Nets that ran into hundreds of fathoms in length from that far down by *hand*, with maybe ice forming on the thread and the gilled fish in it the instant it hit the early spring or late autumn air. If it came on to blow they did the best they could in their little open boats and if it dropped to a calm they pulled on twelve-foot oars to get back to port. Men, those old buccaneers!

But they weren't considered anti-social any more than the fur traders or early timber barons were. It wasn't until Einar's father got his own rig going that the country began to get choosy and conditions surrounding our natural resources came to be viewed with alarm and a line was drawn between public and private rights and laws regulating the take of Great Lakes fish so the supply might be conserved indefinitely commenced to be talked about and taken seriously.

I get a laugh out of that. The big plundering in the middle west was history. We'd called those grabbers Developers. The fur and timber and minerals and water power were gone. These commercial fishermen were small fry despite all those millions of tons they lifted and their aggregate millions of dollars in profit made from the last natural resource left. But their racket had outlasted the others; it had lapped over into an era when righteousness and thrift had replaced the tolerance and prodigality of an earlier period. Conservationists had something to shoot at here, instead of just something to mourn about; so the war began.

Don't mistake me. I'm not going to state that *all* Great Lakes fishermen have *always* been outlaws. But enough of them have been defiant of regulation frequently enough and drastically enough to give the whole

Continued on page 156

Young Tarawara

He was a very wise chief who discovered that he could not eat his slave and have him too

by GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

• FICTION •

WITH all his high memories of slaves and adulation and women who petted him and green stone ornaments and feather capes, and ivory fish hooks and long delicious feastings, Tarawara simply couldn't stand the lonely life which he had lived on the island a moment longer. So he filled himself full of rock oysters of which he was heartily sick and swam to the mainland. The swim—fifteen miles of soupy warm water—tired him. He crawled into the bush where it was thickest and slept for twelve hours.

When he waked he began a new life. And he began it, as all lives are begun, stark naked. He dug shell fish, killed fat wood pigeons and Kiwis with well flung stones, and wove enough cloth out of flax fibre to observe the decencies. He made fire by rubbing two pieces of wood together.

In short, whatever he really needed he managed to create. But he could not create life. He could not create slaves, or companions or even women. If he had been able to create any of these things, being a normal Neolithic man twenty-two years of age, he would have created a woman first. And he would have created a chief's daughter, because since he himself was the son of a chief, the daughter, no matter how plump and beautiful, of any ordinary person would have been taboo.

He made himself a flute, and tootled on it, and thought about the daughters of chiefs, their beauty and plumpness.

II

One day a little dug-out canoe paddled by an elderly man hove in sight around the nearest headland and came ashore. The man had a fish net which had been badly torn. He spread it on the beach and began to mend it. Tarawara, stepping very secretly brought down a heavy flat stone on the top of the elderly man's head.

When the elderly man came to he found himself hopelessly entangled in his own fish net, and if he struggled a little, it was only for the sake of appearances.

"Be quiet," said Tarawara, "and listen."

The elderly man did as he was told.

"You," said Tarawara, "are a person of no consequence. And I, who am the son of a chief, have not tasted red meat in twelve years. You are my prisoner, taken in fair fight, and as you know, I have a perfect right to cook you, and eat you."

The elderly man shook his head. "If you were really the son of a chief," he said, "you would of course have a perfect right to—to do what you said. But if you are the son of a chief, why isn't your face properly tatooed and where is your green stone mere?"

"That," said Tarawara, "is a very long story."

But he told it, every bit of it, and toward sundown the elderly man was obliged to confess that he was actually having to do with a chief's son, and furthermore he was so tired from listening that his objections to being killed and eaten were now hardly more than perfunctory.

"Well?" said Tarawara.

"You are right," said the elderly man, "and I shouldn't have put you to so much trouble. And if you must have red meat, why I suppose you must. But if I were you—"

"Well?"

"You see," said the elderly man, "though I am sure you can eat greatly as befits the son of a great chief, still at least half of me would spoil while you were eating the other half. And—I am only thinking of you—when you had digested that half you would be right back where you started from—empty, lonely, and unserved. . . . Which I ask would be more beneficial to you in the long run—a square meal, or a devoted servant?"

"It would be rather nice to have a slave," said Tarawara.

"Well, a slave then."

"You'll do everything I tell you to?"

"Without question. And it may be that I shall think of many useful things without being told."

"Such as?"

"Tell me first—what do you wish for most and most often?"

Though to answer this question made Tarawara blush, he answered it bravely.

"I most wish," he said, "and most often for a chief's daughter. The wish is not so much often as continuous. I ache with it."

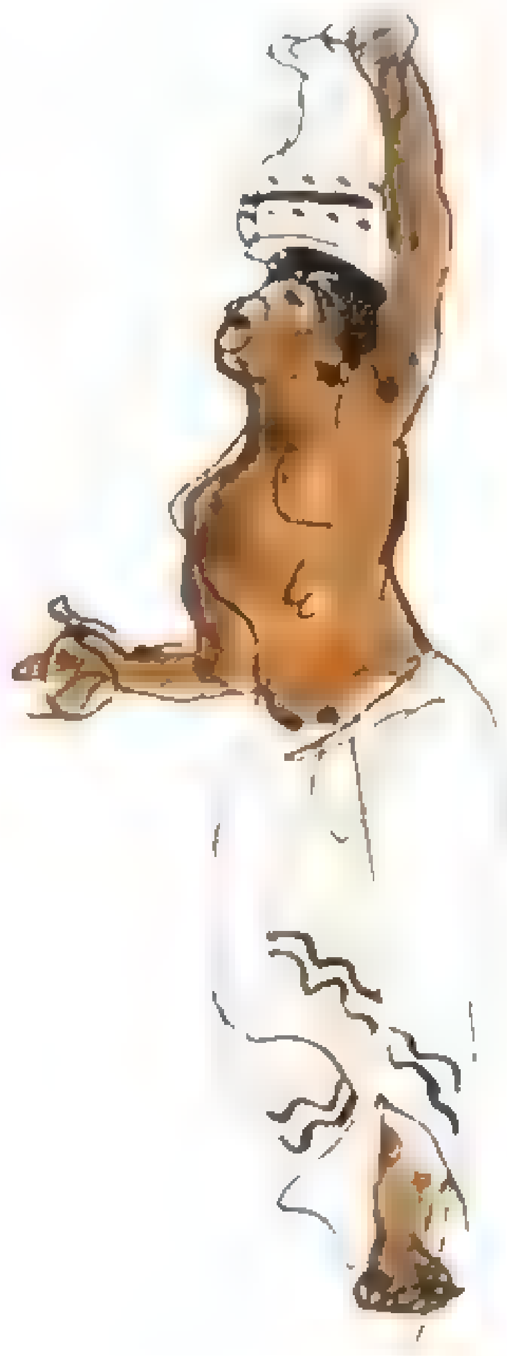
"I know where there is a beauty," said the elderly man. "There are difficulties; but much can be accomplished by the son of a chief with the aid of a devoted, and—though I say it that shouldn't—a very clever slave."

"What is your name?" said Tarawara. "You interest me."

"My name," said the elderly man, "is Ku Ku."

III.

Ku Ku proved that he could be all that he had said he could be, and more too. The plan which he had prepared for obtaining a chief's daughter for his young master was, if not absolutely fool-proof, an excellent and likely plan, and he set about the difficult execution of its preliminary details with the eye and hand and patience of the best Maori tradition.



Phormium tenax supplied him with long and dry fibre. The bark of Eleocarpus supplied him with a black dye, the bark of Phyllocladus with a brown. Out of these he wove and dyed for Tarawara a kilt of great elegance, and chiefliness, and a belt to match. With certain feathers of Ka Ka, the parrot, he contrived a gorgeous flame colored cape. And one day a dead albatross having washed ashore he obtained a fine lot of Kaiwharawhara or tail feathers. Tarawara, when the time came, would wear them in his hair.

From the steel-tough dark wood of Kahikatoa Ku Ku made a Taiaha or fighting spear, upon the tongue-like business end of which he carved exquisitely an exquisite curvilinear design of questionable morality.

When he had finished the manufacture of these necessary articles a whole year of time had passed into history, and the longing of Tarawara for the chief's daughter had become almost insupportable.

"It isn't only myself I am thinking about," he would say to Ku Ku, "*she* isn't getting any younger either."

"She will be fifteen," said Ku Ku, "come Akaaka-nui."

"Midsummer," said Tarawara sullenly, "is a long way off."

"And at that," said Ku Ku, "we shall have to trust to our fine feathers."

"I know it," said Tarawara, "and it

makes me sick. I haven't even one single Kurukuru."

"Even if we had the green stone," said Ku Ku, "it would take me at least two years to rub it into the shape of a proper ear-pendant, and another year to bore a hole through the hanging end."

"If I only had a mere." (He made two pretty syllables of the word.)

"If I only had a nice slab of green stone, well speckled with black," said Ku Ku, "and if I were only a whole tribe numbering several hundred persons, and if I only could have life and strength for three generations and the will to rub and rub and rub and keep on rubbing, you should have your mere."

"It took four generations," said Tarawara, "to make the one father had, and at the time of the great massacre, which was followed by the great eating, our tribe was still working on the handle groves." (He called them Kikoriki.)

"What became of it?" asked Ku Ku.

"It seems to have disappeared," said Tarawara, "in the great battle which preceded the massacre. . . . Father used to let me take it in my hand sometimes. It was longer than most, and heavier. But what a balance! And what a color—the green of the sea where the water is shallow. To take it in your hand was the same thing as wishing to kill somebody. If father hadn't lost it—or hidden it as I sometimes think—they would have spared him. It was the thing they really wanted, but either he couldn't tell them where it was or wouldn't out of pride and stubbornness, and when his turn came he had to go the way of all the others, except that the others were all knocked on the head first. Father was put into the steaming oven-pit alive, and was then covered with mats of harakeke and afterward with several depths of red hot pebbles."

"Kai-pirau," commented Ku Ku. "A practice at once ghoulish and unsanitary. I prefer that they should be killed first, and properly cleaned. Same as a fish."

Nevertheless his old mouth watered, for it was a long time since he had tasted red meat.

"Perhaps I can pass muster without the ear pendant," said Tarawara, "and without a chief's war club, but if a chief's daughter looks with favor upon a young man who is absolutely untatooed it will be for the first time in the history of these islands. Couldn't you possibly tatoo me?"

"I could," said Ku Ku, "I could do a beautiful job on you, and I'd like nothing better. But where am I going to find six strong men to hold you down while I am doing it?"

"Where indeed!" sighed Tarawara, "but," and his expression brightened, "couldn't you tie me down?"

"In the case of a chief's first born son and heir," said Ku Ku, "the expedient of tying with thongs is strictly taboo. It is said to provoke the Atu Kahu, and all the other personified forms of misfortune, beyond endurance. It has been known to induce Whe and Haki Haki which though aristocratic maladies are no less itchsome and malignant than Atu the plebian form. It has been known to induce the distressful Ngerengere which causes the extremities to drop off joint by joint. . . ."

"That will do," said Tarawara, "I can see where I don't get tatooed."

"First impressions," said Ku Ku, "are everything. I shall paint an exquisite design upon your face in three colors. . . ."

"Will it have the double spiral in it?"

"The double spiral—and everything. . . . The first time she sees you will be in such a dim light that she won't know the difference, and neither will anybody else. And the second time she sees you will be in the very middle of the black night."

"By the little spring," murmured Tarawara, "at the foot of the hill—among the fern trees."

IV.

Tarawara, accompanied by his elderly slave Ku Ku, was courteously received at the outer gate of the strongly stockaded Pa of the Rananganui tribe, and by one of the guards at this gate was conducted ascendingly through the three inner gates, and into the beautifully carved and red-ochred house of their great chief Mototora.

The sun had set in splendor and within the house of Mototora, the light was exceedingly dim. Therefore, the chief's daughter, Minui, did not for one moment suspect that Tarawara's face was merely painted. She thought him by all odds the most beautifully tatooed young man that she had ever seen. She was a modest girl, and her life had been sheltered, but she felt a sudden wild desire to rub her nose against his in the affectionate Maori fashion.

After one glance at Minui, Tarawara was obliged to look away. A second glance might have caused his legs, which were already trembling to buckle under him, and prove his undoing. She was exceedingly beautiful and of so delicious a plumpness that old Ku Ku could not help wondering if, in his master's place, he would prefer her as a wife or as a roast.

After the one dangerous glance Tarawara kept his eyes fixed on the nobly tatooed face of Minui's father, and explained the reasons for his coming and the reasons which had led up to those reasons.

It took a long time, and it was pitch dark in the house when he came at last to the end part in which every thing was summed up.

"Haste," he concluded, "is the essence of this matter. Haste is the reason why I have come on ahead of my more slowly moving people, leaving in their guardianship my precious Kurukuru and my incomparable mere. Haste is the reason why I have passed over so swiftly the reasons for my coming, and the reasons which led up to those reasons. In the north then, I repeat to you, the sweet potato crop has failed, and the tribes are moving. They are strongly armed and only less numerous than the sands of a sea-beach. I may add that they are ravenously hungry. . . . Alone our tribes, great as they are, will perish—your tribe and mine. But united we may prevail against them."

"I will think over which you have said," Mototora replied. "Sleep has ever been my best adviser. You too must be tired after your headlong travelling." He rose in the darkness and laid his hand on Tarawara's shoulder.

"I myself will conduct you to the guest house, and see that you have everything you need. If I had known in advance of your friendly and important visit, I should have had a slave killed and roasted, but if you could manage temporarily with fern bread and preserved rat? . . . My wife takes great pride in her preserves."

When Tarawara and Ku Ku were alone together, Ku Ku sniggered. Then he said: "Minui is a beauty as I told you, but her father in spite of his distinguished language is an old fool. Your meat is in the oven-pit. You have only to cook it."

"But," said Tarawara, "how can I be sure that Minui will be sent to the spring for the cool water?"

"It would be the custom," said Ku Ku.

"Shall you sleep a little?"

"I shall not."

Time passed, and more time. The Pa slept. The sentries were changed. Soon the sentries who had been relieved were asleep, and in all the habitation only Tarawara, Ku Ku and the relieving sentries had their eyes open.

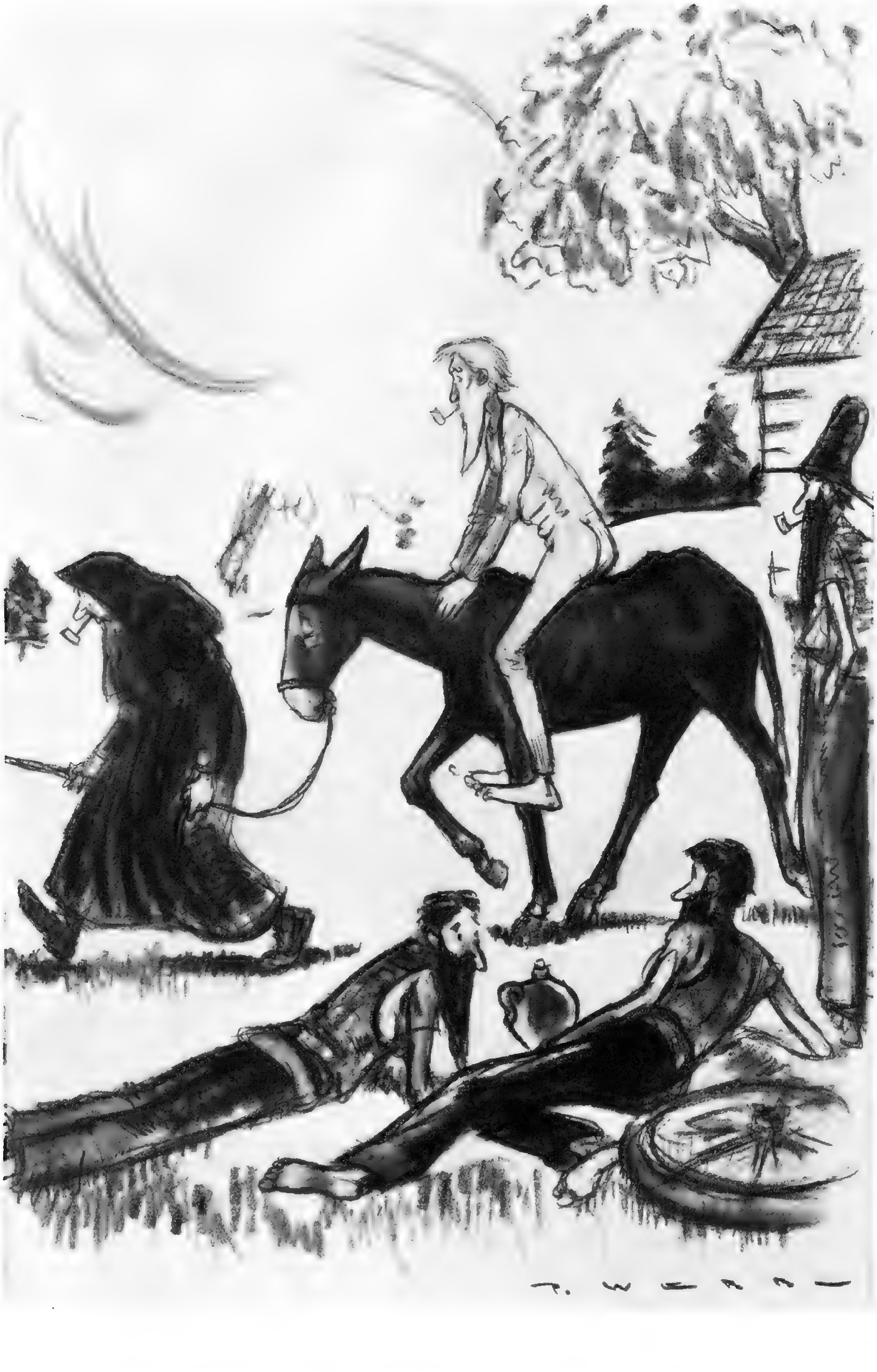
In the black darkness Ku Ku at length reached out his hand and touched his master on the knee.

"Time to begin," he said.

So much depended upon the beginning that Tarawara was about to make, and upon the middle and the end, that he trembled a little with excitement. He drew in a long breath and began to speak in the loud voice of one who is at once cross and tired.

"I cannot drink this water," he said. "It is warm like cooking water. I cannot drink it. It has been standing all day in this house,

Continued on page 115



"Gawdamighty! Time flies — don't it? There's Gran'pap gittin' his winter underwear aired out already"

Straws in the Southwind

Most illuminating case-history of the contributing influences in the evolution of a Hitlerite

by ORRICK JOHNS

ARTICLE

You see a thing under your nose—and it is real as rice to a Chinese—but it may be years before some upheaval or other throws the floodlight on it and you know what it was you saw. The events in this then unimportant chronicle passed in 1928, and who could foretell the burning books and the gutted Reichstag of 1933 in that year of happy astrological conjunctions. But the portent of it all was in one of the humblest characters the writer has ever sat around with trying to console by four bottles and *calamai fritti.*

It happened on a certain island almost absurd to name, an island that has charmed and soothed such opposite natures as Oscar Wilde and Lenin, and has not lacked personalities to make it famous since Tiberius. The island throws up sheer jowls of ruddy rock to the south, and it is easy to think of Africa as you look over the water there from the terraces. On that flank of the island also is a long trail leading down to the sea.

If you liked exercise or were too broke to share a taxi you took this steep trail to the little beach every day to swim. The writer, being both lazy and methodical even in his pastimes, usually walked down and paid the ten lire for a taxi back. But the baron walked both ways. He was broke, but he was also a tremendous walker.

I was on my way down the trail to the marina with one of the island lads, Costanzo, when I first met the baron dashing up it. Costanzo was a good antidote to the celebrated operatic gaiety and comic aspects for which the island was far-famed. He had that absolute, cold, convinced bitterness which you find in some Italians, which in fact only got into general literature by way of Leopardi, but it imparted grace, warmth and a fine carriage to his exterior. It did not show on him, except that when he was most bitter I noticed a slight cast in one of his eyes, and when he was animated this cast disappeared. Costanzo had a mystery also, as we were to learn later on.

We rounded the trail and a tall figure came into view from below—well, not exactly dashing up but brisk enough. Costanzo stopped and said softly, "The baron!" I observed that the cast appeared in his eye. He introduced us and suddenly disappeared.

The Germans were still coming to Italy as they did when Tacitus started the Aryan myth, 1800 years ago, by writing that he believed the Germans to be "a race, pure, unmixed, and stamped with a distinct character." But they came with a difference; I suspect they came, both men and women, not to conquer, like the Suevians and the Cimbri of whom Tacitus spoke, but to be conquered. They fell heavily for the various types of Italian charm. And the baron was a good example of the race.

He was large but not fat, a fine military Prussian figure, with just the kind of head he should have had. I remember almost saying, "You've got a head like Stresemann," but that would have been a mistake. Stresemann, as a ruler, was a dead wrong guy for him. His head was bare, shaved, dull bronze; his eyes were small and blue, his nose turned out a little like a shoehorn, and there was a Schlager-cut from ear to nostril on the left side, a clean, straight scar. But he had the sheepiest, saddest smile I have ever seen.

After that we met nearly every afternoon at the little beach south of the island, and sometimes walked down together. We were good companions in fact, considering that our habits were worlds apart. Whenever I can sit, I sit, but the baron was a tremendous walker. Beginning at sunup he travelled from the heights to the valleys and back again with the ease of a roller coaster. He would stand on the belvederes and murmur, "*Wundershön,*" and he liked to pick flowers, actually. We didn't even have one whole language in common. A little French, a little Italian, no English and no German. Sometimes we didn't exchange a word for an hour. And who, recalling the great flood of inspired words poured out by people in 1928, can regret that golden silence? But the baron and I had one thing in common. We could drink till the cows came home. And drink anything.

I was interested in him because I had never seen such humility, such a crushed, demure, painful courtesy in the upper class before. It was grotesque to find submission in a frame built for a general's tunic. His heart must have looked, if you could have had a look at it, like a pulped grape.

This gifted-in-some-ways reporter was then gifted by the loan of an antique villa, which belonged to absent friends. A part of it had been a convent where for centuries the almost-perfect souls of the island girls had emulated the virtue but not the virile willpower of the founding abbess, whose battles and tyrannies once made history. The villa had a Moorish court, a Greek court with a fig tree growing through it and another court that was just an English garden. A good cook went with it and I frequently asked the baron to dinner. He did not accept always, and at first he fed and drank cautiously, not to show his hunger I suppose, and his thanks were too abject.

We gorged these little dinners in a narrow smoky-walled salon that glittered with red brocade, gilt, and the cool yellows and indigoes of a Nuremburg statuette, and all manner of objects from archaic and Etruscan to the Renaissance. For years the place had belonged to one of those cavalier Americans who fought in the Civil War and then went abroad to paint or write and never returned. The studio contained his treasures. These post-war exiles of the Jamesian cut had been more determined and thorough than the exiled generation to which this American belonged. They got buried abroad instead of coming home after 1929 to be buried alive.

Over the excellent *gnocchi, forffè di formaggio* and *mozzarella* that Gelsomina prepared, and a certain Caruso (*sic*) wine from the Amalfi hills, we loafed until late hours. and somehow talked, though the baron's talk was largely made up of extraordinary sounds. These sounds were of the kind that writers of English for centuries have been trying to palm off on us with such spellings as faugh, huh, pshaw, ugh and pooh, but no words can express those gutteral, sonorous, belly-bursting explosions. Since we had no political or ideational vocabularly at all, but only the polite kind, how was I to know that what the baron's insides were saying went something like this:

"Listen, my friend, if the truth were known I am eaten up by shame. Germany, faugh! Do you think it is Germany they are writing about in the papers, Germany that is paying billions of indemnity to the French and American brutes, Germany they are chattering about at that old vulture's roost in Geneva? Is that Germany, *my* Germany? Ugh, my friend, that is a ghost of Germany, that is not Germany at all. It is a lot of *verdammten,* boot-licking cowardly bankers and socialist scoundrels. Stresemann, pooh! The 'spirit of Locarno,' the bunk! The Dawes Plan, Hell and Maria! *Quelle boue, che puzza,* what mud! The devil take the spirit of Locarno. And the devil take you American bloodsuckers too."

He never said any of this. After all, I was an American, and even when he mentioned Wilson, he went no further in his contempt

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Old Dog's New Trick

Two magics put a mule in the shed, a hog in the pen, a young girl in the cabin for Old Cuz

by HERMANN B. DEUTSCH

• FICTION •

Sing Hallelujah disheer day!
Sing Hallelujah! Shout 'n' pray!
Pray de fiel' an' pray de crop,
Mojoe bring you out on top,
Gov'ment mojoe! Wash'ton mojoe!
Plink, plunk, k'plunk—
Plink, plunk, k'plunk—

WHO want de mojoe? Who ready to pay cash money fo' de bes'es' hand 'tever bring luck to de mens? Or either a tobey? Account I got de tobey too, de bes'es' tobey 't ever tell is he triflin' on you, gals, or is he bein' true. Who want to buy de good luck hand Ol' Cuz make in de dark of de moon . . . blood from a black cat, ile from a toad-frog 't never see de light of de day, great day, sing hallelujah disheer day!

How I know de hand so good?

Plink, plunk, k'plunk! Plink, plunk, k'plunk!

My gal done tol' me so-o-o!

You hear de white folks say I is a ol' man. "Dat Ol' Cuz," dey a-sayin', "he a ol', ol' man, he ain' wuth de pinch of salt to put in de cawn-bread, not him." But you go down to de cabin in de bottom lan', my cabin now, all pay fo' an' not owin' ayre copper cent, an' you'll see a young gal. Maybe Ol' Cuz a ol' man, but de young gal 't live out yonnuh wid Ol' Cuz, she plenty satisfy. She don' study 'bout makin' no change.

Who gwy buy de mojoe or either de tobey? I got 'em yuh, all both, an' all both is ga'ntee by de gov'ment in Wash'ton. Ask de white folks in de 'lief office yonnuh in Tallulah. Ask de gov'ment, chillen, whiles Ol' Cuz make de banjo box talk de tune de young gal tol' him in de night time, black night, in de dark of de moon, whiles de toad-frog ile an' de black cat blood is stewin' on de fiah, like my mammy's mammy teach me in de bygone days, an' she ain' no Guinea trash, nossuh, she a Gullah f'om skin to skin.

How I know?

Plink, plunk, k'plunk! Plink, plunk, k'plunk!

My gal done tol' me so-o-o!

De Wash'ton gov'ment back up de say-so of de young gal, by de bad time pas' an' de good time yuh to stay once mo', sing hallelujah disheer day!

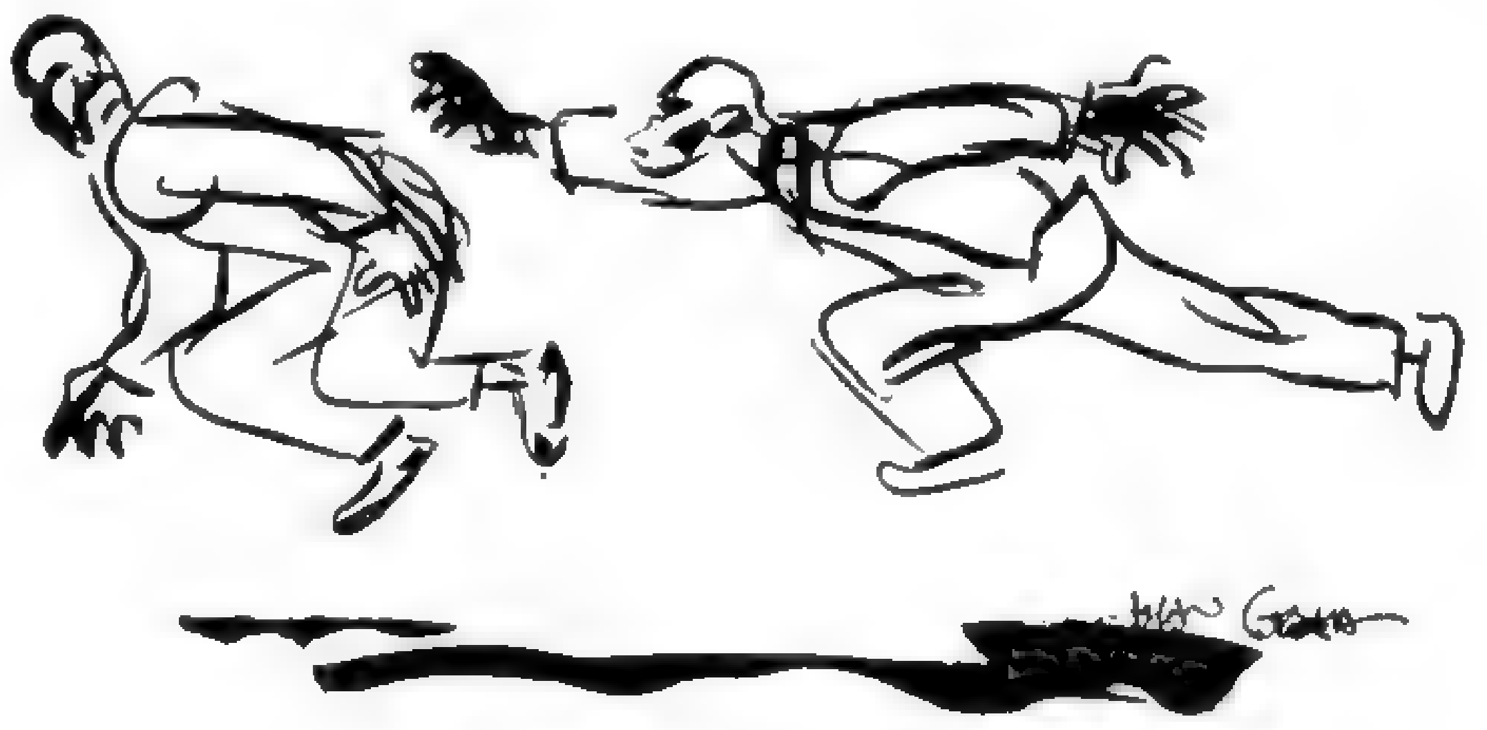
Back in de bad time I los' de faith my ownse'f. Oh, it wa'nt by de money be so sca'ce, no, chillens. An it wa'nt by de cotton ain' bring enough to pay fo' de sowbelly us got to eat. It was by de triflin' Guinea gal Ol' Cuz tuk up wid. Oughter had mo' knowledge 'n to ever tuk up wid no Guinea trash like disheer Sugar Dew what live in town, live on de aidge of Tallulah, 'n' have biggety notions, like she got to bath her skin ev'y day, an' take a hot iron comb to straighten out de hair de Good Marster put on her haid. All dat stuff is de wronges' kin' of wrong.

How I know?

Plink, plunk, k'plunk! Plink, plunk, k'plunk!

My gal done tol' me so-o-o!

I ain' never trus' 'at Guinea gal to de furderes', not me, not Ol' Cuz, nossuh. Oh, she sweet, dat Sugar Dew. She talk sweet an' she ack sweet an' she smell sweet an' she look sweet; sweet 'nough to twis' a man ayre way she want, twis' he heart right out he breas' an' he never, never feel de pang. But my min' done tol' me to keep watch, so I make a tobey wid de blood an' de ile an' de graveya'd dus' an' de piece of hair an' de salt, like my mammy's mammy show, an' I tie de tobey in de red flannen sack an' hang 'em wid a twine aroun' my neck nex' to de skin.



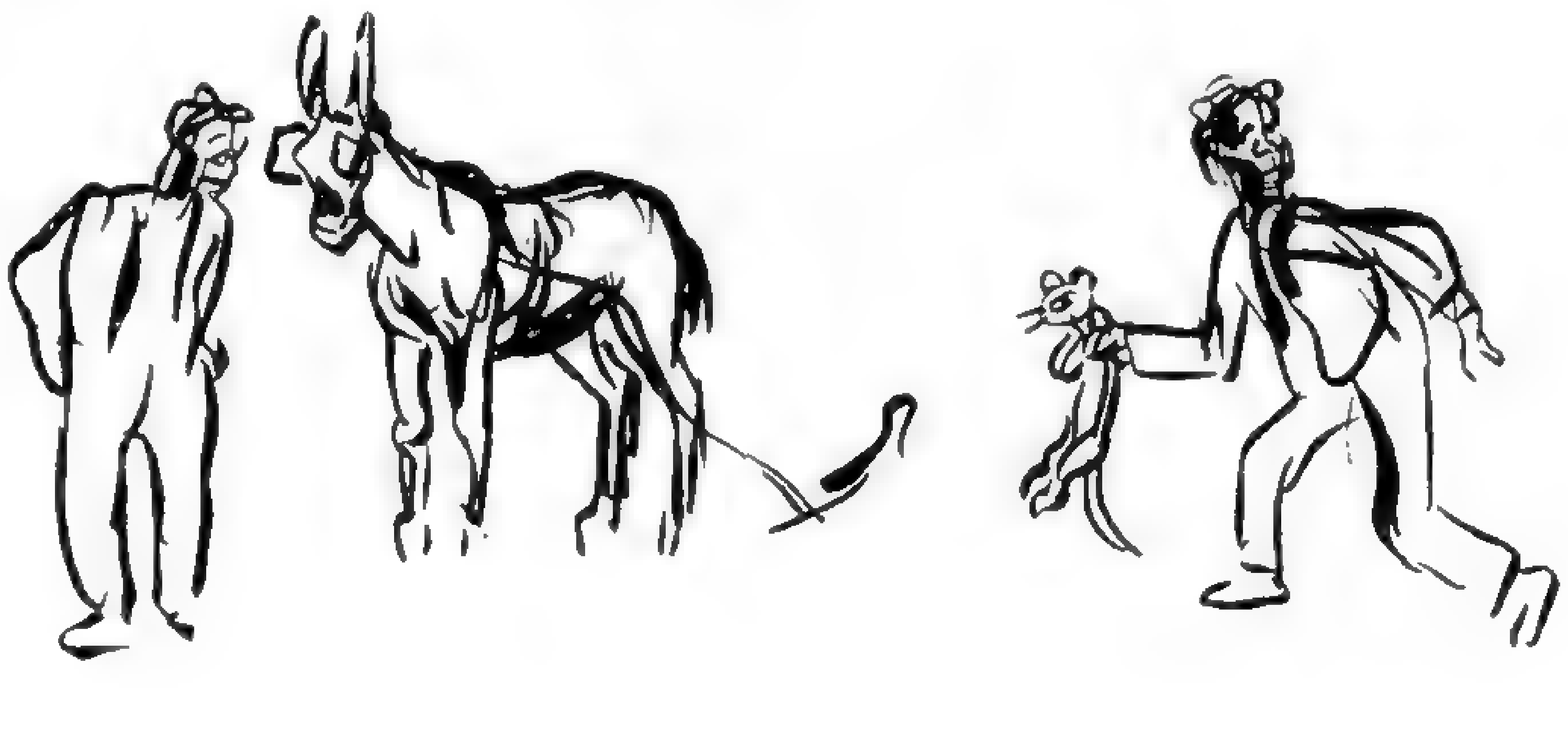
Got to have money fo' dat Sugar Dew gal, she all de time askin' fo money, yessuh. Play fo' de white folks wid de banjo box an' de kay-zoo, singin' de songs to make 'em laugh, git de money an' bring it home to Sugar Dew, sweet Sugar Dew, make de ol' banjo box talk in de night time fo' de white folks while Sugar Dew wait in de li'l house by de aidge of town fo' de money Ol' Cuz gwy bring.

Steamboat comin' roun' de ben'
She loaded down wid convick men,
So stick to de dolluh, da's you' onlies' frien'.

An' de white folks is dancin' an' laughin' at de goin's-on, but my min' tell me I bes' be oneasy 'bout Sugar Dew. My min' tell me to pull out de tobey an' look. Yay, sholy, my bredren, looky yonnuh, now! De flannen sack ain' bright red no mo', it dusted over wid gray, to it dull as de back of a ol' woman's hand, an' when I sees it, I knows my min' been tellin' me right, an' I run away f'om de white folks's doin's to I get to de aidge of town, whe' de li'l house at, an' I peep in de window an' see de tobey's right. I bus' th'oo de do', but de noise done gi' 'em warnin', so he went out de front, wid me a-follerin' close behime, close enough so he mus' think I can taste him. De white folks done close up de street in front, whe' dey puttin down de new see-ment road. Yassuh, de white folks done close de street, but he open' it up so fas' I cain' catch him, not me. So my min' tell me to don't study 'bout him no mo', he long gone. "Go back 'n' catch Sugar Dew!" my min' say. But by de time I come back, Sugar Dew long gone too, an' it ain' nothin' lef' in all 'is worl' but me'n' my sorrah.

Oh, de worl' so full of grief 'n' woe,
Plink, k'plunk! Plink, k'plunk!
Ev'y place my po' feets go,
Plink, k'plunk! Plink, k'plunk!
How I know dat? How I know?
A Guinea gal done tol' me so-o-o!
Plink . . . plunk . . . plink . . . plunk . . .

An' my min' say to don't stay in town no mo', by all de mens an' all de womens mus' be laughin' at de way Sugar Dew done me. Low-down yallah trash! I hear de white folks tell 'bout de rebilitation, how de Wash'ton gov'ment gi' you a mule an' gi' you a plow an' gi' you seed an' all, if you is got a piece of lan'. Mist' Will Mason say he got a piece of bottom lan' he lea' me have, does I want to work it, so I goes to de rebilitation man an' gits me fixed. I cut de poles fo' de cabin, an' plow de groun'. I plant de seed an' build de house, I does my work f'om can see in de mawnin' to cain' see in de evenin', by I



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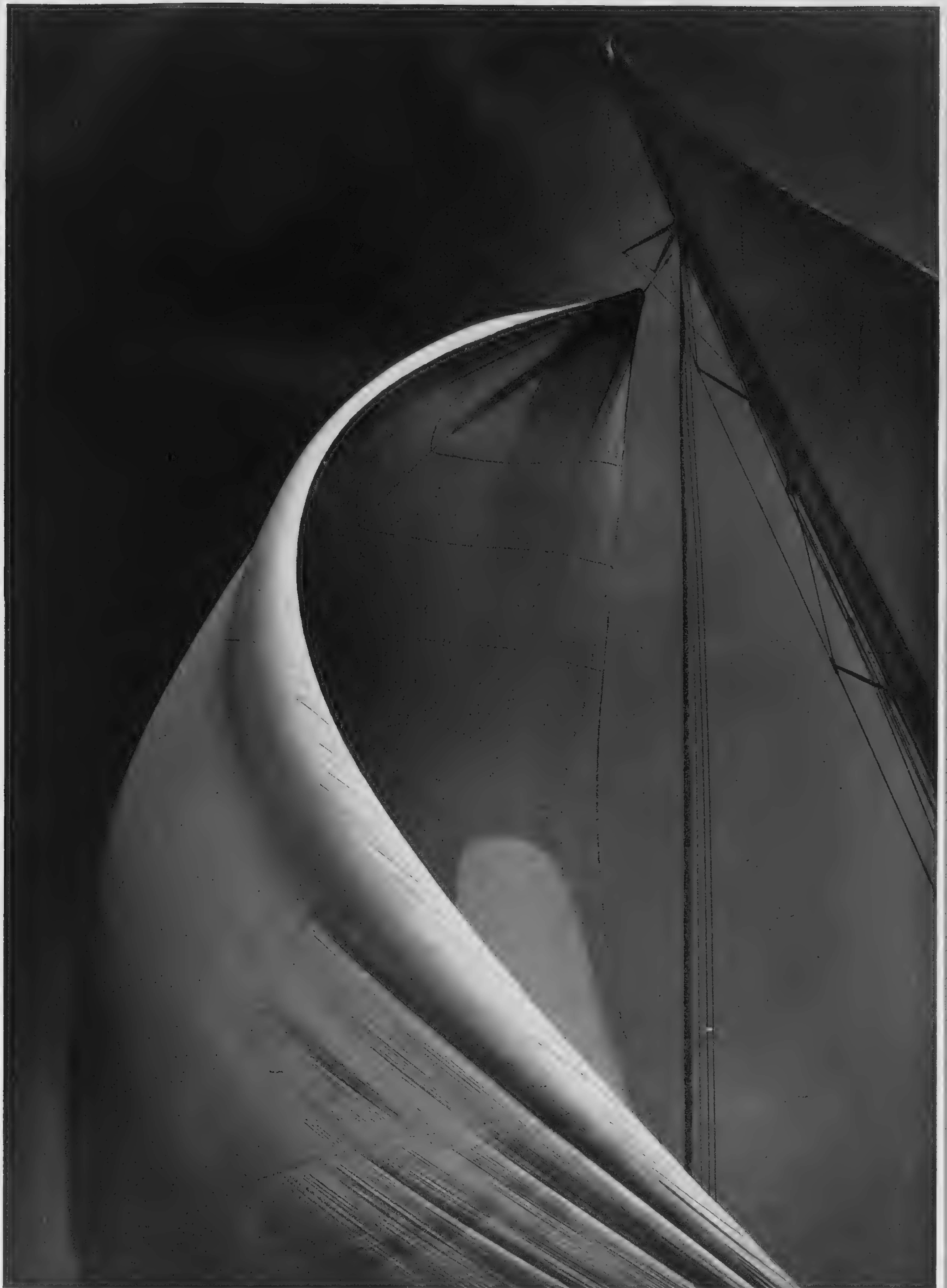

PHOTOGRAPH BY MORRIS ROSENFELD

BALLOON SPINNAKER

Cup Yacht "Weetamoe" owned by Frederick Prince, Boston

She's No Longer Faithful If—

Sailing, sailing . . . over the river of doubt . . . if she's a cheater this is a neater . . . way to find it out

by MARCEL DESAGE

• ARTICLE •

51 She was never one to make enduring feminine friendships, but recently she has rediscovered a far-off school chum, a girl whom she writes with all of the finesse and fury of a young poet preparing his first masterwork. Her eyes burn with the fire of a zealot, and these long sessions at her writing desk leave her completely exhausted. She can hardly wait for the mail man, and upon such occasions when no letters arrive she becomes unbearable and the burnt cigarettes heap high upon the tray beside her bed. After many months of this you eventually become suspicious and discover the girl-chum's name to be "Harry."

52 She announces that her girl friend wishes to make an automobile trip with her fiance, but the girl friend's mother cannot allow her to go unaccompanied. Just for the sake of appearances she, your wife, would like to accompany them, lending the weight of a married woman's moral solidity to the trip. She pesters you until you see all three of them off . . . the girl friend, her fiance (a handsome devil!) and your wife.

You have forgotten; last year this same girl traveled all over the world with another gentleman and it didn't seem to matter. Quick thinking, however, is not your specialty.

53 Your next door neighbor is a particularly handsome young man but unfortunately for the fair sex a serious astronomist, devoting all of his nights to the observatory he has rigged up in the back of his garden. Your mistress is in no way a student or an intellectual, still you are surprised to see appear among her very limited books *The Remote Spiral Nebulae.* A few discreet questions prove that she has read it.

(*Note:* the warm desiring feminine heart will even read up on baseball, higher calculus, modern music, Cocteau, or dialectic materialism.)

54 She has always been a very fast automobile driver and cares nothing whatsoever for traffic policemen. Therefore it is especially remarkable that in the vicinity of St. Tropez she always drives slowly, obeys all the parking rules, and thoroughly behaves herself. This abnormality is so striking that you pay a visit to the Juan-les-Pins police and convince yourself that three months before your automobile was found parked in a dark street of this lively and wicked little village, and the young lady and young gentleman occupying it arrested. The pretty young lady, however, was married, and the French police compassionate.

55 The novels which your Scotchman friend is presenting to your mistress invariably emphasize (a) the loyalty of the Scots, (b) an adventurous woman has a great deal of fun in this life and (c) she is hardly ever caught due to the famous egomania of husbands eternal. When the canny Scot stops sending books and she buys her own love stories, it is too late for your suspicions.

56 You pretend to be terribly morose, even suicidal. Your best friend, who is staying at your house, is alarmed. He has a bad conscience, still, as your very best friend, he cannot very well sidestep pressing you for the reason of your temper.

Thereupon you take him aside and say, "René, I have just discovered that I have leprosy" . . . (the reader can here substitute, if he wishes, some other slow but startling disease) . . . "and I do not care so much for myself, but I am afraid that Jacqueline has been exposed, poor darling, and I hardly know how to tell her about it!" (You are perfectly well, of course.)

If he grows pale and seems about to faint and hurriedly excuses himself to betake himself to the nearest doctor . . . that's bad.

57 She has always been ultra-superstitious and never dismisses lightly any one of her hundred daily voodoo rituals, many of them already so habitual as to be purely subconscious. She will, for instance, never walk upon the other side of a telegraph pole nor will she light three cigarettes upon one match, etc., *ad absurdum.* You tell her that you have discovered a fantastically accurate medium who can pierce the veils of truth where all others have failed, and mention an absolutely phenomenal instance of your friend "S" who only through this clairvoyant was able to discover his wife's unfaithfulness. Not because you do not trust your little mistress, of course, but because of purely business reasons would you like to visit this soothsayer. Her eyes are stricken with terror; she becomes remarkably scientific and assures you that soothsaying belongs to the middle ages, the realm of exploded superstition with no actual factual foundation. *She will not go.*

58 You have returned home to your villa and your mistress upon the Riviera. Your little Stay-at-home greets you with fine little lines of worry beneath her eyes. Noting this, you insist upon dining in succession at the hubs of the Riviera, and upon the third evening at the Negresco in Nice, a young man acquaintance of hers will force himself upon both of you. She will be white-lipped with rage, but is curiously polite and does not snub him, neither will she ignore him upon subsequent meetings. From thenceforth he never misses the chance, if he is within eyeshot, to press himself upon both of you and he rather seems to enjoy her ill-concealed rage.

Last month, when you were away, she distinctly gave him to understand that it was all to be over the instant you returned. *He is not playing cricket,* the so-and-so!

59 You send yourself an anonymous letter, "Beware. Your dear little mistress whom you so deeply trust is cheating. A Friend."

You take care to open this letter at the breakfast table. Reading it nonchalantly you pass it over to her with the words, "What nonsense!"

She reads it through and pales; you are smiling, nevertheless take this opportunity of giving her a *searching* look that will freeze her marrow.

Thereafter she immediately changes her habits; she no longer goes to see Daphne or Estelle every afternoon; nor is John by secret arrangement unknown to you at every night club you both frequent.

After three weeks of this she again commences to go out and see Daphne and Estelle every afternoon, and John regularly and mysteriously turns up at every night club you frequent with an inexplicable clairvoyance.

60 You do not like her new acquaintance and make no bones about it, whereupon he brags to her within your earshot that he has dispatched numerous gentlemen in numerous duels, inasmuch as these gentlemen were so terribly unfortunate as to incur his displeasure and to question his honor. This bravado in itself is not suspicious, as he may merely be a young braggart.

However, take him out to your pistol range, score a phenomenal score, and offer to shoot a three franc piece out of his hands at twenty paces. If he runs, you have the most fundamental of rights to shoot him.

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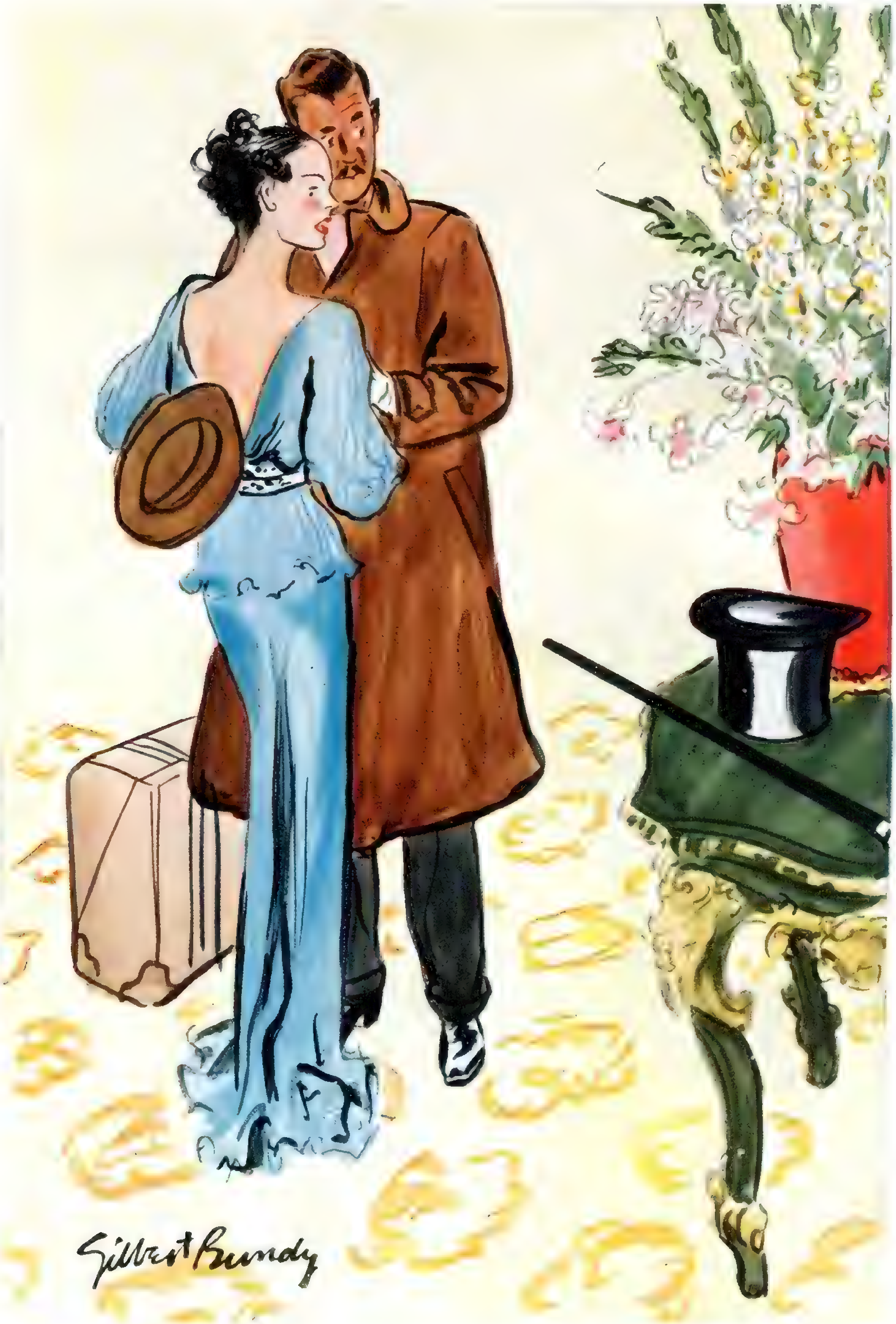
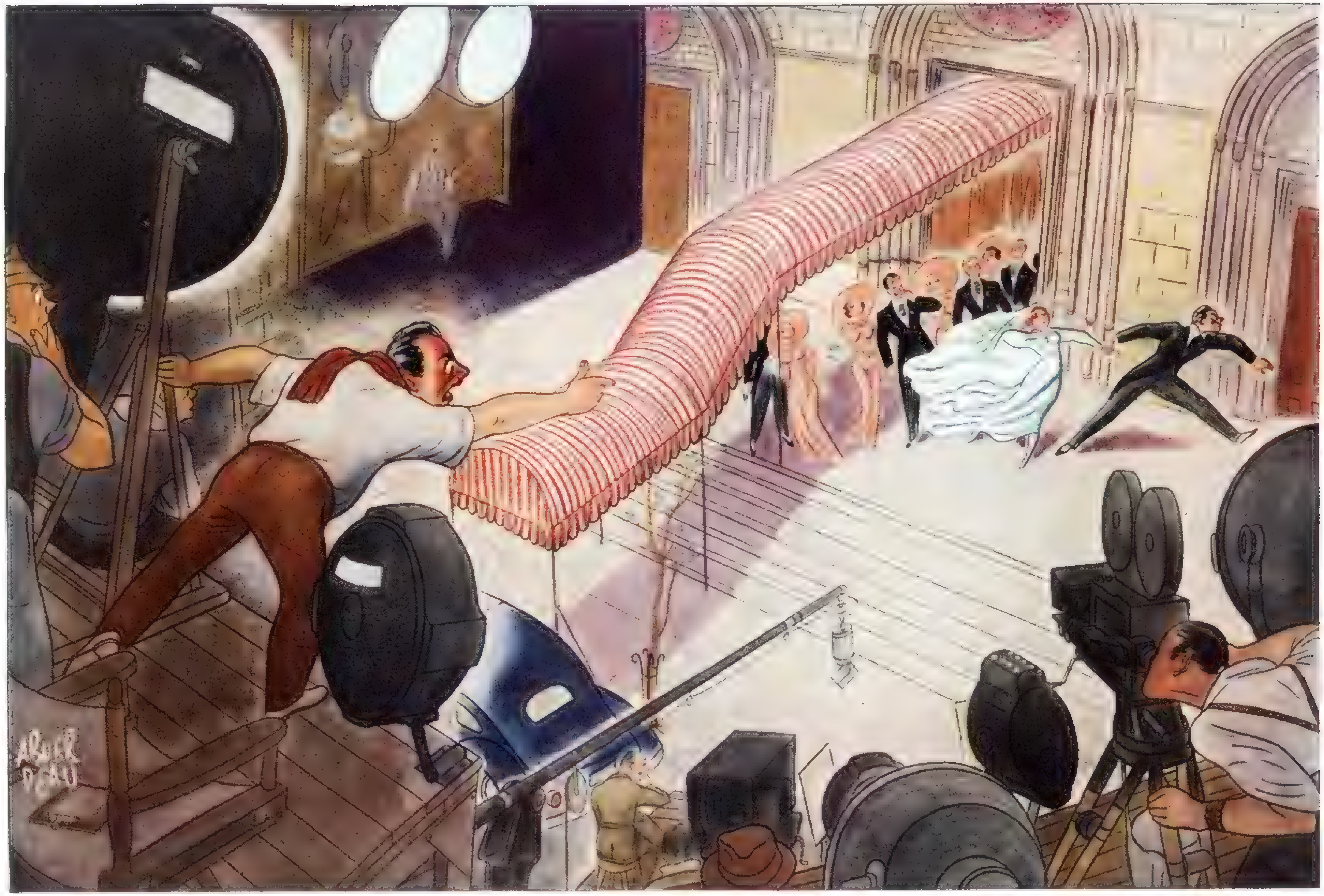


"Oh yes, Darling—er—the plumber is here"



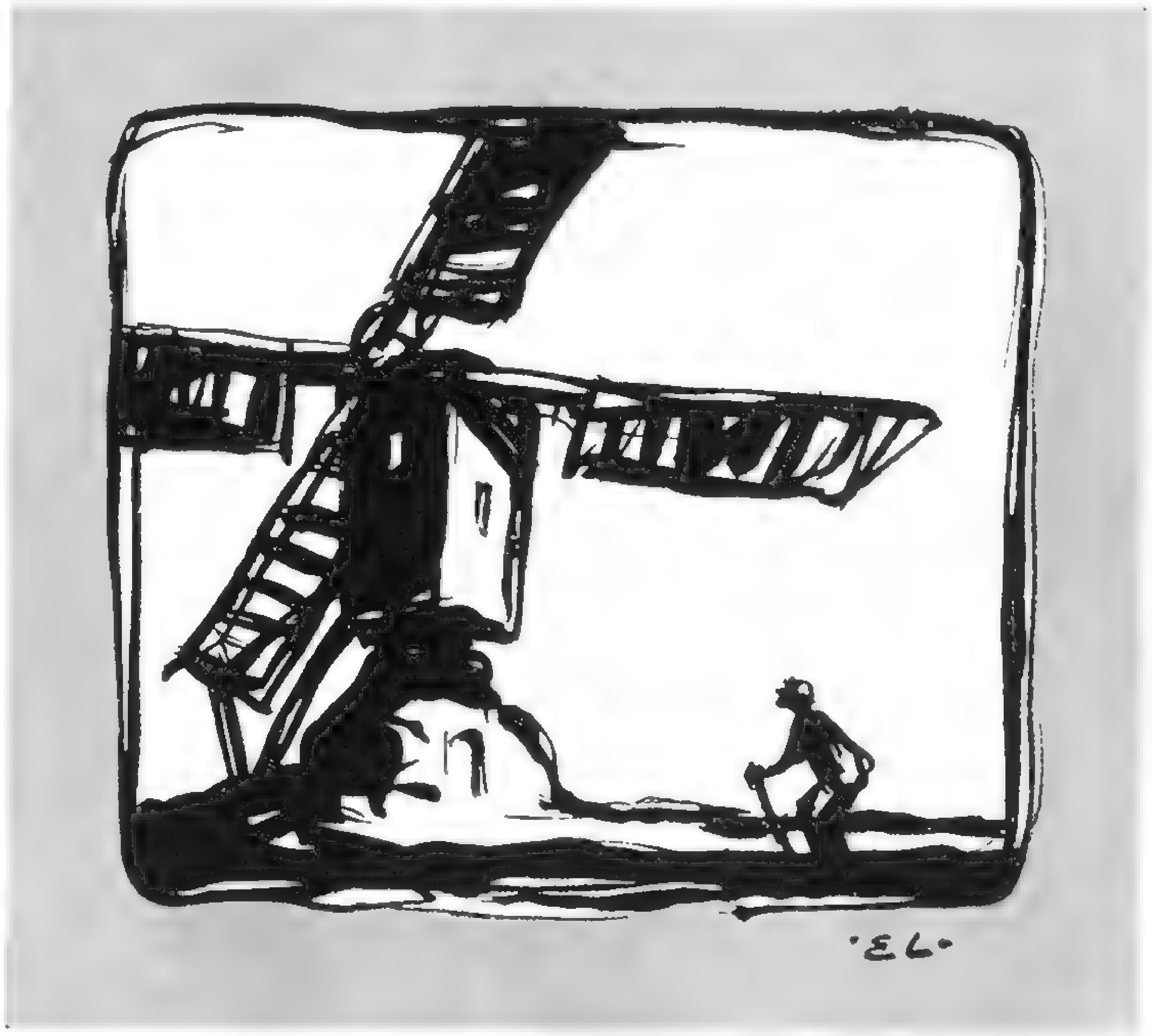
"Hey you sap — remember this is only a movie!"

The Silver Winged Windmill

It stood from the time of the Conquest, grinding smaller and smaller, till nothing was left

by LAJOS ZILAHY

FICTION



The windmill of old Mathias Pava stands on a little hill. At least it is dignified by the name of hill, rising from the wide flat lands of the Magyar Puszta.

Perhaps this hill remained from the time of the Conquest. And it may have been here that Tass and his wolf-skin clad soldiers led the White Horse as a sacrifice to the ancient god. The sacrificial fire which they built of logs from the Singing Oak Forest burned so brightly that the flames seemed to singe the low lying clouds. There were no windmills on earth in those days. The grain was crushed by hand and from this rough meal were made the bran cakes that served as bread.

There is also a possibility that the hill is a burial heap of Huns or Turks, covered over with the soil of centuries.

The windmill stands like a giant cross on a mammoth grave. When the wind dies down and is quiet the four outspread arms seem to embrace the tranquil distances of the flat land with a deep mood of peace. More than a hundred years it has been a landmark on the plain. On the great wooden shaft that turns the stones is an inscription: "Built by the Grace of God for Master Miller Lajos Pava Anno 1798." The finely carved writing can still be traced by brushing away the film of dust and flour that Time has settled on the shaft. Also a dim drawing is revealed on the surface. Two lions spinning a mill drum with uplifted forepaws. They represent the spring and autumn winds. And sometimes the wind over the wide plains of the Magyar Puszta roars like a lion on the desert wastes of the Sahara. It tears at the wings of the mill and the mill's neck almost bursts into flames from the mad whirling friction of the shaft. Other times the wind seems to chant a song through the myriad harps of the high grass that grows at intervals on the plain.

The wings of the mill have been battered by the elements in the hundred years of its life. The breaks and worn sections have been patched over with tin. The silver color of the new tin sparkles in the sunshine. That is how Mathias Pava's mill came to be known as The Silver Winged Windmill. But that was forty years ago. Now the tin on the wings is rusty black.

Beside the mill is a small pond where lilies grow and white ducks are swimming. By the water's edge two very dirty, very young and very little pigs are rooting their noses in the mud. The road across the plain winds over the hill and by the mill. From time to time the wagons from Acs, Arpod and Madarasz clatter along their way to and from markets.

The old miller stands in the doorway smoking his pipe and looking down the road. The mantle of eighty years weighs heavily on him but his steel gray eyes are sharp under bushy brows. His frosty mustache resembles the wings of a wild duck. His blue apron and his fringed linen pantaloons give off the strong sourish odor of ground grain. His unpolished boot heels have been beaten sideways with age. His gait is crooked, one of his shoulders slopes below the other and his head is cocked to one side as of always carrying a sack.

He straightens up from his contemplation of the road. A cart is approaching from the direction of Acs. His alert eyes recognize the forms of his brother-in-law and the old woman. The old woman is his younger sister.

"*Adj Isten*—May God bring you a successful day," they greet him.

"*Adj Isten,*" he replies.

The man from Acs points toward the town with his whip and shouts above the rattle of his cart.

"We are going to the doctor!"

He glances over his shoulder to the woman in the rear of the wagon. She nods in agreement.

But the old miller's eyes see the two sacks of wheat in the bottom of the wagon. When it has passed out of sight he knocks his pipe out against the side of the door, muttering to himself:

"You are not going to relieve the old woman's pain! You are not going to the doctor. You are going to the steam mill!"

He turns into the doorway, kicking savagely at the wide board long used for sliding sacks of wheat from the wagons. His dog, startled, crawls under the meal hopper. Mathias Pava sinks down on the carpentry bench by the window. The bench and the floor about are littered with the fragrant curls of pine shavings. He leans his head on the palms of his hands and gazes out the narrow window from which he has long viewed the world.

Through the small frame can be seen the three steeples of the town; one is the church of the Calvinists, another the church of the Papists. On the first is a button, on the second a cross. On the third steeple there is neither a button nor cross. This is a gaunt pillar in the sunset. It is the smoke stack of the steam mill.

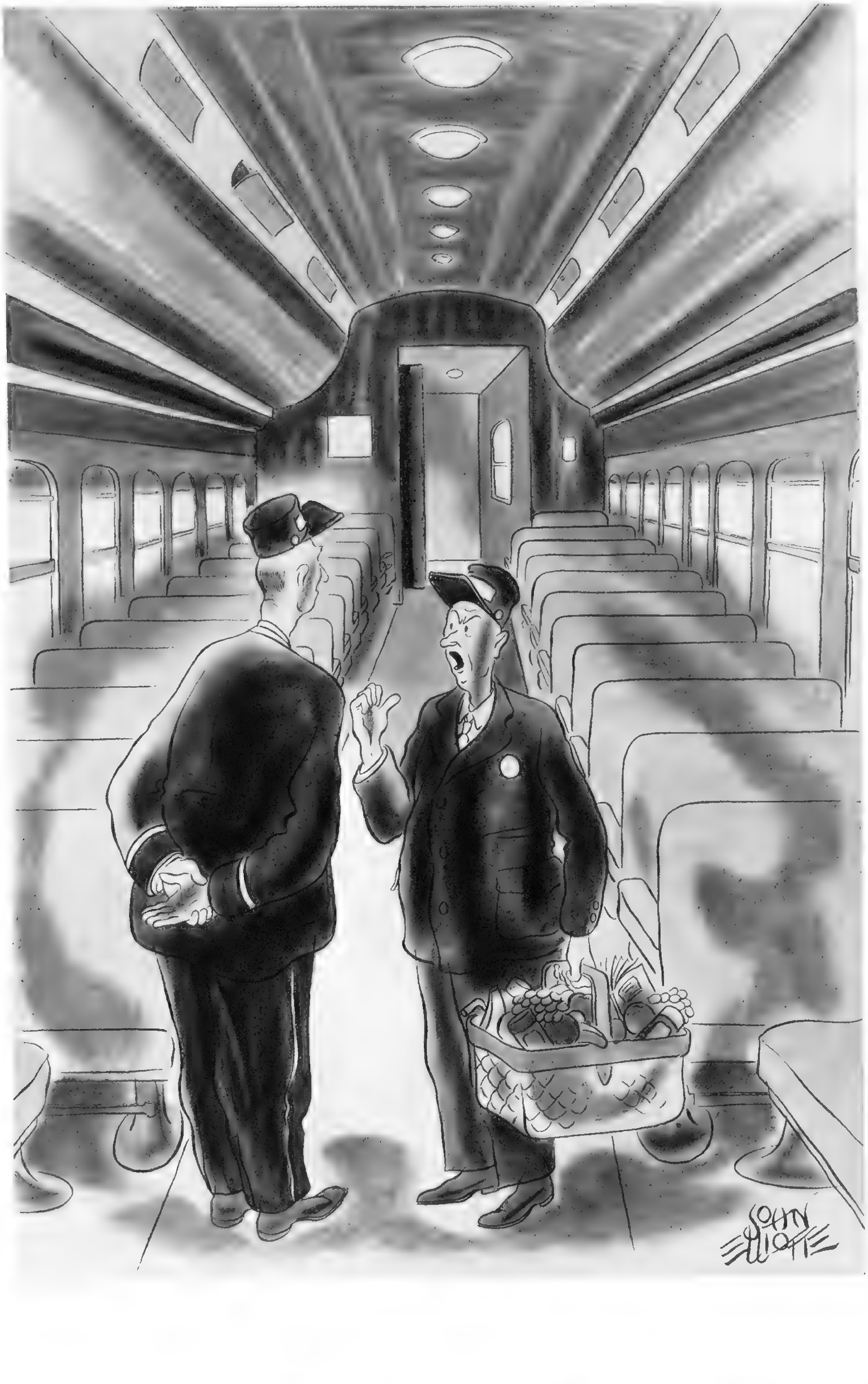
Old man Pava sits motionlessly leaning forward on his elbows and looks on this slim tower which was certainly built by the devil. Through the purple haze of twilight the windows of the steam mill began to shine like tiny golden squares as they are lit for night work.

He sees that the mill building is higher even than the churches. He knows that inside there is a whir of giant belts and the clatter of great wheels turning the stones and shaking the sieves. He knows there is a deafening din and through long chutes the clean flour hisses and blows.

He was there, once. He saw it for himself, but with a trembling heart had gone away from the place as soon as possible.

It is over two years now that he has been watching from his doorway and his window the wagons clatter by toward the town, wagons that had once stopped at the Silver

Continued in center of page 150


JOHN ELLIOTT

"A day like this is OK for you salaried guys, but what about us guys on commission?"

Goat, Goat, Who's Got the Goat?

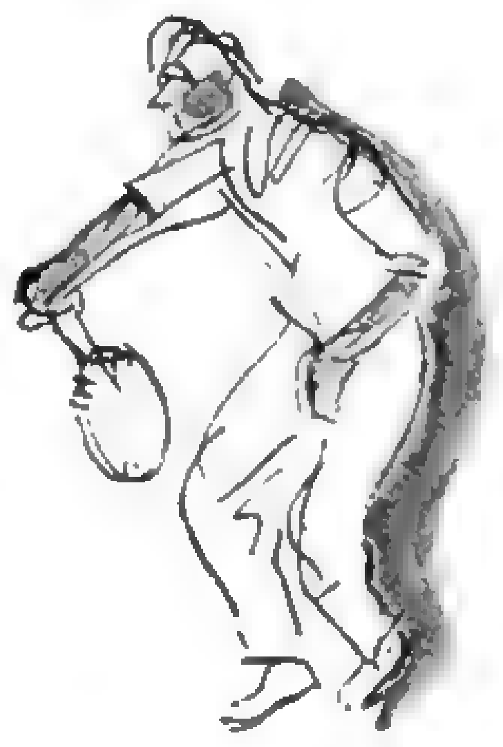
For the Davis Cup critics who refuse to realize that genius cannot be produced on demand

by PARKE CUMMINGS

SPORTS

A FEW years ago we beat Yale in the big game of our season. I can tell you why. It was because we were absolutely superb, our linemen charging like Cossacks, our backs shifty and powerful, our ends veritable Tris Speakers when it came to snatching passes out of the air, our tackling savage and sure, and our incredibly shrewd quarterback a combination of Einstein, Napoleon and John Q. Reynard, the fox. Only a super-team (such as ours was that afternoon) could have triumphed over the excellent Yale aggregation it opposed.

The following year Yale turned around, and tapped us crisply on the chin. Any third-grade moron could tell you why: We were simply terrible. We tackled like high school boys, and our line was so much paper. Our ends couldn't have caught burrs with woolen gloves, our backs ran only towards their own goal line, and our quarterback obviously didn't have brains enough to tie his shoes. Most important of all, the team was poorly coached. It was apparent that it was a moral duty for us to release our mentor at once, and give him safe escort to the nearest asylum. (He happened to be the same individual who had coached the year before, but anybody could see that he must have suffered a sharp blow with a blunt instrument during the intervening winter.) Yale herself was punk enough, but any team could have beaten ours.



This, of course, is how any sensible person should look at these events, but I was shocked and pained to discover that a Yale friend of mine saw things quite differently. The reason we won that first year, he said, was that Yale couldn't have stayed on the same field with the Vassar junior varsity. It was probably the worst team in Yale history. We couldn't have *helped* beating her. On the other hand it was obvious why the Elis triumphed the following year. They were an inspired collection of supermen who could have licked any aggregation on earth that day. They must have been to triumph over such worthy opposition.

Here you have a typical trait in practically all sports followers—our tendency to interpret victory or defeat from our *own* point of view, not the other fellow's. If we win it is because *our* team is excellent. If we lose it is because *our* team is comprised exclusively of stumblebums—and coached by an idiot in the bargain. Oh yes, as a sop to the other fellow, we may put in a good word or two for his stellar left halfback, but we immediately neutralize it by delivering several thousand in castigation of our quarterback's choice of plays.

Nowhere has this attitude prevailed more strikingly than in the average American tennis fan's and writer's attitude to Davis Cup tennis since the War. During those early brilliant years when we triumphed it was because of the incomparable brilliance of *our* racket swingers, notably Tilden and Johnston. When the Cup went overseas, and persisted in remaining there, it was because *our* material, none too proficient at the best, was in addition poorly selected and managed. Of course we have admitted that the Cochets, Lacostes and Perrys have some idea of how to hold a racket, but most of our thinking—let's admit it—has been about our own shortcomings rather than our opponents' excellence. We've been too busy trying to find goats to blame.

It probably does not occur to us that our opponents' viewpoint has paralleled our own. France and England were, of course, willing to admit that Big and Little Bill were fine tennis players, but you can bet that for every word of praise overseas for American tennis there were ten devoted to the question: What is the matter with French and English tennis, and why? And, when the Cup left America, you can bet again that most of the European chatter continued to be about European tennis—no longer about its weakness, of course, but about its strength—Lacoste, Cochet, Borotra, Perry, Austin. It is only human nature that the British right now are concerned chiefly with their own players, not whether Americans are apt to get overtrained, or whether Wood should have been used in place of Allison in the challenge round last summer, or whether Frankie Parker will ever get a decent forehand.

However, we are Americans—and human—and our concern must be primarily with American players and our recapture of the Cup. What is the best way to go about getting this Cup? Unfortunately, the only answer I can give is a rankly platitudinous one: Play our best team. Yes, this is banal, but isn't platitudinous advice better than phony advice? There has been one piece of phony advice handed out innumerable times in recent years, and that is, in a few sentences: Play youngsters with promise, and let them get experience. Next year they will do better. Give them enough experience, and they will eventually get the Cup.

Will they? Do promising players necessarily improve with experience? And is it true that American Davis Cup committees have neglected our young players in favor of decrepit old has-beens? Well, let's look at the record—no, first of all, let's remind ourselves that Davis Cup ties are comprised mainly of singles matches—four singles matches and only one doubles. It is nice to bank on winning the doubles encounter, but most important of all, a successful Cup team must have one singles player capable of defeating both his opponents or two singles men capable of defeating the opposition's weakest man. America has failed to produce one such team in the last eight years. She must do it in order to win, doubles success or no doubles success.

Let us, then, review our singles record during this time. Eight men have represented us in Challenge Round ties since

Continued on page 146

Ethiopia: Enter Madame

Satisfying the appetite of a great army of conquest is an all-embracing task involving more than commissary

by LUIGI BARZINI, JR.

▪ ARTICLE ▪

It's only twenty rooms and no bath inside four bare stucco walls but it's home on an average of five thousand times a week for one section or another of the 300,000 Italian legionnaires in East Africa. The monastery of lost women, the communal harem of the whole expeditionary force, is more than home sometimes for the mud spattered men who come back from the front lines. It's the theatre, the cabaret, the date, the party. It's a bit of Europe. It's the concrete proof that one is still alive, after seeing death. This man's army doesn't travel on its own stomach.

The gravest generals probably nodded approval when the institution was proposed. You couldn't conduct a war in Africa, 5000 kilometers away from the bay of Naples, without doing something about man's oldest necessity. The army could not supply itself on the spot. You can confiscate mules and corn, because mules and corn are about the same thing the world over, but you must remember that Abyssinia is not France or Germany. To begin with the population is small. Secondly, medical statistics and the primitive conditions of local trade made it imperative to follow the men with a well equipped group of consolers. You can't keep 300,000 soldiers in their twenties as chaste as a football team the week before the big game.

It was done efficiently and quickly. The importation of *filles de joie* began almost at the same time as the importation of frozen beef and hard tack. They landed in Massawa with barbed wire, field radio sets, hay and ammunition. They were brought up to Asmara, on the Eritrea plateau, and set up in what used to be an old hotel for travelling salesmen. The recruiting, of course, had been as difficult as the casting of a Shakespearian tragedy. They had to have the blonde, the brunette, the fat and lean girls, the sentimentally coy and the brazen hussy. They all had to have good health, to resist the wear of such an intense life, and an even temperament, to combat the infernal loneliness of six months in the colony.

Whether you go there in the afternoon or you go there at night, the place is jammed with people. Young men wait on the stairway for the girls to come downstairs, in order to grab them by the arm before it's too late. Elderly officers pack the private waiting rooms. Corridors are filled with a noisy crowd. On the other side of a wooden partition, truck drivers, soldiers, porters, pick and shovel laborers, surveyors and cooks wait in line, holding a check in their hands, for the woman that Fate will throw into their arms. The turnover is appalling, reaching higher totals than the local branch of the Banca d' Italia. The crowds are so thick that two military policemen stand outside, day and night, to control the regular inflow and outflow of customers. The place is as popular as a movie house on rainy days.

Madame Mira, who had the burden of this organization on her shoulders, said once, in a mood of dreamy relaxation, that she had never heard of a similar enterprise done on such a gigantic scale. "I don't think Paris can boast anything of the kind, for quality, quantity and efficiency," she said with quiet pride. Madame Mira knows. She has been managing, owning and organizing similar establishments for years. She is proprietor and general supervisor of a chain of houses in Italy, where girls are featured and circulated like films in movie circuits. Years ago, she bought one of the oldest and most famous resorts in Europe, a lovely Victorian place, filled with mirrors, red plush, potted palms and statues, where it was a tradition to keep at least one specimen from each of the five parts of the world. The place lost none of its fine, aged prestige under the management of Madame Mira. She knows.

Of course, she had her difficulties in the beginning. The size and importance of the enterprise staggered her, once she had accepted the invitation. It was the sort of invitation she could not refuse. *Noblesse oblige*, and all that. The best engineers in Italy had been drafted to build roads and bridges in Africa, the best trucking companies were transporting flour bags and gasoline bidons from steaming Red Sea ports to the cool highlands. All that was best had been asked to contribute to the victory. It was only natural that her help was demanded.

But she was seriously worried. To a country like Eritrea, where you can only find goats and red pepper, she had to bring with her not only the twenty or thirty girls, but the maids, the wardrobe attendants, the sofas, the mirrors, the beds, the spittoons, the pictures of undraped models to hang on the walls. All that was to be selected, hired, bought and shipped as fast as possible. She hired a ship and she loaded everything on it. Her lieutenant, a middle-aged woman of wide renown, accompanied the first expedition to Africa, and set up the first house, in what is now remembered as a gently experimental manner.

It took several months for the organization to start functioning in any way resembling similar establishments in Europe. The altitude, to begin with, and the distance from home had strange effects on everybody. Girls began to moon, to drink and go crazy. They refused to descend to the common waiting rooms, they refused to smile to every newcomer. They sulked, stayed in their rooms, and admitted only the very best friends. At one time, they even went on strike sitting silently in the chairs and refusing to budge. A wire was sent immediately to Madame Mira: "Come right away place looks like bawdyhouse." Madame arrived eventually, accompanying a new batch of boarders, and things began to take a new turn. It is now a serious establishment. There is a crisp, business-like air about it. It's something the fighting men can rely on. They know that behind the lines, behind the dust, the bullets, the Negroes, the fleas of a soldier's life, there is always the wide smile of Madame Mira and the open arms of her employees, to make them feel like human beings again.

There are two entrances, at the two ends of the house. One for laborers and private soldiers, and the other for officers and higher class civilians. "How can you tell a higher class civilian?" someone asked the *concierge*, who looks at everybody through a crack in the door like a speakeasy attendant. "Those that wear neckties," she explained. "They are all right."

The old hotel has been partitioned with wooden boards to adapt it to the newer exigencies. On the officers' side there is a tasty display of chairs, strange secondhand furniture, mirrors and pictures. The maids have white aprons, and the girls wear evening gowns — the only evening

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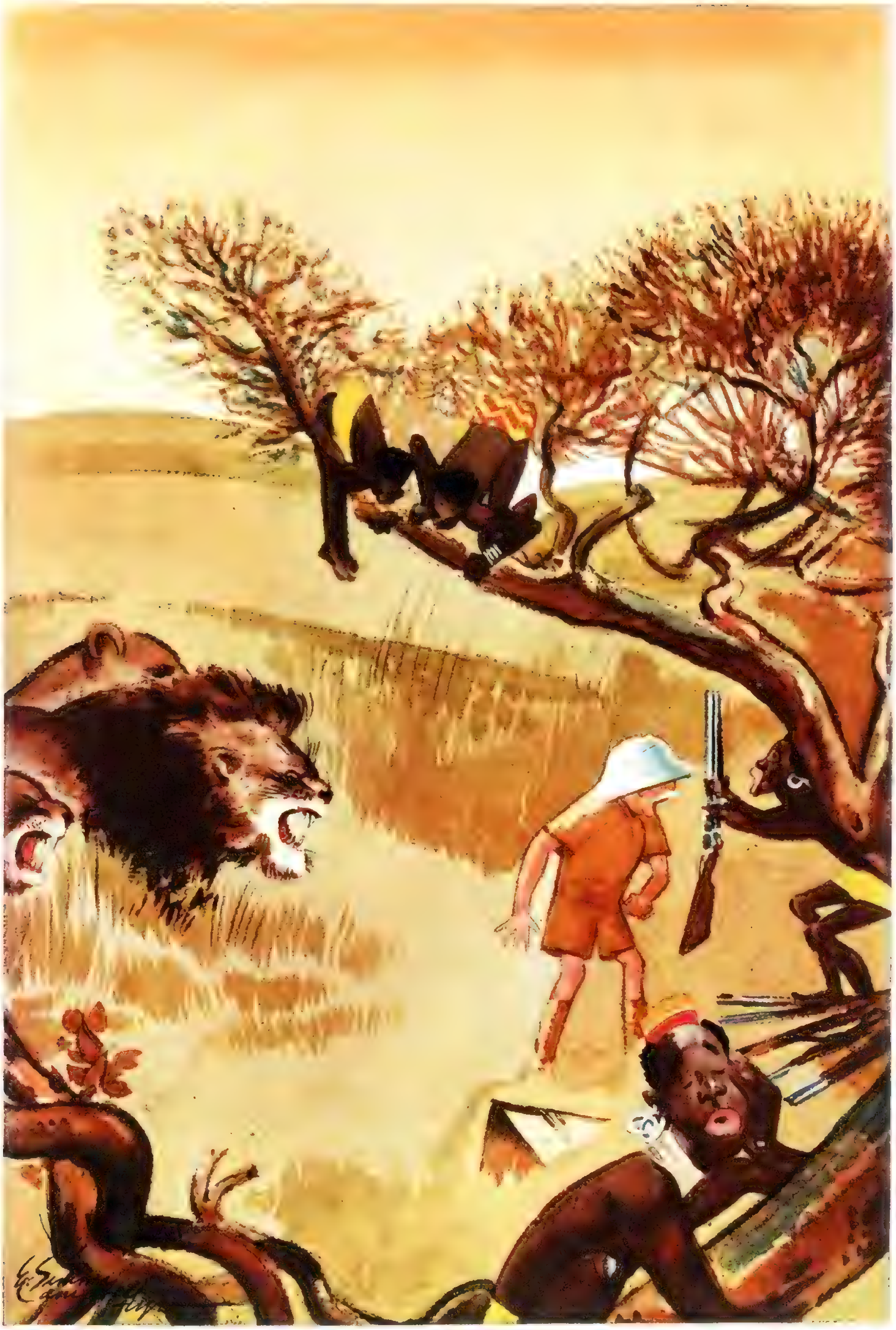
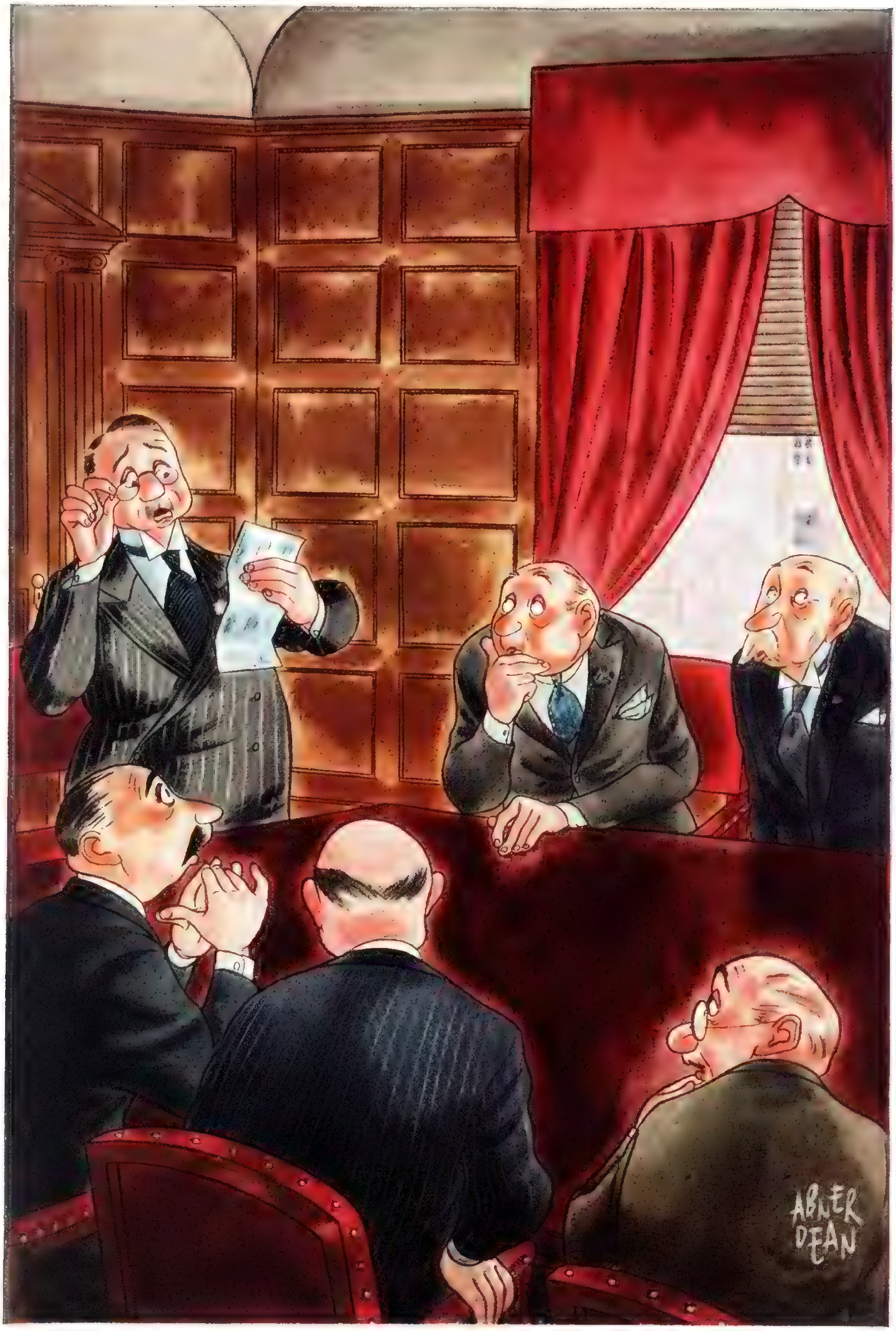


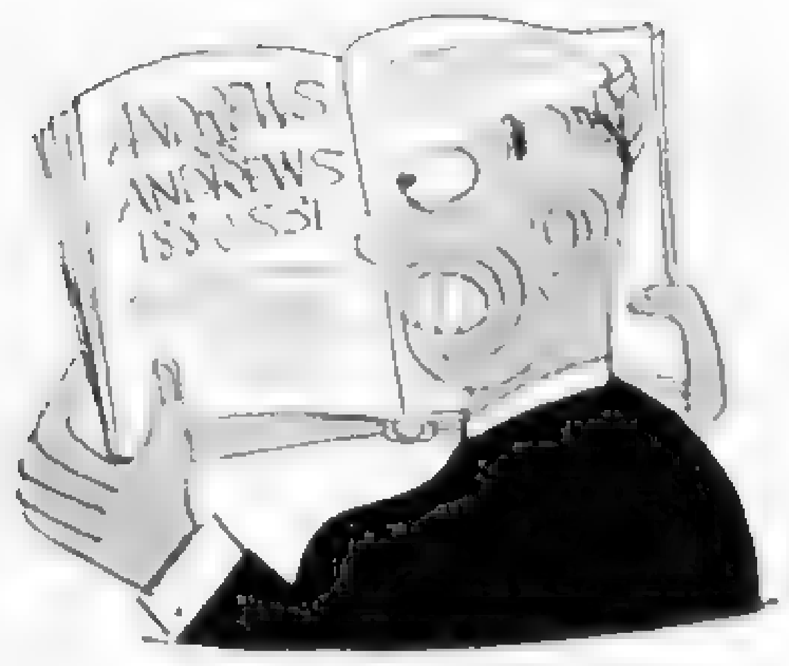
"Hey! That's for elephants—hand me my lion gun!"



"Gentlemen, the firm of Whitehead, DeHaven, Schultz and Roberts have been named defendant in a breach of promise suit"

Divorcées in Name Only

A lawyer points out that the Reno divorce has repeatedly proven invalid in the courts

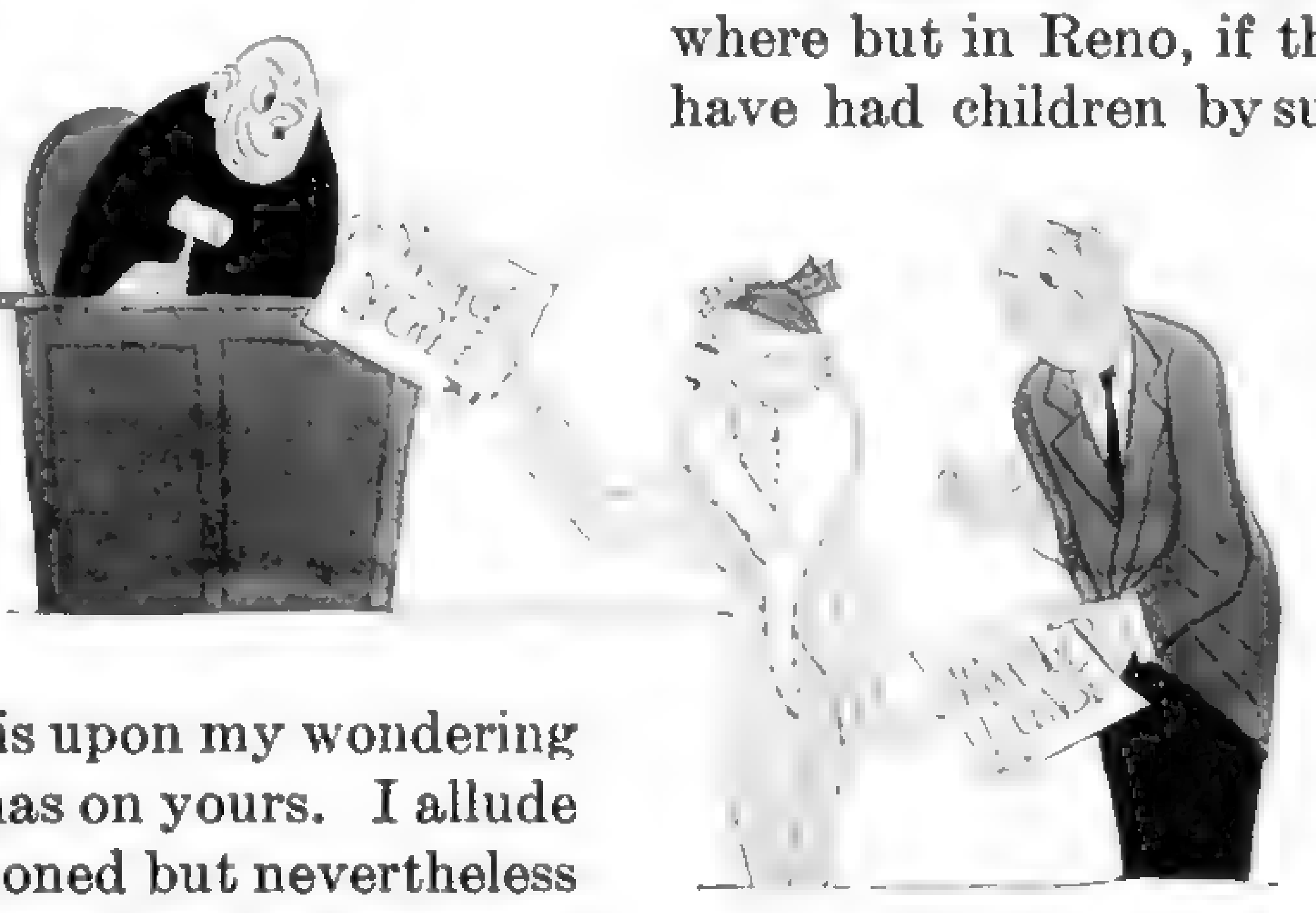


by RICHARD A. KNIGHT

▪ ARTICLE ▪

As I grow older all the strange and wonderful reactions of the human race grow progressively stranger and more wonderful to me. Its mania for being swindled, its incapacity intelligently to feel either bored or outraged, its unswerving purpose neither to inquire, nor think nor learn, most of all its Eleusinian emotional processes and the appalling jams they regularly land it in, keep me nowadays, as very likely they do you, in a state of continuous and near addled dismay.

Because I am a lawyer at the New York bar, sometimes dealing in divorce, a particular one of these processes has perhaps impressed itself with more emphasis upon my wondering consciousness than it has on yours. I allude to the perfectly unreasoned but nevertheless invincible determination of our brothers and sisters to base their divorces—once even both of them are set upon divorce—upon any ground at all, no matter how discreditable to the prospective defendant it may be just so long as it *isn't* adultery. They don't mind a bit suing or being sued on the grounds of, say, non-support or cruelty. But at the first suggestion of their charging or being charged with adultery—I always suggest it first in my practise as it is the only legal ground for divorce recognized in New York—they peel their eyebrows back into the fastnesses of their scalps, lay their ears flat against their heads and begin indignantly looking up Mr. Max Steuer's telephone number.



("Are you crazy, Mr. Knight? What would our children say?")

Now, as for me, I should a great deal rather confess to the contents of my nursery, once they are big and nosey, that father once upon a time went up in his lines, as they say in show business, and ad libed on mother, who proved just not to be having any, than that he was either too dull or too drunk to make her a living or too mean to give it to her once he'd got it, or that he kept doing unattractive things like hitting her with bottles or stuffing her out windows until she simply got tired, tired to death of it all and went far far away. I should prefer to admit to adultery, as I say, just as a matter of taste. But an additional and, to me, controlling consideration for doing so is that it always is adultery anyway. Isn't it?

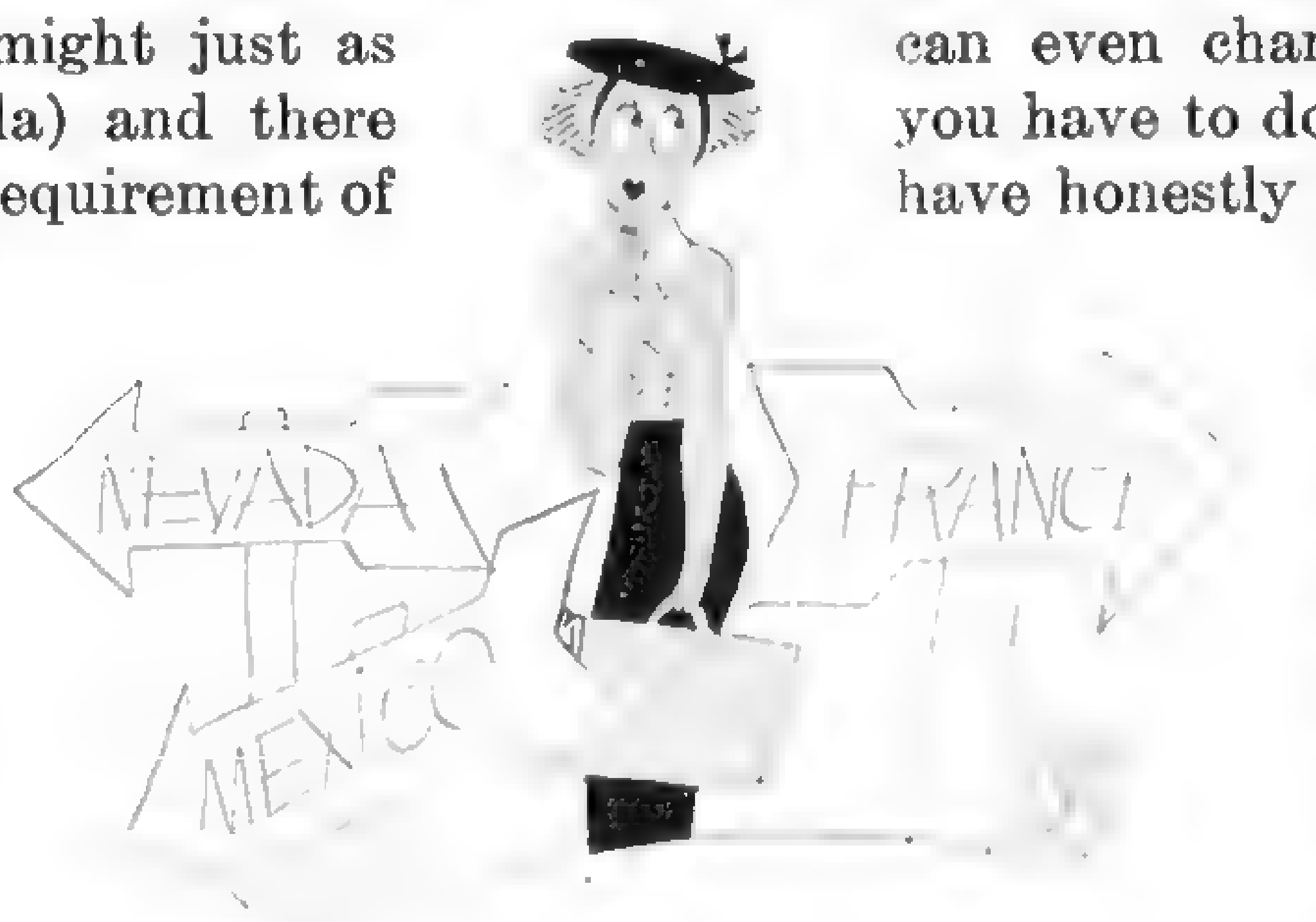
It is. But the human race won't admit it. It prefers to call names and lie like hell all the way to the United States Supreme Court if necessary, by damn, rather than to admit it.

And so what has been the result? Reno. It is true Reno was already there. But if it hadn't been there, it would simply have had to have been invented. Like God. And, finally *et enfin, quelle* invention!

Listen to me—of the fifty or more people you know who have gotten Reno divorces, not two of them have decrees that are worth the paper they are printed on, those that have remarried are not legally married anywhere but in Reno, if there, and those that have had children by succeeding marriages have brought the tiny tots into a world where they are quite certainly legally illegitimate and may any day be judicially determined to be so.

These are very strong words but I am not to be cowed into smiling when I use them for they are as true as Holy Writ and are fully substantiated by the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States. If you don't believe me go down to see your lawyer in the morning and ask him to let you read for yourself in his library Andrews vs. Andrews 188 U. S. 31. It is as sad and exciting and sexy reading as an O'Hara novel and it will curl your hair; indeed, if you or your current spouse have ever been a party to a Reno divorce, it will very likely give you a permanent wave.

The facts involved were identical with the facts involved in the usual Reno divorce. Mr. A. went from his home in Boston to South Dakota (it might just as well have been Nevada) and there fulfilling the residence requirement of three months and even voting once sued Mrs. A. for a divorce. Mrs. A. voluntarily submitted herself to the jurisdiction of the South Dakota court by appearing before it through an attorney (exactly as the defendant does in Reno) and the divorce was granted. Mr. A. thereafter left South Dakota on the first train just as the girls and boys do Reno, and returned directly to Boston and his business. Sometime later he there married a perfectly respectable lady and in the fullness of time begat two children. And then he died. The first Mrs. A. promptly reappeared on the scene, and claiming that the South Dakota divorce was void because Mr. A. had never been *a bona fide resident of that state and had perpetrated a fraud both upon its courts and those of Massachusetts in so representing himself*, demanded to be named administratrix of his estate and recognized as the sole heir thereto as his one and only widow. Believe it or not, the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts sustained her claim in full thereby disinheriting the second Mrs. A. and her children and by implication illegitimizing the latter and the Supreme Court of the United States affirmed the decision. At this very moment that affirmation represents the law of the land.



When you read the case your lawyer will probably seek to allay your alarm by pointing out that the decision was based upon a Massachusetts statute which does not complicate the situation in your state, but don't let him beguile you. The case is continuously cited in the decisions of New York and New Jersey and all the other jurisdictions I have checked as authority for the unqualified proposition that:

> "The principle dominating the subject is that the marriage relation is so interwoven with public policy that the consent of the parties is impotent to dissolve it contrary to the law of the domicile"—in other words that only the courts of the true domicile have power to dissolve it.

There is nothing complicated in this precise statement and nothing left to the imagination by it. Your domicile is your home—the place where you honest-to-God live and, according to the indisputable law of this land that is the one place you can get an honest-to-God, binding divorce. True you can change your domicile. You can even change it to Reno. But you have to do it in good faith. You have honestly to *move* there. If you do, you may get a good divorce. But you know as well as I do that none of the people we know who have gone to Reno did move there. On the contrary they quite boldly, even laughingly did *not* move there.

Listen to these pulverizing words of the New Jersey Court of Chancery in Lister vs. Lister (86 N. J. Equity 30) characterizing a Reno divorce to which *both* husband and wife were voluntary parties.

> "The Nevada divorce is absolutely void and is a perfectly plain case of gross fraud upon the laws of New Jersey and also on the laws of Nevada . . . *a typical case of a*

Continued in center of page 176

The Big Winner

Old Man Curry found that this was once he should have looked his gift horse in the mouth

by HAROLD E. SCARBOROUGH

FICTION

There was the message to Garcia; and there was, of course, the way they brought the good news from Aix to Ghent. Both, in their way, were admirable performances; yet in old Curry's opinion distinctly inferior to the telephone call from the offices of the *Evening Whoop* which informed him that he had drawn Green Man in the Irish Sweep on the Grand National.

"Really? Oh, thank you, I'm sure!" had been his reply. "But as a matter of fact I'm rather busy this afternoon, or I'd appreciate the joke better."

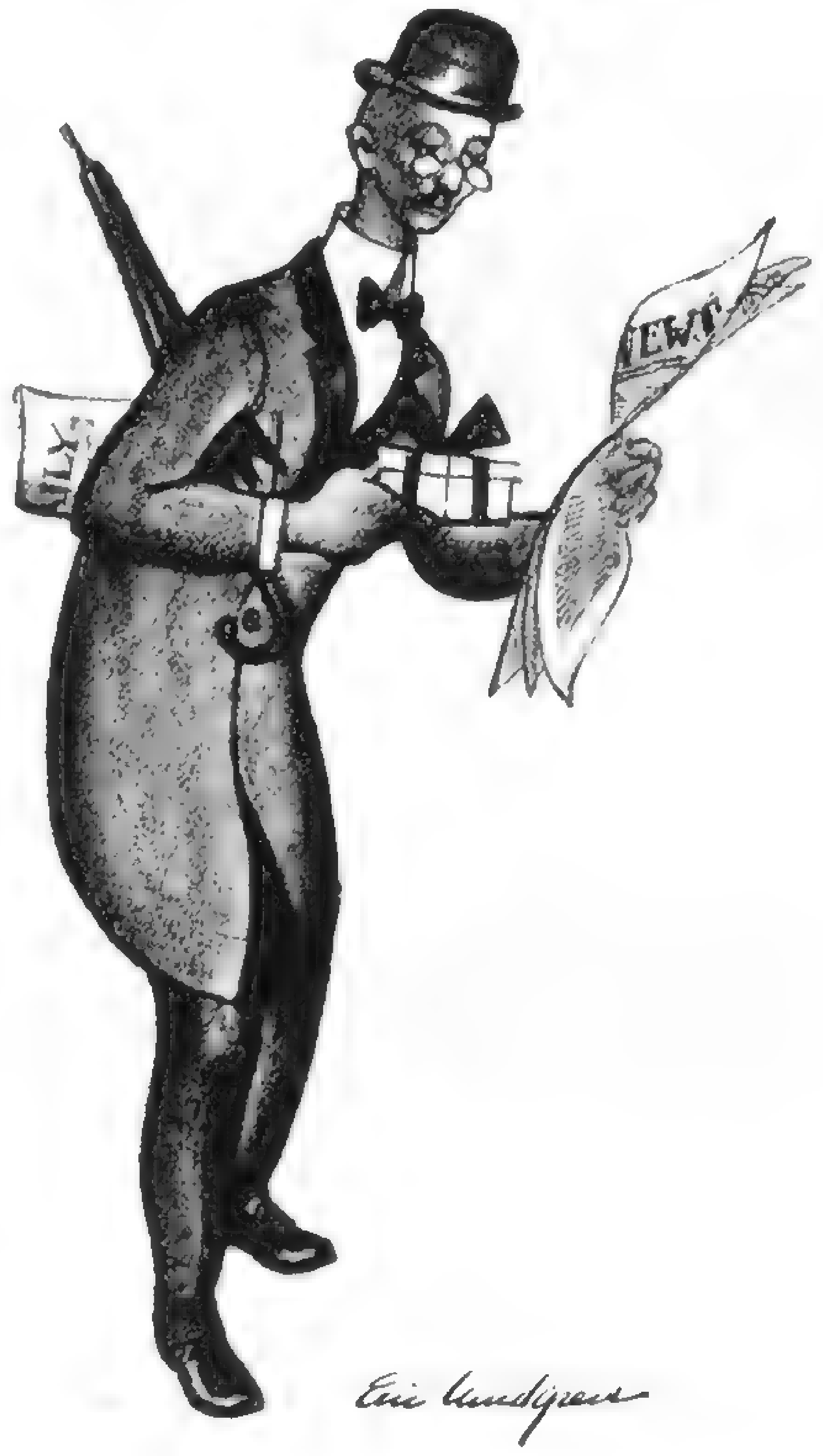
The young man at the other end of the wire sighed. People always thought you were kidding them, pulling their legs, having them on, instead of being grateful to you for being the first to notify them of their good fortune. He even had evolved a formula to cope with just this situation.

"I see," he said. "You naturally think it's some friend trying to be funny. All right, Mr. Curry. I'm going to hang up, now; but I do wish you'd ring up the *Evening Whoop*—the number's in the book—and ask for Mr. Gilfogle. That's me. And when you're satisfied I'm genuine I'd like to talk to you about your plans. Goodbye."

Old Curry sat undecided a moment; but then, murmuring to himself that of course he didn't for a moment believe there was anything in it, reached for the telephone book and located the number of the *Daily Whoop* . . . Mr. Gilfogle was talking on another phone; would he hold the line a moment? And then again the voice which had first spoken. So perhaps it was genuine, after all!

"You hold Number EX 1234, Mr. Curry?" the voice continued. "You have drawn Green Man in the Sweep. At the moment it's second favorite. Could you tell us, Mr. Curry, whether you own this ticket outright or as a member of a syndicate? Have you ever had any luck in the Sweep before? Do you intend to retain your ticket or sell it to a bookmaker? Have you made any plans as to what you will do if Green Man wins, Mr. Curry? Do you intend to see the race? I wonder, Mr. Curry, whether you have a photograph of yourself—a snapshot will do—that you could let us have for reproduction; or would you permit one of our staff photographers to take your picture —say, in fifteen minutes' time? Then-*kew!*"

For the life of him Curry could not remember whether or not he had answered the reporter's questions; but he decided that he must have done so, since the young man who had spoken to him seemed quite satisfied. He had little time, however, to ponder the situation, for things began to happen rapidly and confusingly. In Dublin a cylinder resembling a locomotive boiler had made a few ponderous revolutions; a nurse had withdrawn from an aperture in its side a folded slip of paper; officials had checked, verified, and announced it; telegraph wires had hummed; and cutting blindly through the fifty years' obscurity that had hitherto shrouded the career of James Curry, there illumined him in its fierce glare the spotlight of modern publicity.



Having omitted the elementary precaution of putting a *nom de plume* on the counterfoil of his sweep ticket, Curry soon realized that for the moment he was just God's gift to an extraordinary number of people who seemed to have business with the lucky drawers of horses in the Sweep. Two more newspapers and a news agency telephoned him even before the official telegram arrived with its "Congratulations your ticket EX 1234 has drawn Green Man." Two bookmakers telephoned in the next five minutes. A motorcar hire firm wanted to take him to Aintree in a Rolls Royce. The *Daily Whoop* photographer arrived. There seemed to be a general feeling in the office that he ought to stand champagne all 'round. Young Beasley managed to whisper that if, as was fit and reasonable, Curry was going to throw up his job now, he might remember to put in a good word where it would do the most good. A firm of money-lenders thought that Mr. Curry might be in need of a temporary advance until after the race. A haberdasher would be only too glad to fit him up with any little replenishments to his wardrobe. And finally Mr. Jenkins emerged irascibly from his inner office to ascertain what the devil all the row was about.

One didn't draw a horse—and such a horse!—in the Irish Sweep every day in the week. But every weekday for nearly thirty years Curry had taken orders from Mr. Jenkins, and it takes more than one sweepstake to make a man forget a thing like that.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Jenkins," he apologized. "Most irregular, I know. The fact is, you see, I've apparently just drawn a horse in the Sweep. But all this telephoning and photographing (the man from the *Whoop* had posed Curry, celluloid cuffs, eyeshade, and all, surrounded by a congratulatory crowd of his fellow clerks) is not of my seeking, I assure you."

"Umphf," remarked Mr. Jenkins. "Congratulate you, Curry. Very pleasing, I'm sure. What horse? Umphf. Suppose you'll sell your ticket? Stands to reason, man: ticket's worth two thousand pounds now—horse might never leave the post—then where'd you be?"

It was precisely what Curry had thought of doing. Two thousand pounds would extinguish the mortgage on the little semi-detached house in Ealing; would buy a small car; would leave a thousand for the boy's education; and if they didn't have the Building Society repayments they could afford a full-time maid. . . . But thirty years' obedience only carries you so far, and no further. After that it sometimes makes you revolt.

"Oh, no, I don't think so," old Curry was astonished to hear himself saying in his dry, rather deprecating voice. "I don't know much about these things, but I gather it's quite a good horse. And if it wins I should get thirty thousand pounds. So I've decided to keep the ticket and chance it."

He trembled a little, having crossed his spiritual Rubicon; but Mr. Jenkins only snorted

"Nonsense! You're betting two thousand pounds on the horse, that's what you're doing. It's your own affair, of course. Still, I suggest that perhaps the whole office would get rather more work done if you were to take the rest of the afternoon off, Curry."

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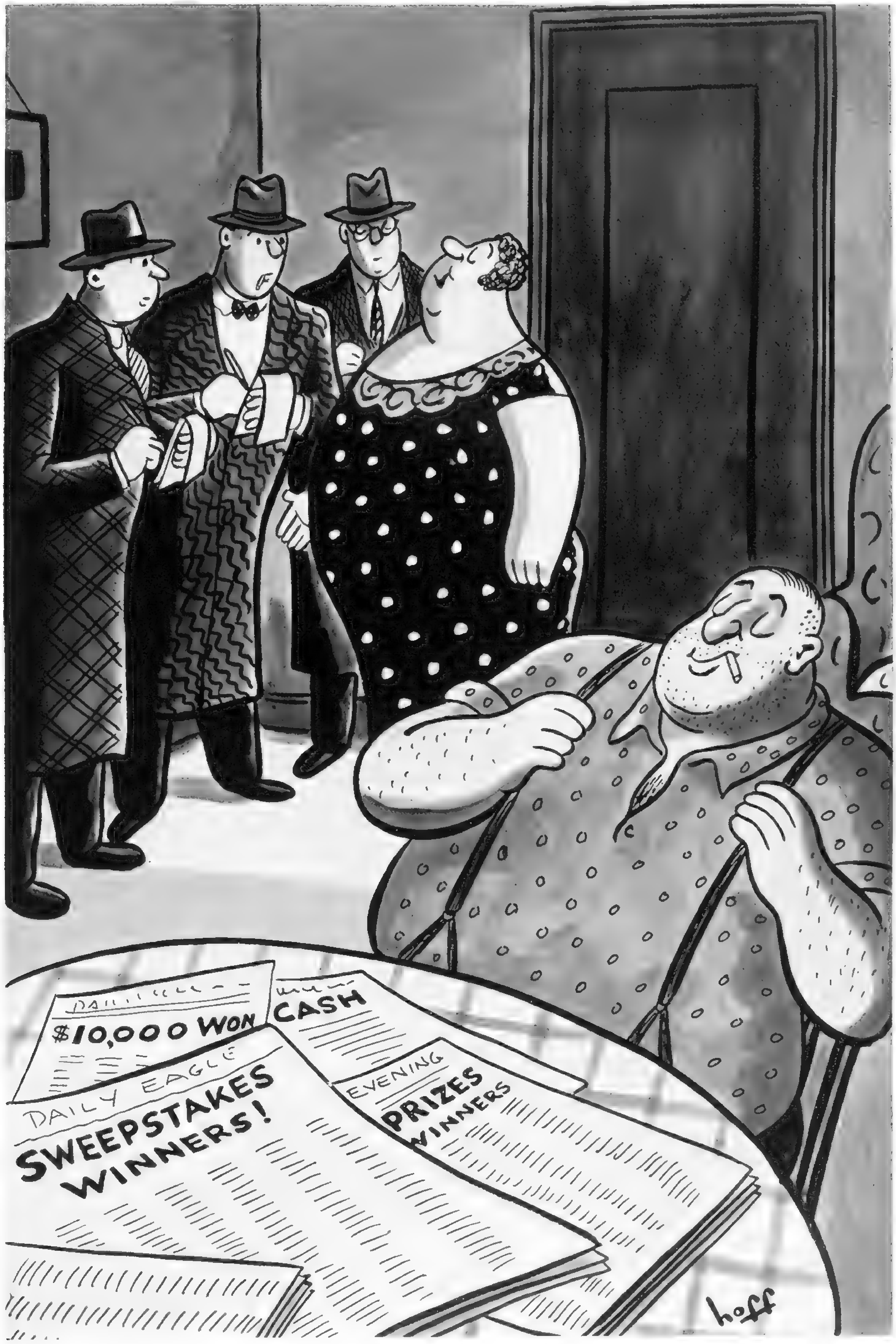

$10,000 WON
CASH
DAILY EAGLE
SWEEPSTAKES WINNERS!
EVENING
PRIZES WINNERS
hoff

"Henry wants to go to Hawaii where the girls hang them flowers around your neck"

When Irish I's Are Smiling

How two playboys of the western world looked back to the old home country for a film classic

by FRANK SCULLY

• ARTICLE •

If you were to split the billing for the success of *The Informer*, that wildly acclaimed Irish fog which Hollywood wired so successfully for sound, a lot of names would crowd the marquee that no one ever heard of beyond the *soutien gorge* of a picture lot.

First, at least chronologically, would be Liam O'Flaherty, the irate Irish author of such good things (on paper) as *The Puritan, The Informer, Mr. Gilhooly* and *Two Years* and such bad things (again, of course, only on paper) as *I Went To Russia, The Life of Tim Healy* and *Hollywood Cemetery*. Next would be Bob Sisk, the ex-*Variety* mugg with the Scotch-Irish accent, who supervised the production. Next would be Dudley Nichols, the white-headed boy of the old New York *World* who wrote the script. Then would come John Ford, the Down East Fenian known to the University of Maine registrar as Sean O'Fienne, the lad who directed this *chef d'oeuvre*. After him would come Victor McLaglen, the Scotch-Irish ex-palooka who starred in the picture. And last, but certainly the reverse of least, would be Joe August, of the Colorado School of Mines *Männerchor*, who photographed Hollywood's answer to Germany's *Mädchen in Uniform*, England's *Henry VIII*, France's *Crime and Punishment* and Russia's *The New Gulliver*.

Topping all these, as far as the peasantry is concerned, would be Victor McLaglen. His has been the greatest flop-up since Hollywood first began typing actors. If you wanted somebody to yell, swear and scrap over a dame while fighting a war for big business, you called in McLaglen. Then you got Eddie Lowe. Then you said to a director and a script-surgeon: "Fix me up something like *What Price Glory*, or *The Cockeyed World*, only with less sex in it. Or maybe it's better you leave the sex in and cut the blue gags. Joe Breen is death on blue gags. He cuts them out an' runs them for Will Hays' stag parties and then writes us and bawls hell out of us for vulgarizing the English Lively Art."

So everybody made pictures that way with McLaglen and everybody said he was slipping. His last one, before *The Informer*, a piece about sandhogs, slipped so far it fell under the *East River*, which, incidentally was the title of the turk.

Liam O'Flaherty

John Ford

Victor McLaglen

That looked as if McLaglen would spend the rest of his days behind a swivel chair as colonel of his Light Horse Baboons, or whatever he calls that volunteer organization of Hollywood hams who love uniforms, provided they don't get shot in them.

But Jack Ford yanked him out of that sappy spot and threw some old clothes on him for the lead in *The Informer*. Everybody who has ever directed McLaglen rated his I Q as several notches below Einstein, so they all yelled at him and bullied him the way dumb fight managers browbeat their stumble bums.

They forgot that McLaglen had graduated from all that when he fought Jack Johnson six months before Jim Jeffries did. They forgot, moreover, that he was astute enough to last nearly as long as the champ. Six rounds, anyway, and six rounds against Johnson were equal to at least four against Joe Louis. So McLaglen was pretty good.

Ford knew that. Instead of screaming all over the set when directing McLaglen in *The Informer*, Ford went T. R., speaking softly and carrying a big stick. For his biggest scene he double-crossed his star and with the aid of Joe August's eerie photography, all of them came out with a work of art.

It was the trial scene where McLaglen, up for court-martial before the Irish revolutionaries for having sold out a pal for twenty pounds, has to try to lie his way out of the charges.

The night before they were to shoot this scene Ford said to McLaglen:

"Not much to do tomorrow, Mac. Mostly pantomime. We'll *ad lib* what few lines we need."

That was the night before, but the next day on the set he said:

"They crossed us up on this one, Mac. Here's a whole flock of pages of dialogue the front office slipped into the script, and we have to shoot it today. Read it and if you blow up in your lines just keep going. All you have to remember is that you'll get shot if they trap you, so lie your way out of the situation the best you can."

The result was hysteria. McLaglen floundered all over the place. He couldn't think his way out and his accusers, who knew all the answers, third-degreed him till in the end he blew up completely and scrammed. They shot him in the back and that was the end of *The Informer*.

If that isn't great directing then they better get traffic cops to direct the script-writers to the bungalows of the actors and pay the cops the salaries they're now paying directors.

I've broken bread with all the boys involved in this conspiracy to double-cross McLaglen into immortality. I can pass any day for the double of Dudley Nichols. In fact around our house I'm referred to as "Doubly" Nichols.

I could, I suspect, be passably funny about Jack Ford's handkerchief-chewing when directing, the pipes he repairs with black tape, the salty clothes he wears to work or dinner, the leather patches he has on the elbows of his tweed coats, the boat robe and beret he wears as skipper of yacht *Araner*, the aversion he has to directing dames and the joy he gets out of directing men in adult pictures; the novelty he causes in Hollywood for having the same wife, same kids and same house he started out with fifteen years ago; but I couldn't be very funny about the dough he makes being himself in a place where everybody's acting, even actors.

I couldn't be very funny either about the artistic way he sticks to old setups. He directed McLaglen in half a dozen pictures before he set the world on fire with *The Informer*, notably *The Black Watch, Men Without Women, The Lost Patrol* and *Strong Boy*, and he had Joe August as his cameraman in not only these pictures, but *The Whole Town's Talking, Salute, Seas Beneath* and *Shark Island*.

August and Ford are old timers in Hollywood. Both of them began with horse operas—Ford with Harry Carey, August with Bill Hart. You can't always have your own way in Hollywood, which explains why Ford directed *Judge Priest, Steamboat Round The Bend* and *Dr. Bull*, three starrers of the late Will Rogers, as well as *The Iron Horse, Four Sons*, and *Mother Machree* without Joe August, but they are back again as a team on *Mary of Scotland*, starring Katharine Hepburn. Dudley Nichols, incidentally, is back there too. If Ford could have his way completely he would, my hunch is, even have his whole Portland High School team which licked Bangor High 45 to 0 in the pre-war years with him today in Hollywood.

How Joe August ever horned in on these Harps is hard to understand unless you

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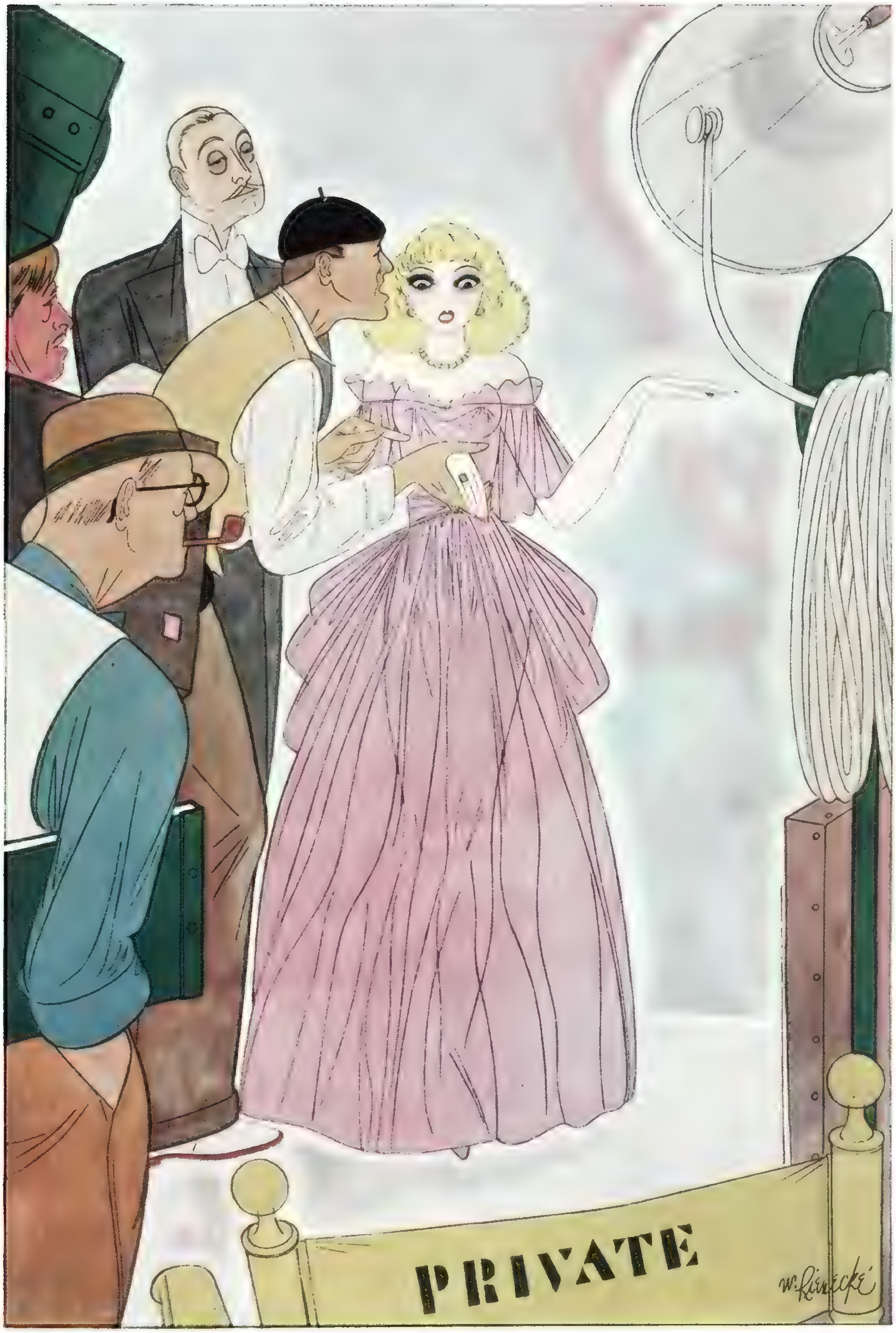
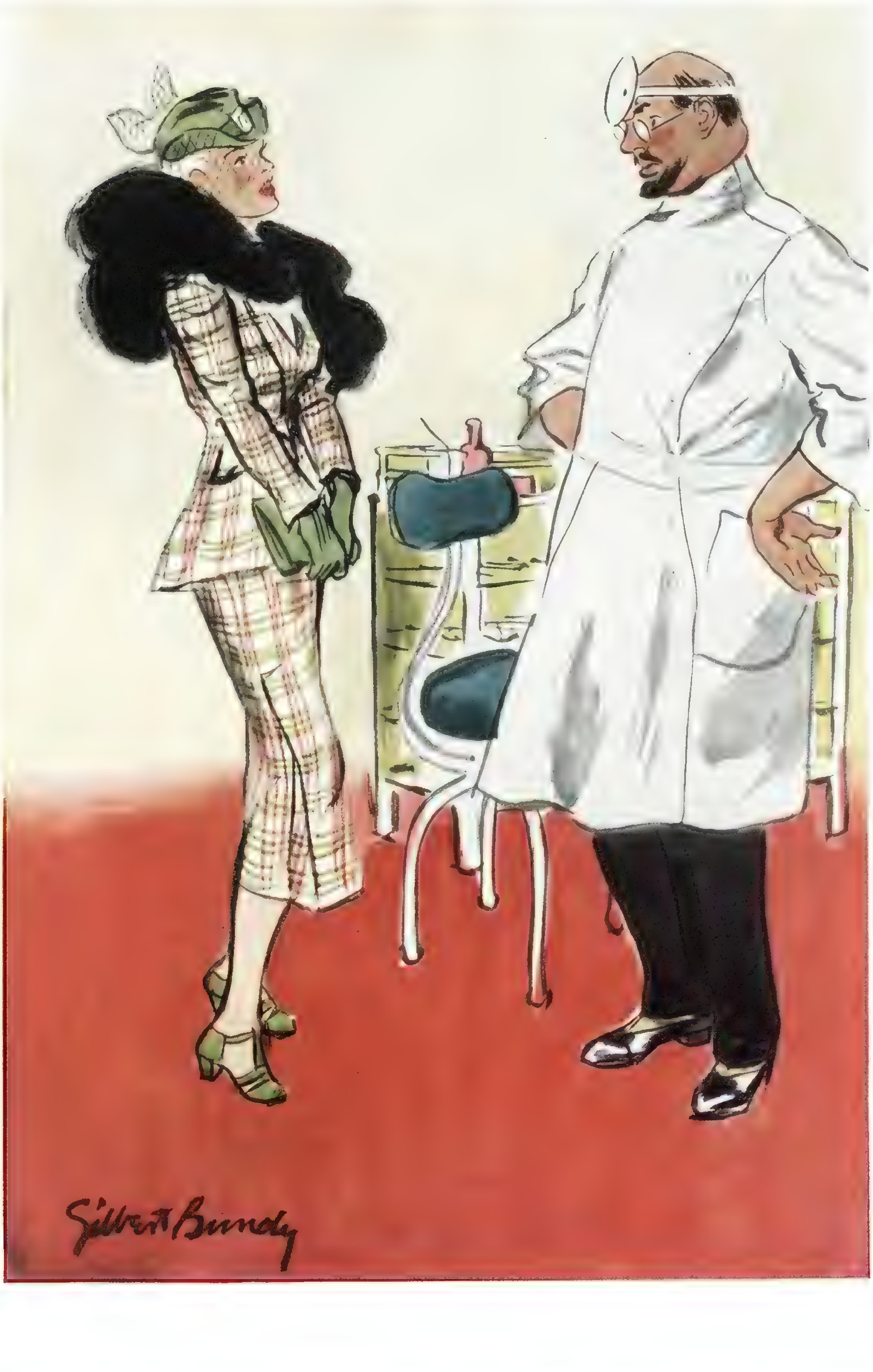

PRIVATE
W. Riebecke

"Then you cross left and extend your right hand—this, Miss La Burk, is your right hand"


Gilbert Bundy

"I won't bore you with the details, Doctor, but I think I'm going to have a baby"

An Accident

Prelude to the next war by a veteran of the last war who had a son, till recently

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •

It was an accident. Nobody could imagine otherwise. At six o'clock in the morning Andre, a wine merchant in a little village near Tours, went hunting with his seventeen year old son Philip. It was their first time out this summer. They hoped to bring back some quail or woodcock or something nice, it was too early for ducks. Their dog Homer was with them. There was an accident. Andre shot his son. The boy was dead.

There were two strange things about this occurrence. The first was that both barrels of the hunting rifle exploded at one time. The second strange thing was that it all happened in a sand pit, a fairly deep hole. They had climbed down into this pit for they thought this would be a good place. Well it turned out to be a bad place indeed. But there is always something strange about an accident and perhaps the unreasonableness is what makes it real and unusual and convincing. At least that is how the story first came out.

His beloved boy, his only son, his pride, his joy was dead. Dead in a sand pit in the little woods. He staggered through the woods hatless and breathless and ran for a short space then he stopped, caught his breath and bit his fingers and glanced back. But there was nothing to see but trees and trees. "An accident!" he cried and ran on.

In this terrible condition he arrived at the road where there was a toll gate and custom officials had a booth for the inspection of farm produce leaving or entering the province.

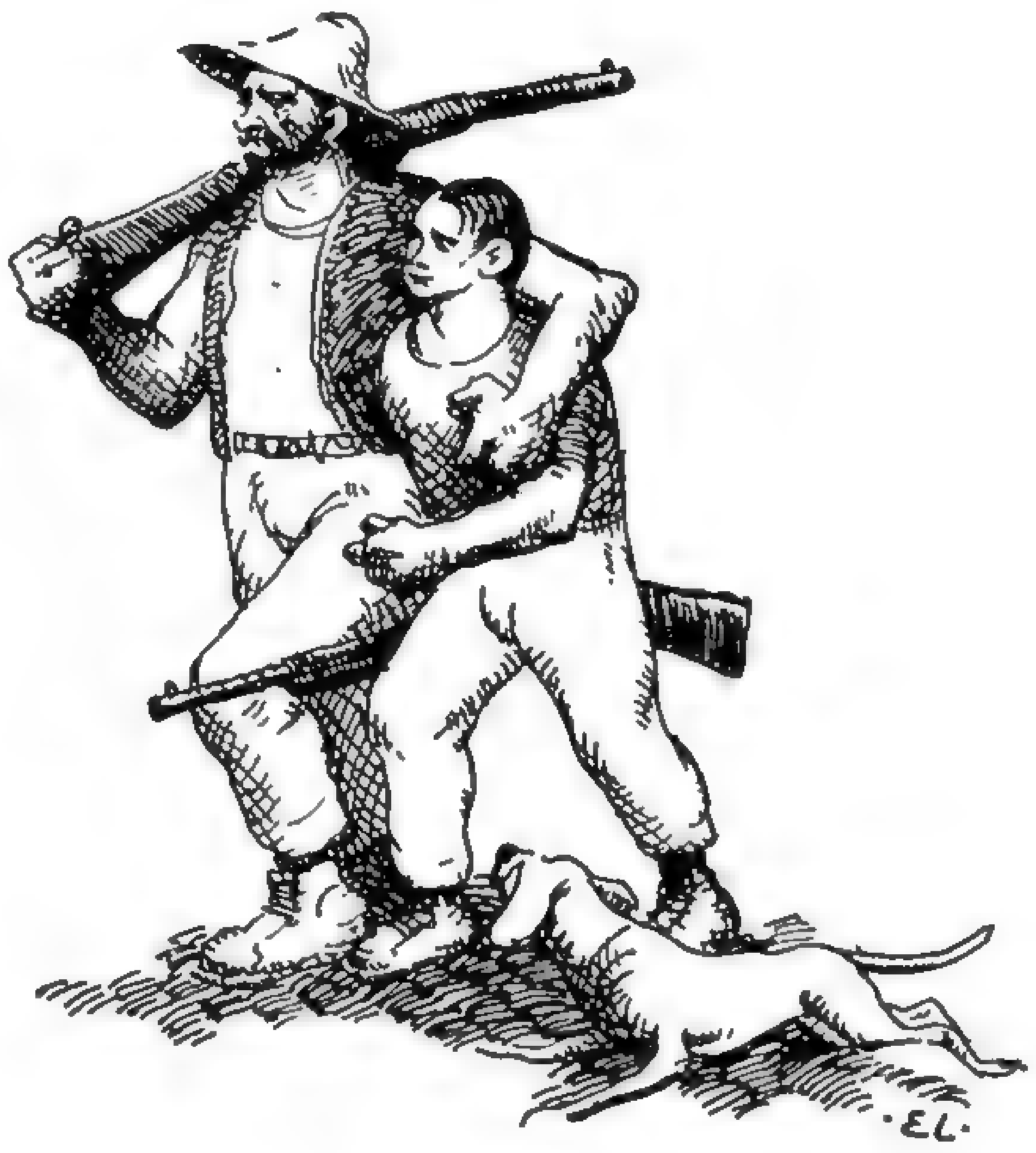
"An accident! An accident!"

They telephoned for the police and in about ten minutes four gendarmes arrived on bicycles. Andre was sitting on the grass. His head was unsteady and rolled from side to side. Cold beads of perspiration hung on his forehead and he bit his fingers and muttered some inaudible words.

The four gendarmes and two customs men together with Andre went into the woods to locate the place and bring out the body of the boy. But Andre could not approach the edge of the pit. "There! There!" he pointed. "Both barrels went off and my boy, my boy!"

The dog Homer had remained with the boy and he barked when he heard all the excited voices in the woods. He barked loud.

It was an accident. A report was made to the prefect of police. Everything was clear except how both barrels could go off at once and why they expected to scare up birds from the bottom of a sand pit. But then an accident is an accident and its sudden violence linked with the unexpected excludes all logic and reason.



The mother of the boy was almost dead from grief. She wanted to kill herself. And in a voice trembling with emotion cried that she could not live. The boy, the boy was the only thing she had in the world. She carried on all night and all the next day. The doctor gave her a powder so she could compose herself and go to the funeral. Her sister and mother arrived that morning from Tours and the three women sat on the couch and embraced and wept. And after they dried their tears they embraced again. There are things between sisters and between a mother and her daughters that are strange and mysterious and can never be expressed in words. A photograph of the boy stood on the table.

Later, after the funeral, she decided to go to Tours with her sister and mother. She did not tell her husband but he could see her packing her satchel.

Then she stood before him and cried; "You! You killed him. If I only knew the truth! You! I hate you!" And she left the house.

The poor man stood with his head down and his arms wide apart as though he were anxious to embrace all blame and take it to himself. Later in the day he went out into the garden and worked until it was dark.

And the next day he worked hard in the garden all day long, a thing he seldom did. Neighbors came to express their sympathy. He listened to them but he did not stop working.

Finally he could not endure it any longer. He came into the house and washed himself carefully. Then he put on a clean shirt and got out his military cap. It had a number, 22, on the cloth, for this had been his regiment during the four years of the war. The metal of the number was tarnished and he tried to brighten it up by rubbing it with a bit of cloth. Then he put it on. Also in the top drawer of the bureau he found the war-cross awarded to him. This he pinned to the lapel of his civilian jacket. Then he left the house and walked down the road until he came to the police station. He walked in without hesitation.

"I have come to confess," he said.

They looked at him with pity for they knew that a man who had lost his only son could be driven by grief to say most irrational things. And so they offered him a chair and they brought him a glass of water.

"Is it about the accident? You want to add something?"

"No. It was no accident. I killed him and I planned to do it."

The officers of the law looked at each other as though to say, "The poor man has lost his mind."

But he continued, "It was not the boy's fault but I had to do it. He was the best boy in the world and we loved him. But from the day he was born I knew that if he lived to be seventeen then he could live no more. Write!" He pointed with his finger to the papers on the prefect's desk. "Write down what I tell you for when it is written down I will sign it and then you will have the truth."

He was quiet, composed, and his words seemed rational. He spoke calmly and as he spoke a police official made some notes on a large sheet of paper.

"First of all he was born as soon as the war was over. I married while on a leave of absence during the last year of the war. I served four years in the 22nd. We were through the whole business from start to finish. Very few remained of our original regiment but it was always replenished from the outside. And of the class in the Beaux Arts, we all joined at one time, only two survived. Yes, I was to be an artist. We knew nothing of all this business but you'd think in four years one could get used to it. Well, some do and some never get used to it. I was a landscape painter and the summer the war broke out I had a picture hung in the academy. Yes, my people kept it for me but when I got back and had a look at it I took out my knife and cut the canvas up into ribbons. The soft blues and the soft greens and the little stream with its water lilies was no longer in my nature. Four years looking out of those trenches across a hideous wasteland had killed the thing. It killed it dead."

He drank some of the water in the glass before him and continued: "Of all our class

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The Incompleat Camel

He loves his fellows, if not his fellow men, and hates to budge without camel company

by EUGENE WRIGHT

• ARTICLE •

I AM in a difficult position. Ordinarily in writing an article an author can find enough material dealing with the same subject to authenticate his position and protect himself against charges of inaccuracy. But in writing about the camel I have found that I am starting pretty much from scratch. Nothing, it appears, has ever been-written that would justify my own statements or enable me in any way to enlarge my theme. Volumes have been written about the horse; fortunes have been spent in compiling data on practically every beast, bird and fish that man has succeeded in turning to his own advantage. Yet the camel, which has played a dramatic part in human affairs since the birth of Christ and is at this moment bearing Italian culture into Ethiopia 200,000 strong, remains almost completely ignored. The New York Public Library, to say nothing of the libraries in Paris and London, and which I consulted without results during my return from Africa several years ago, lists only the following volumes: 1—Reports of the American Camel Society*, dissolved in 1856; 2—An allegedly humorous book on camels which gave me no information at all; 3—A miscellaneous group of pamphlets, equally barren, written by retired British officers.

It is only this scarcity of published material that would support my belief that the camel, for all his service to humanity, lacks something of vital interest to people, or the lack of which is repellant to people, therefore I must ask that you accept the Tuaregs, Arabs and other desert folk whose convictions I shall faithfully record, as final authority.

Do you remember the classic photograph of the Bedouin at prayer in the desert with his faithful camel standing nearby? It is the typical Sahara picture. You see the dunes and the great sky. There is something a little sublime about this picture. You are impressed with the devotion between man and beast that must exist in this great wasteland. The Bedouin is the camel's friend, and vice versa.

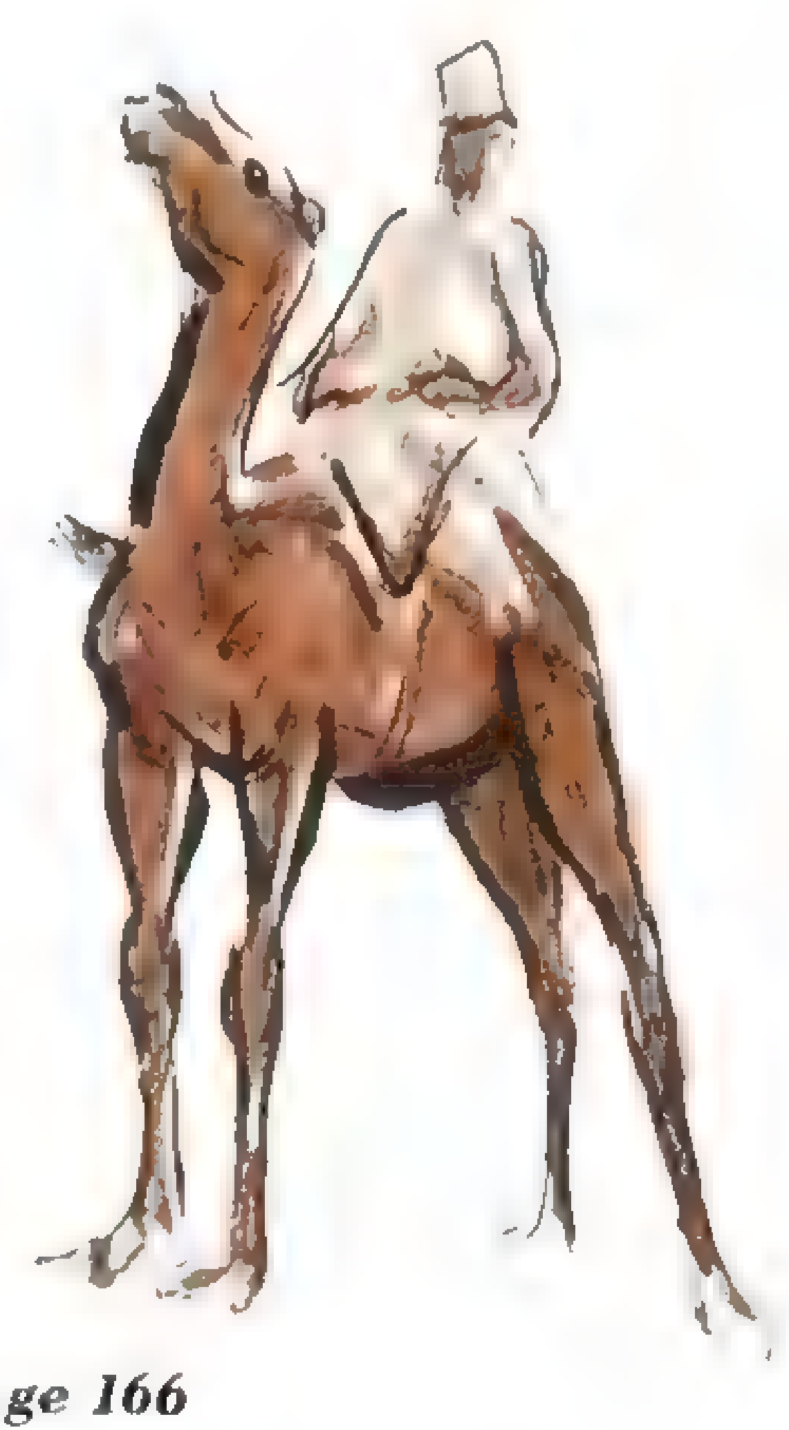
So I thought, too, until I had camels of my own and was traveling with the Arabs. Then I could not wait to have another look at this picture. I waited two years, and I discovered what I expected: that the faithful camel was tied to the praying Arab by a leather rope. I could just make it out—a faint dark line against the sky, and a knotty, dark bunch around the Arab's wrist. Some photographers blot it out completely.

This is the essence of the camel, the outstanding indication of his character. This is the almost sublime fault of a beast which for at least ten thousand years has endured human domination without admitting defeat; of a love for freedom and a consequent hatred of human society which only man can appreciate. The camel is an Extremist; he is an anarchist; Arabs claim he is the devil incarnate. Yet I have yet to meet the man, Arab, Tuareg or European, who does not profoundly respect him. He was born in captivity and his hide is scarred with a brand. His back is wounded by pack saddles and he wears a copper ring in his nose. But leave him unhobbled or untied and these signs of domestication mean nothing. He flees—and if you are so unfortunate as to leave your bones bleaching in the desert between two waterholes he may come by one day and crunch them.

Because of this wild instinct, this refusal to accept man as a friend even under conditions of life and death, certain precautions must be taken when using the camel. You must mount quickly, placing your foot on his knee and pulling his nose up towards his shoulder so that he will not pitch you forward into the sand. You must never strike him on the nose lest you drive him insane. When you dismount hold the bridle yourself or hand it to a companion. When you camp, hobble his front legs and detail an Arab to watch him. And when he has eaten and is settled for the night, bind up his knees and sleep to windward.

But these are the least of your problems for if, like some white men, you maintain that the camel is a stupid animal, you will have to admit that his burning hatred of you has made him a genius at dissembling. And you'll recognize the logic of this if you've ever hated school or had to rake the yard while a ball game was going on; for unless you were ordered about by a pretty keen person you succeeded very well in deceiving that person both as to your abilities and capacities.

So with the camel. Point him towards a well (you being a novice) and within a half hour you'll find he has carried you several miles off your route, so gradually you hadn't noticed it, and towards a pasturage still miles to go, which he can very plainly smell. Order him to his feet with two waterskins tied under your saddle and he will groan and squirm in the sand like a beaten Airedale protesting himself unable to budge under such weight. Encouraged to walk faster he takes advantage of every kindness you may offer him by insisting that he is going his fastest. Come down on his hind quarters with an Oryx-hide whip and you'll suffer the most excruciating, bone-wracking trot a camel can execute. Pull up suddenly, now, to stop him and down he goes . . . limp, fallen into the sand with an alacrity that pitches you two yards ahead of him, then bounds to his feet like a jackrabbit, whirling and jogging like a demon, trying (if you're still on him) to unseat you and bite you with his long, yellow teeth. And at the most critical moments, for no reason known to man, he will begin a bellowing that can be heard for miles around and nothing you can do will stop him. You throw sand in his mouth. You tear the ring out of his nose. With your whole soul, louder than Henry the Eighth, you cry "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"



I have had such camels. Plenty of them. Leave them at the tail end of the caravan where they can march unmolested, living the life of the mind with their noses pressed against one another's rear ends, and all is

Continued in center of page 166

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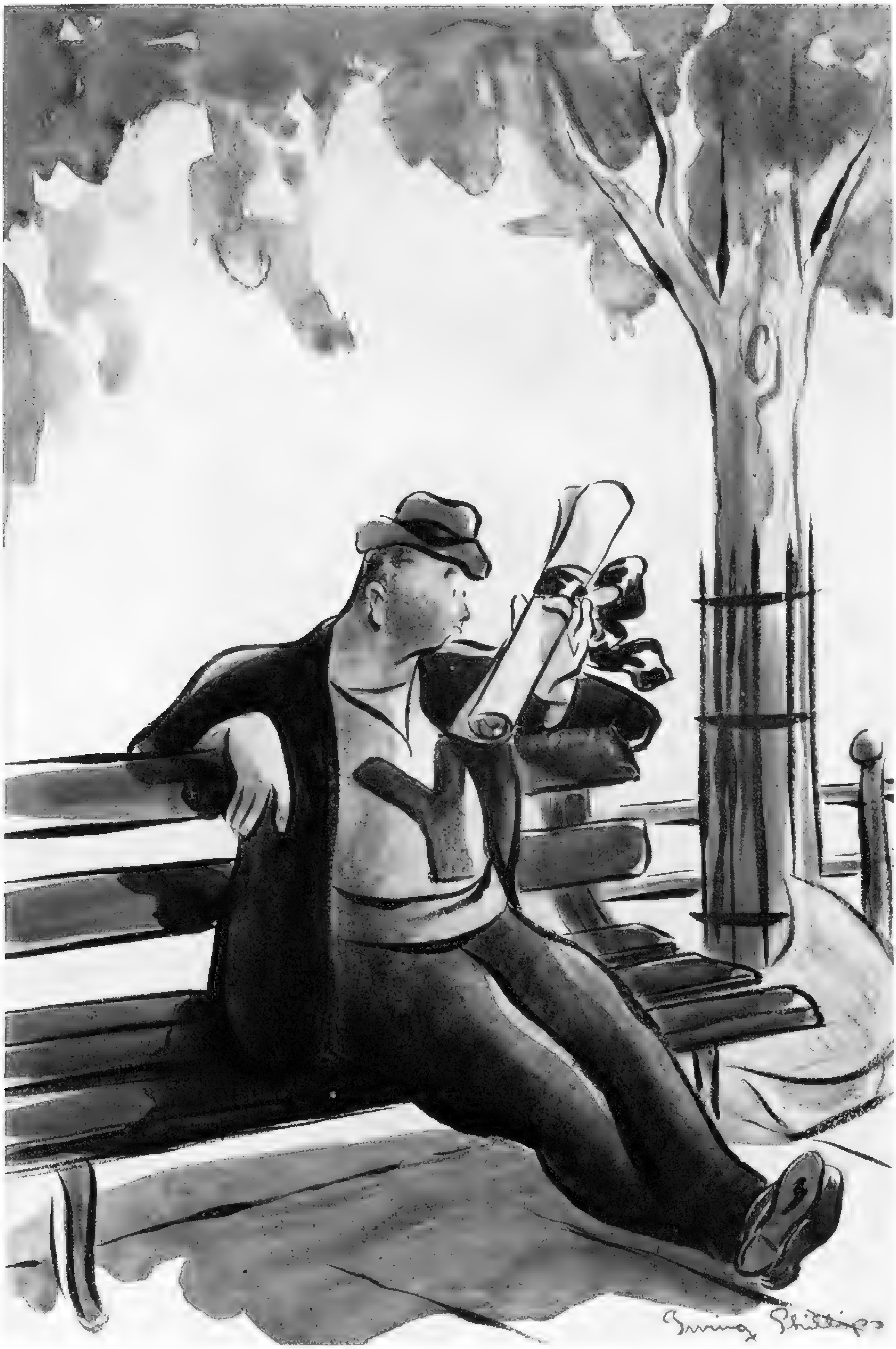
*The American Camel Society was founded in Boston with the idea of introducing camels into the Southwest to assist the Army in conquering that territory. But the soldiers could not get along with them. They were allowed to go wild. The last specimen is reported to have been shot by a Nevada miner in 1890.


Irving Phillips

What I'm Up Against

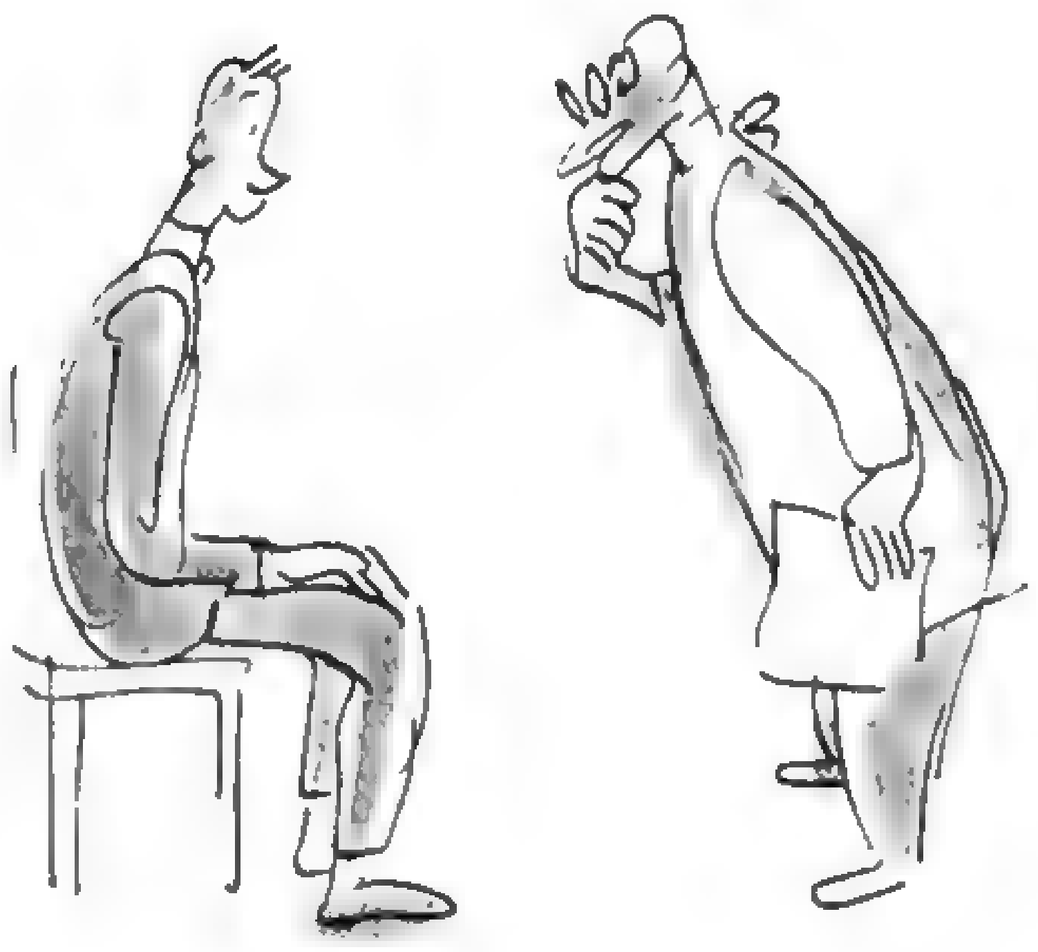
There is no hope at all for the bundle-carrier, a social outcast, a slave of his vice

by DONALD S. AITKEN

▪ SATIRE ▪

I'm not married. I have no friends. I'm never invited anywhere.

Once, in a fit of despair, I went to see a psychoanalyst.



After listening to my troubles, the psychoanalyst looked at me over the top of his glasses and said: "That package you left out in the waiting room—what's in it?"

It was a fair question and I answered as quick as a flash.

"Cabbages," I flashed.

"Cabbages?" the psychoanalyst queried.

"Yes, cabbages," I repeated, trying to talk as if I hadn't any marbles in my mouth—for, in reality, I had none. "I'm just a sucker for cabbage soup."

"I see," said the psychoanalyst. He said it in a doubtful tone which made me begin to suspect he didn't see at all. Then, as if sensing my suspicion and being anxious to disprove it, he went on: "You bought the cabbages and are now taking them home to make soup?"

"Right!" I said, glad to think we understood each other.

The psychoanalyst was silent for a moment. Finally, he said: "You carry bundles quite a lot, don't you?"

I admitted as much.

The psychoanalyst walked over into a corner and stood with his back to me, biting his nails. I could tell he was biting his nails because he was still biting them when he turned around.

"I think I've diagnosed your trouble," he told me. "I'm not going to beat about the bush. You are what we psychologists call—a bundle-carrier."

"You mean a person who carries bundles?" I asked.

This was plain speaking and the psychoanalyst seemed a little taken aback at my boldness. He looked severely at me, this time, around the sides of his glasses. But finally he admitted I was right and added: "No man who carries bundles on the street can ever amount to anything socially. A small package is permissible, but cabbages wrapped up in last Sunday's rotogravure section—never!"

What was I going to do, I wondered.

"What am I going to do?" I asked, wondering.

"You must readjust yourself," the psychoanalyst said with an arch smile.

"You mean—stop carrying bundles?" I arched back at him.

"Precisely."

On my way home with the cabbages, I pondered over what I had learned. I recognized myself now as an inveterate bundle-carrier. Laundry, garments to be dry-cleaned, cabbages, empty beer bottles—rarely did I enter or leave the house without some kind of bundle tucked under my arm.

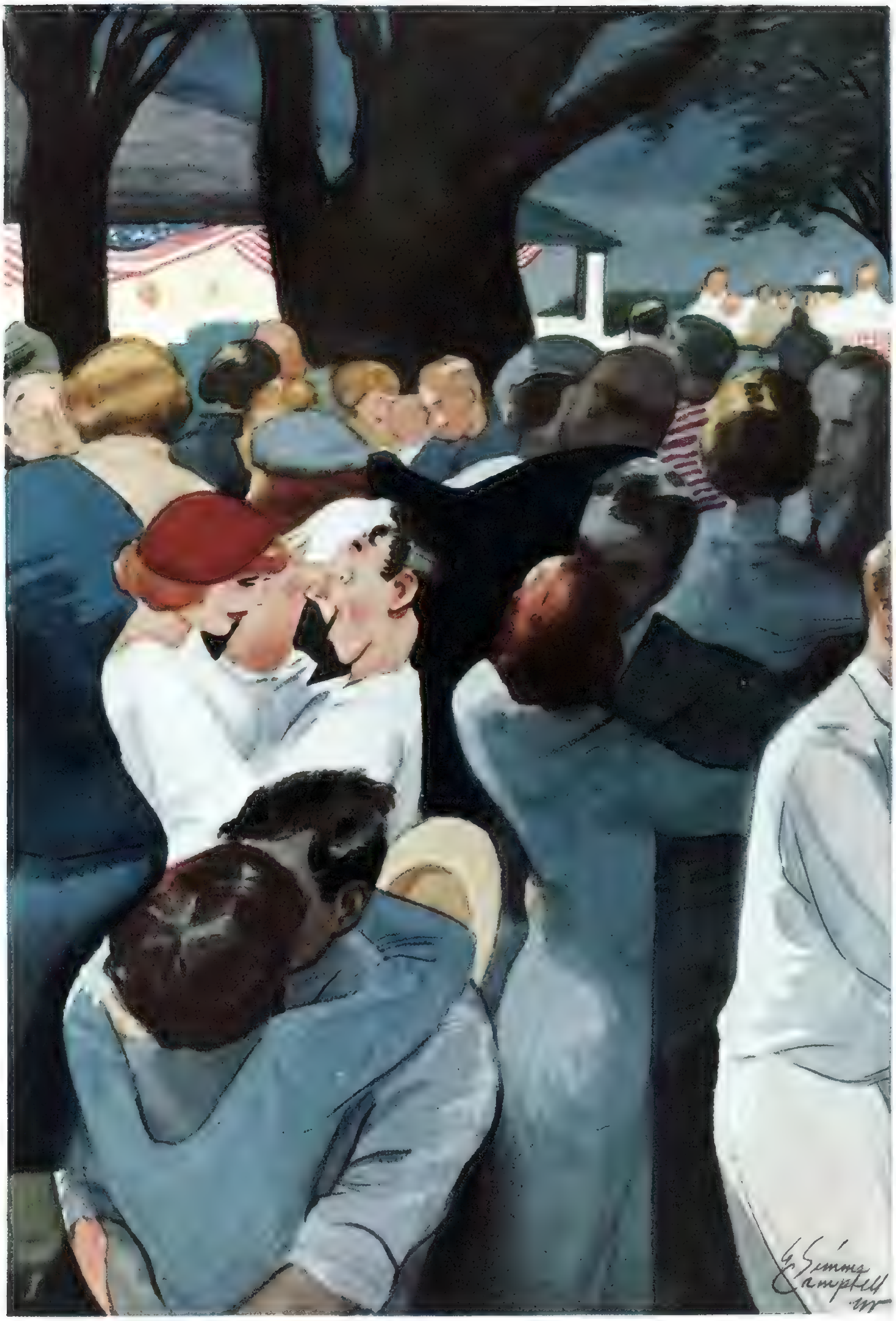
It had never entered my head before that it was this that stood between me and social success. But now that I knew—what was I going to do?

In bed that night I faced the question squarely by burying my face in the pillow and kicking my heels in the air. Somehow or other I realized I was at the cross-roads.

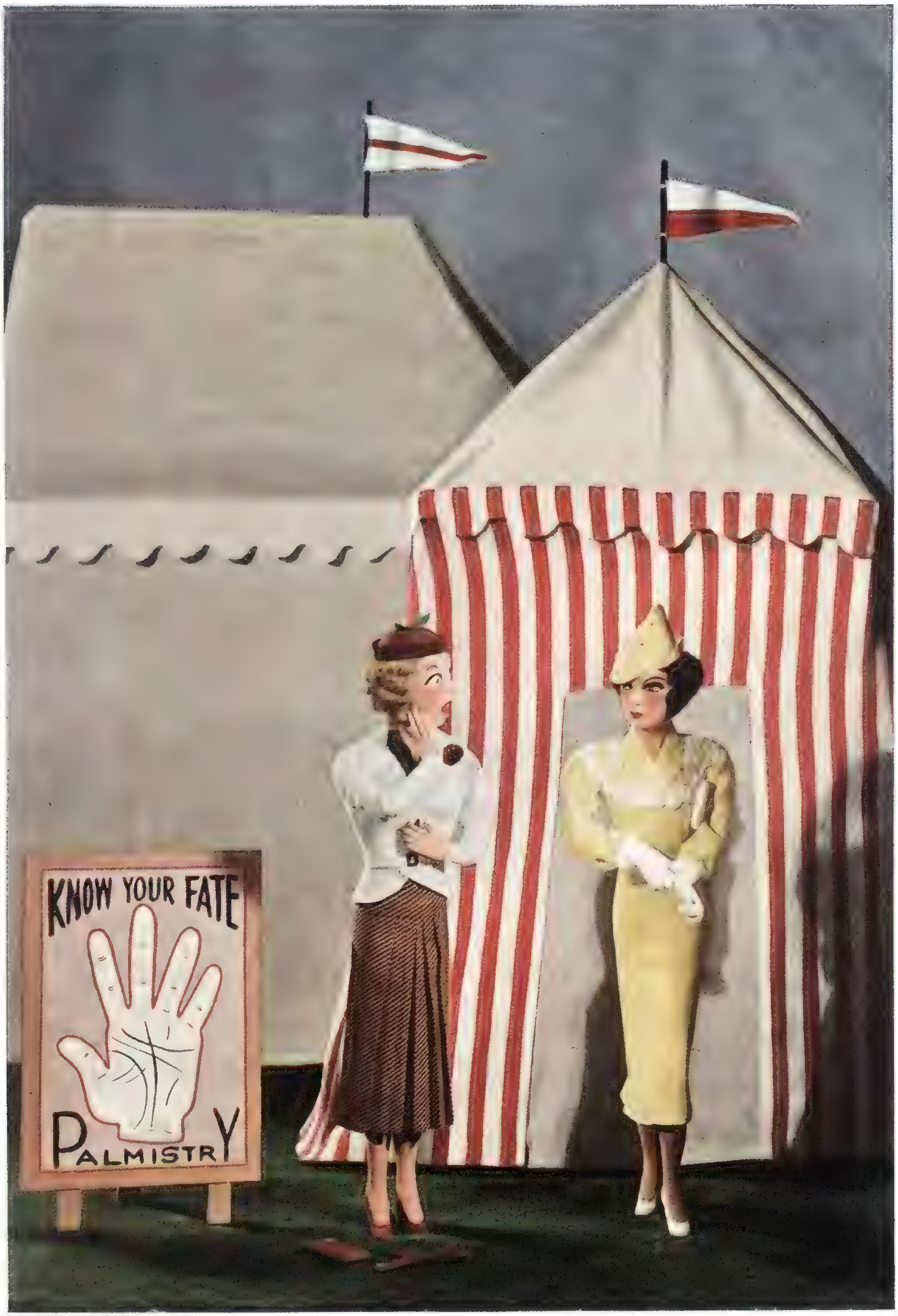
I must have fallen asleep at this point. I remember nothing more until next morning when I found myself in the bathroom screwing the cap back on my shaving cream. Later, over my coffee and toast, I threshed the matter out.

Could I give up carrying bundles? I doubted it. There seemed to be moral issues at stake. What right had society to demand that I give up carrying bundles? Was I to bow to convention, do my shopping over the telephone and have my bundles delivered by commercial robots and young jackanapes in livery? Or was I going to continue to assert my independence and carry my own bundles?

In the end my manhood won. I carry all the bundles I please now. Some evenings, just for the sheer hell of it, I wrap up a couple of sofa cushions in an old newspaper and parade through the most exclusive residential sections. Sometimes the people pretend not to notice; sometimes they instruct their butlers to lower the shades. When I come home from one of these sorties I like to stretch out in a tingling hot bath and stare up at the bathroom ceiling, thinking . . . thinking . . . thinking. . . . But I'm still unmarried. I haven't any friends. No one ever invites me anywhere. It all seems pretty hopeless. ⌗


E. Simms Campbell

"Shall we dance? Oh how silly . . . we are dancing, aren't we?"


KNOW YOUR FATE
PALMISTRY

MODELED AND STAGED BY L. NOLAN

"I forgot, did she say I was going to be married and have two children or have two children and then get married?"

The Greek and the Gael

The Irish also had a word for Olympics, plus a few odd ideas in their Tailteann Tournaments

by T. F. HEALY

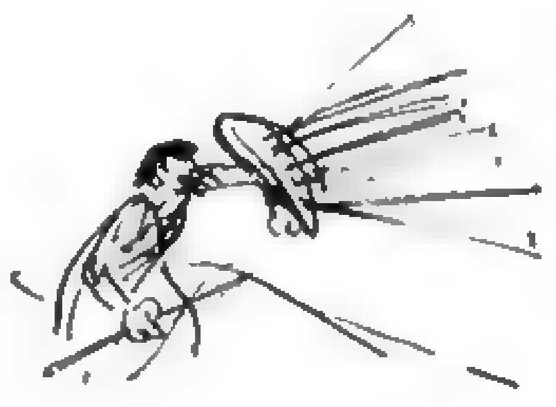
• SPORTS •

Who gave us our modern amateur sports? The Greeks! That is what ninety-nine out of a hundred people will answer. Today however it is not the whole answer, though it certainly is a part of it.

All hail to Hellas and the glory that was Greece! From that tiny country as part of her imperishable legacy to mankind came much of the high splendor of the amateur ideal in athletics. To this day a Cunningham of Kansas runs behind the legendary-mercurial heels of one Coroebus of Elis, who is listed as the first sprinter to win a foot-race in Greece in 776 B.C., though it may be questioned if the American would take any of his dust. The Greeks also had the word for it, for the supreme event of all modern amateur sportdom, towards which the athletes of the nations are now training on field and cinder-track. Olympiades or more commonly Olympics—a magic word that has gripped the popular and living imagination of the world.

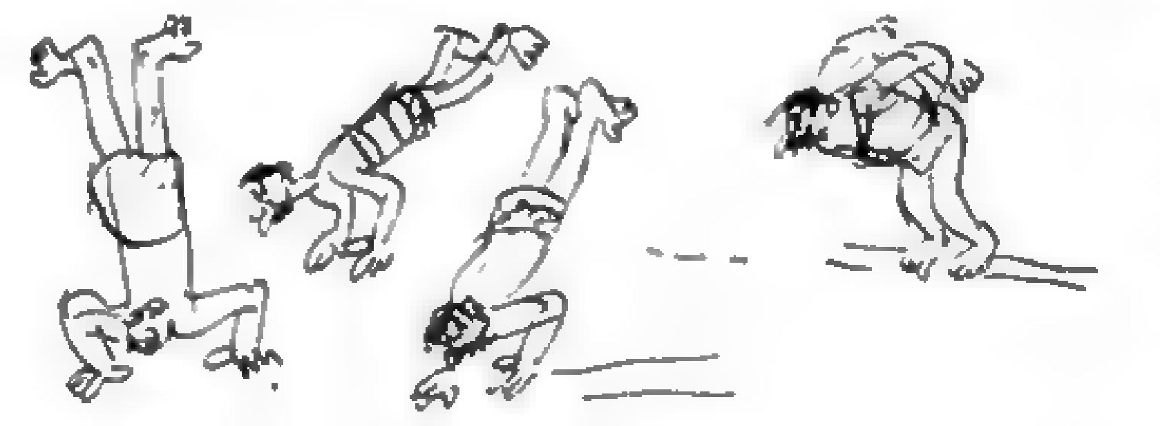
In this year of 1936 we must however give a belated break to another people who claim a place with the Greeks in keeping aloft before the world the inviolate standard of amateur athletics. I refer to the Irish.

The Irish claim today to have had the oldest athletic games, that is, as nationally-organized sports events. They were the Tailteann Games, first held in 632 B. C., and the most venerable institution recorded among the Celtic people. Before that they held local contests in the manner of other peoples, such as the Jewish and Egyptian and other ancient races.



The Greek Games began as a nationally-organized sports event in 572 B. C. and were unfortunately abolished under the rule of Theodosius in A. D. 394, having endured eight centuries. The nobility of the Grecian amateur ideal then went into eclipse. Rome took over the tradition of sports; the amateur ideal was smashed to smithereens when the athlete was transformed into the paid gladiator and the slave gladiator. Sports in Rome went professional, and the Latin legacy has lingered down to today.

If Rome under the Caesars submerged the amateur ideal in Europe that ideal was luckily kept alive in one country and by one people who remained outside of and aloof from Roman sway. The Irish are now able to put forth an indisputable claim as having in their part of the world also originated and preserved the amateur tradition in athletics. The Island of Saints and Scholars may also be called the Island of Athletes. When the whole Graeco-Roman cultus broke down in the Continent the Irish not only kept the lamp of learning burning but kept this athletic ideal intact.



The first Tailteann Games were held at Tara, the ancient seat of the High-Kings of Ireland, and endured from 632 B. C. to A. D. 1006—for sixteen centuries. The Anglo-Norman invasions put an end to them, and for almost a thousand years the Irish were forced to fight for their existence; they had little time for athletics. But through it all, the people out of their exceptionally deep historic sense kept alive this ancient tradition in the national consciousness, and with every succeeding generation was born again the hope of "reviving Tailteann." This desideratum has at last become possible under the native government, and it is the intention of the Irish to rebuild the immemorial institution to the place of prominence it once held among the people.

In the light of the Tailteann Games it becomes easier to understand the high appreciation of athletic lore found in Ireland and in the British Isles, as well as the contribution made therefrom to the United States, which has caught up and carried on both the Grecian and the Celtic ideals to touch them with a new glory.

The Tailteann Games had a remarkable variety of athletic contests, the scope of which approximates modern amateur sports events. Chariot-racing, horse-racing, wrestling, spear-throwing, javelin-casting, broad-jumping, high-jumping, etc. A curious contest was what translated may be called the "salmon-sault," which seems to have been a sort of dive upwards into the air from a standing position, to land gracefully on the hands. A man had of course to bring his whole body "above the height of himself," else it was no dice. Dr. Eoin McNeill, President of the Royal Irish Manuscript Commission, told the writer of another interesting contest based on his discovery of a word in Old Irish (to which most of the key is now being rediscovered). The word was *innimwhuil* (phonetic spelling), which translated means, according to Dr. McNeill, "driving a ball from hole to hole." This looks like a new clue to the origin of golf.

Now for a curious phenomenon. The Greek and the Irish games had three important aspects in common. First, during the Greek events a "sacred truce" was declared over the land, to break which was punishable by death. In Ireland a similar truce was announced, and he who broke "the peace of Tailteann" paid the penalty of death, though it was sometimes commuted to permanent exile. Secondly, the Greek and the Irish games each endured nine days. Thirdly, each national event was held every four years. This raises the question of a possible international communication or influence, but that had better be left to the historians. The Greeks were great rovers; so were the Irish Celts, men of great spaces and windy light who sailed in the pre-Christian era as far as the Tyrrhenian Sea. The name "Tailteann" come from Tailte, the queen for whom the sports were organized. To quote from the Irish Texts Society's Translations: "It was in honorable commemoration for her that Lugh (her foster-son) instituted the Games of the Festival of Tailte." A half-sunken obelisk near Tara is now stated by antiquarians to have been the monument (referred to in scripts recently translated) marking the site of the first games held in her honor in 632 B.C.

Modern scientific research has lifted more of the veil to show us for the first time a world only now beginning to be explored by such archaeologists as Dr. O'Neill Hencken of the Harvard Expedition and others. It is a magic, hidden land, far, strange, high; we behold not the well-known classic groves of Hellas but round towers and cromlechs and red yew trees set in a country burning with old druidic splendors.

It may seem a bit surprising for modern eyes to read for example the rules that applied to all entrants in the Tailteann Games. They look so difficult one finds it hard to believe them. Yet here follows the

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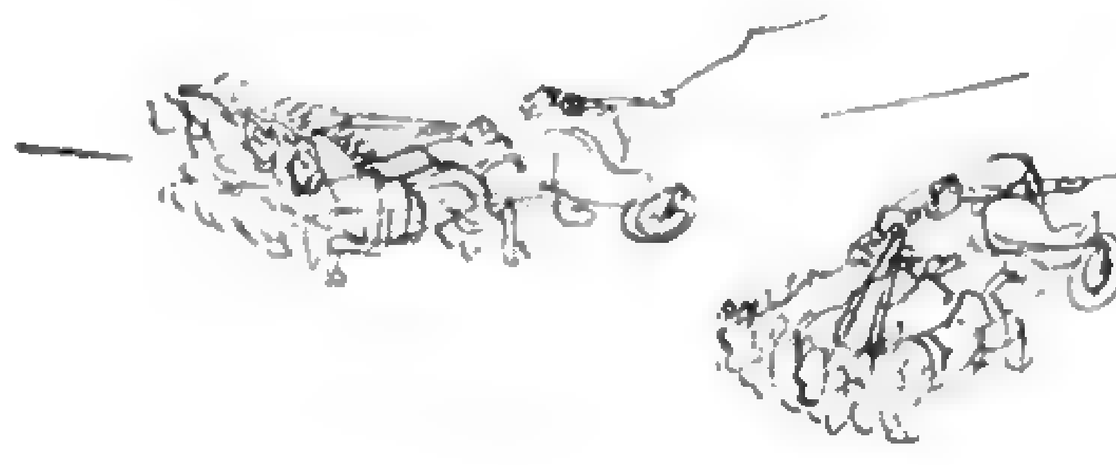
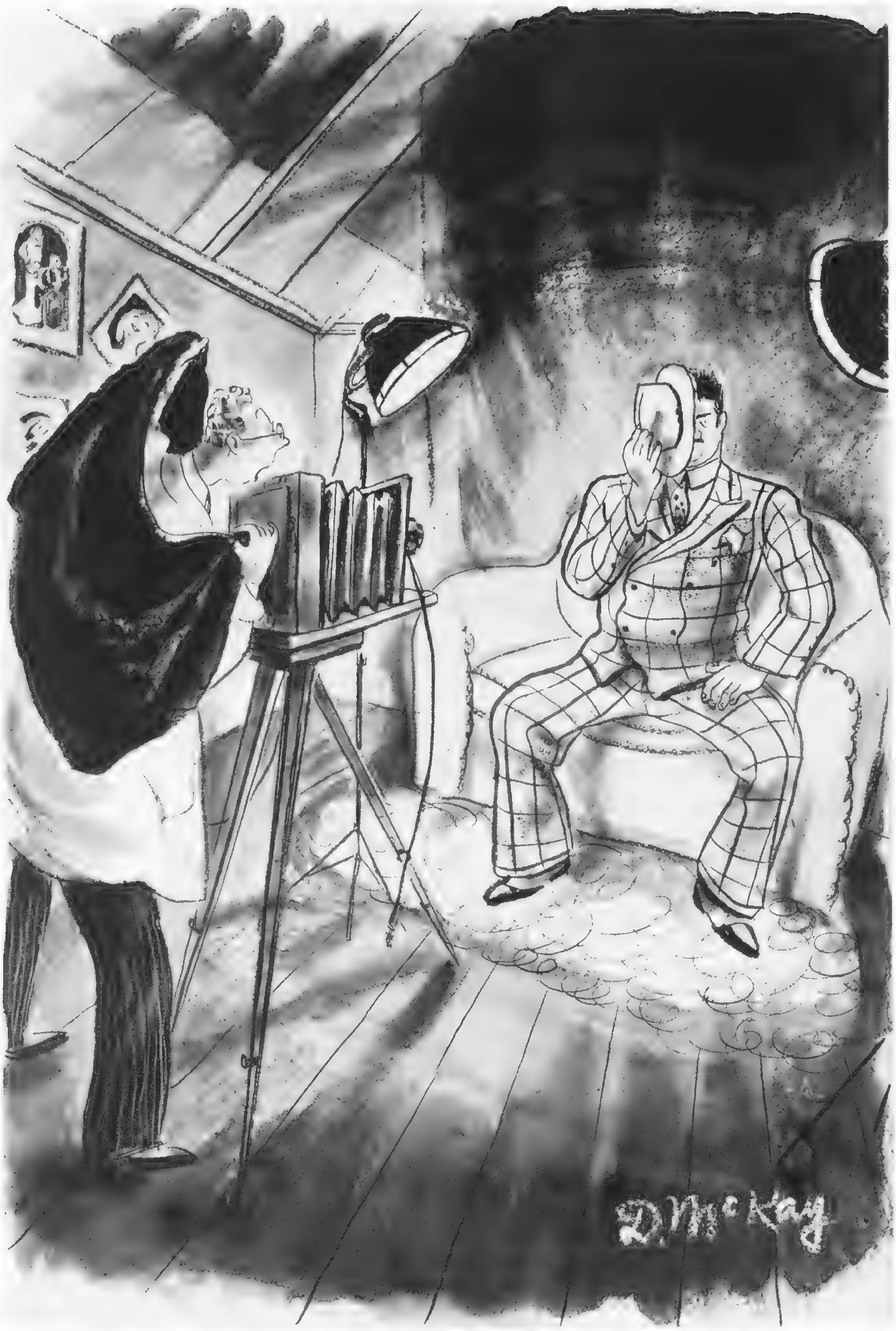




"But Mr. Scarponi . . !"

Fear Into Phobia

An artist interprets the vision of the phobiacs, who actually see their own irrational fears

by JOHN VASSOS

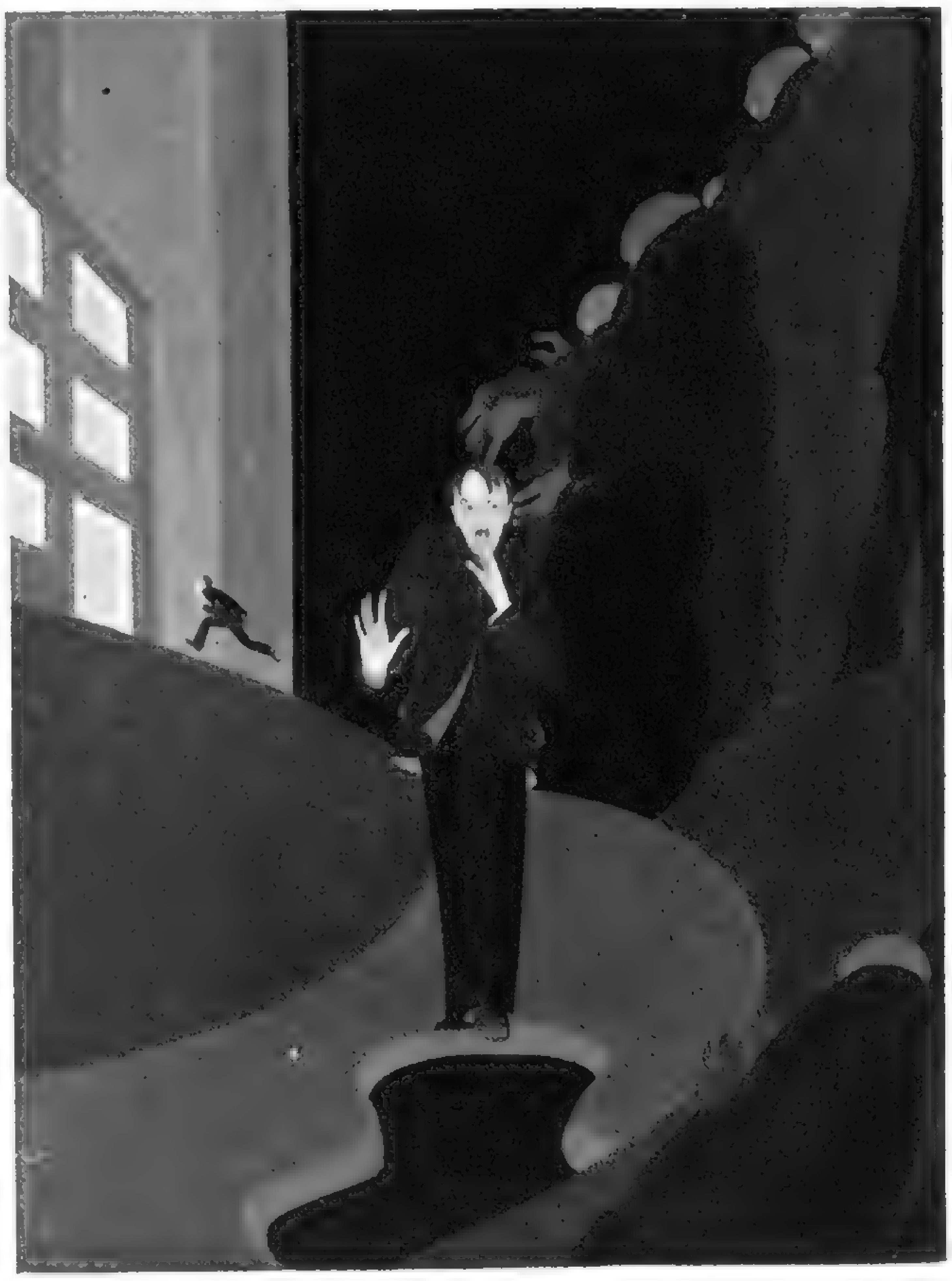
▪ ARTICLE ▪

As an illustrator, the subject of phobia always has attracted me greatly. It seemed to me from the little I knew about it, that the abnormal fear that is phobia expresses itself essentially as a graphic thing. So I set myself the task of learning something definite about this particular form of abnormality from those various professional friends of mine in the field of psychiatry and psychopathology who knew—and who still know—far more than I can ever hope to about abnormal psychology.

I did learn enough to find myself with an intense desire to reproduce pictorially my ideas on a subject that many might think would better be left to the aforementioned gentlemen who are authorities in this particular field.

It is amazing when one realizes what an astonishing number of us are sufferers from one of these peculiar abnormal fears. The man who stands next to us in the subway and leans against the door rather than touch the strap with his naked hand—a syphilophobiac; our companion at lunch who carefully wipes his knife and fork with his napkin before he can use them—a mysophobiac; the person who finds it impossible to sit in a room with every door and window closed, he who will always insist on an aisle seat at the theatre—a victim of claustrophobia.

I have said that a phobia expresses itself graphically: the victim of this form of abnormality sees a distinct mental picture of the act or situation of which he lives in constant terror, and sees himself as chief performer. For instance, the man who has an exaggerated and abnormal fear of height—the acrophobiac—sees not only the tall building, sees not only himself on top of it, but actually visualizes his body hurtling through the air to his death. The poor chap who is afraid to pick up his sharp-bladed knife at the dinner table, who turns away in sick disgust at the sight of the butcher cutting up the Sunday roast, has a palpable and ever recurring picture of himself impaled on sharp spikes, his flesh torn and dessicated, his veins open and pouring out his life blood. And these mental pictures are far more real to the phobiac than anything he may see with his physical eye.



I came back from Europe some years ago and learned that on board was a friend of mine with whom I had not been in touch for some time. In spite of my every effort, I found it absolutely impossible to see him and I later found out that he had refused to leave his cabin or permit anyone to see him during the whole trip. He firmly believed that he was so repulsive, that his face was so misshapen and covered with blemishes that no one could possibly look at him without a feeling of horror. As a matter of fact, physically he was in perfect condition and needed only to look into the mirror to be convinced that he was a normally attractive specimen of mankind. Did I say he needed only to look into the mirror? Ah, but every time he did look in the mirror all he could see was his mental image of himself in the last stages of a horrible disease.

So in every case of phobia the victim sees an actual visualization of that which he fears. (This particular case since this incident has been twice in a mental hospital.)

Just what sets up and perpetuates these abnormal and irrational fears it is impossible to generalize about. Each particular case must be analyzed and treated specifically. Two persons' phobia may take the same form but the reason in each instance may be entirely different. Each case is a problem in itself and then is frequently difficult of an exact determination. Invariably the phobia is symptomatic of a more serious and deeply underlying disorder.

There are various explanations that seek to account for the more common phobia. Undoubtedly a suicidal tendency lurks back of many of them. But whether the phobia causes the desire for death, or the desire for death sets up the phobia is difficult of analysis. One thing is sure; the fear that is phobia prevents the victim from committing suicide, he fears the act or situation just as intensely as he desires it. And this schism that exists in his brain is his abnormality. One thing more we know: it is the phobiac's inability to fit himself into the complicated scheme of modern living, his refusal to accept the complex pattern of life today that is the cause of his trouble. What the world calls success exacts a high toll—from the man who fails as well as from the man who succeeds.

Normal fear must not be confused with phobia. Children are afraid of the dark, and many who are not children. There is one theory that holds that normal fear of the dark is atavistic. That it reverts back to the time not so many centuries ago when the dark inevitably did hold an enemy who was waiting to pounce; or even further back when the primeval gloom held all sorts of animals ready to devour man. Others of the behavioristic school believe that this particular fear is purely a superimposed one and is inculcated in children by stories told us by our mothers and nurses of the bogie man who hid in the dark and who would get us if we were not good children and ate our spinach. But whatever the cause, ordinary fear of the dark is a normal thing. There are alleys in Constantinople I would not want to walk down alone on a dark night and I believe you would not be too eager to walk through certain sections of New York's Central Park unaccompanied or even with a companion without the light of the moon. But this does not mean that you are a nichtophobiac. This is a normal fear reaction against something that can possibly harm you. But if your

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This Wedding Racket

From a bridesmaid's father buried under the showers that precede the golden harvest

by KENNETH A. MILLICAN

SATIRE

IT ALL began with a telephone call last September when, in one of those brief conversations of an hour and three-quarters for which my daughter is internationally famous, it was learned that what had been going on surreptitiously for several months—namely, the ensnaring of an eligible young man into the matrimonial net by The Girl Friend—had been successfully concluded. The unsuspecting victim had finally been landed hook, line and sinker.

Of course, Daughter and The Girl Friend had known it was coming long before the fatal words were spoken—in fact, the principal topic of conversation around both houses for months had been "when will I let him propose?" Not, you will notice, "will he ever propose?" but "when will he be permitted to propose?" And in September it came. So what?

It appears that the seeds of the wedding racket are only being sown with the engagement pact privately signed, but not yet publicly declared. So far I had looked upon the entire affair as nothing but a little good, clean sport, with the odds against the trappee, who ought to have known better anyway. How could I be expected to sniff the development of a wedding racket from this way of a maid with a man?

For a month all was quiet on the western front—then came the first high-explosive shell over No-Man's-Land—the announcement to the general public! It seems that an Old Matrimonial Custom prevails in the best families that engagements aren't REALLY engagements until a tea-fight is given at the bride's home where all her friends are told by proclamation that the High Contracting Parties have definitely decided to marry up together.

Now, to a common, ordinary businessman like myself, even if it WERE necessary to give a dinner every time a bill of goods had been sold, still and all, I wouldn't expect my guests to buy their own tickets. But in the Wedding Racket, A-a-a-h! here's where the bride's War Chest begins to get its ammunition. Round Number One—the Announcement Party—and a forced contribution of minor backsheesh as the price of admission! Daughter's allowance was increased by the essential five dollars for the week, and I leaned back and said "thank God! that's over until they tippytoe to the altar." I shouldn't have been *thanking*, I should have been *praying!*

In February the barometer began presaging stormy weather. It appears there would have to be bridesmaids and ushers—as many of the helpless intelligentsia in her social set as could be pressganged into service with the bride-to-be turning on the heat. All that kept this list down to six couples is Emily Post's Book on *How to Behave Yourself* (or something) in which the "shock troops" at weddings are limited to a round dozen. If it hadn't been for Emily Post, Daughter's Girl Friend would have had the Forty Ninth Infantry for ushers and Vassar College for bridesmaids. And out of a city of three hundred thousand she picks the heiress to my vast estates for a bridesmaid!

Personally, I could be a perfectly stunning bridesmaid in a last year's Palm Beach suit, but the Dressmaker's Union put a crimp into that a long, long time ago. There must be a special dress, a special hat, special gloves, special shoes and specialties in garments still more intimate than these—it says in *The Book* that you've got to be a bridesmaid from the skin out or else . . .

From now on the family commenced to live a life of servile slavery to a coterie of female bandits politely known as *couturières* though not so called by the bridesmaids' fathers who had to issue Liberty Bonds with which to carry on hostilities. I had now quit thanking, given up praying, and was beseeching. If I had only known then that the garment brigands were merely humming the prelude to atrocities known as "showers," I would never even have beseeched—I'd have grovelled with abject pleas for mercy!

The transition from shopping for clothes to buying liquid fire for the showers was so gradual that it wasn't until the third or fourth thunderstorm I saw a clear way at last to the bankruptcy courts. The first shower was a glow-worm, speaking allegorically—a glow-worm!

It called for the six bridesmaids to provide an uptodate kitchen with all the latest hootnannies. Then I realized why the groom was becoming more light-hearted every day—true he was going to marry the girl, but six innocent fathers in town were going to furnish the home, and all he would have to do would be to put in the telephone, get the electricity and gas turned on, and settle down to a life of oriental ease and indolence. At the beginning of this nefarious thing, I had secretly pitied him—that's what I got for being a Smart Aleck—he's getting a fitted-up love-nest for nothing!

The kitchen shower was only a ripple on the water—a week later we ran into a linen hurricane—sheets with hand-embroidered monograms on them—guest towels that NOBODY (not even a guest) is allowed to touch—table cloths with *fleur de lis* patterns at $4.00 a *fleur de lis* running riot through them like rabbits in a warren—and a thousand other fiendish devices that a lot of idle "thinker-uppers" invent to make plays for bridesmaids' fathers.

This tithe of mint and cummin was given amid hysterical shrieks of "oohs" and "ahs" while the poor hijacked parents had to be locked in the garage to keep their groans away from the festivities.

The third shower was "crystal"—I timidly suggested we had a dozen tumblers we didn't need, and wouldn't they do? They would NOT—it seems that at showers you don't give what YOU like—you are told by the hostess whose turn it is to start the downpour, *where* to get your presents, and what pattern has already been decided upon by the bride. The famous scene from *The Mikado* came to my mind where Poo Bah is given his choice of being stung to death by wild bees or burned alive in boiling oil—and he cogitantly remarks that they both sound pretty good! Daughter compromised and bought a ducky half dozen casseroles for $18.00 in compliance with the Imperial Rescript.

We lived in a pulmotor for five days waiting for the next pogrom which would take more plunder into the Tepee of a Thousand Tributes. I know now just how the farmers in the Middlesex towns and villages felt when they wondered why Paul Revere didn't come riding by to wake them up, and praying to Heaven he never would! But he DID! And so the Tocsin of Tyrannical Taxation tinkled out in due time—a shower of china!

Remembering the episode of the twelve superfluous tumblers I had seen scornfully rejected in the crystal debâcle, I wisely refrained from offering a dozen Haviland plates we no longer wanted, and bowed my head and bent the coward's servile knee to the China Shower. I mildly suggested a nifty outfit with some poor fish baked into the glazed porcelain surface—I felt that after all the agony I had suffered I wanted my own picture to

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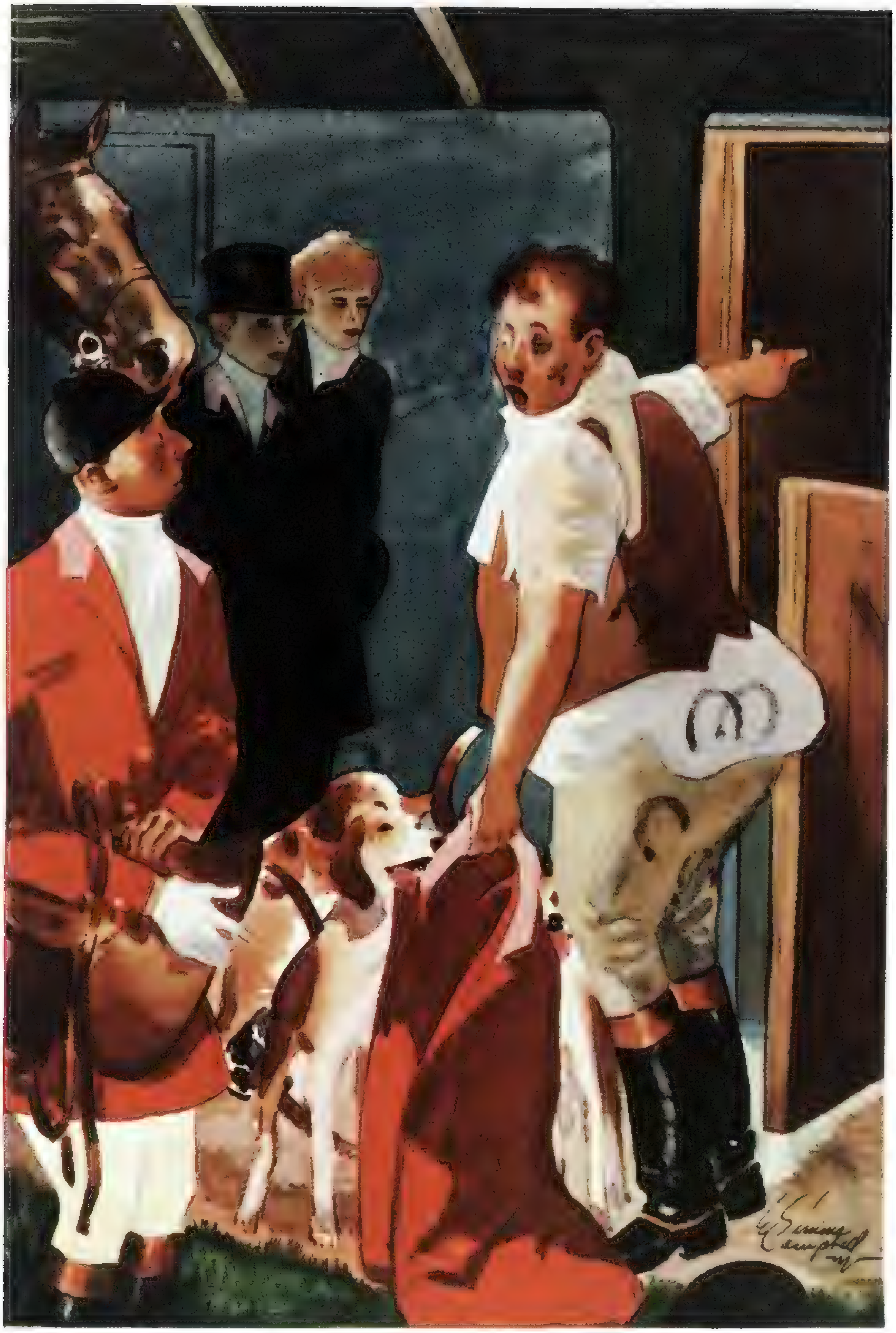
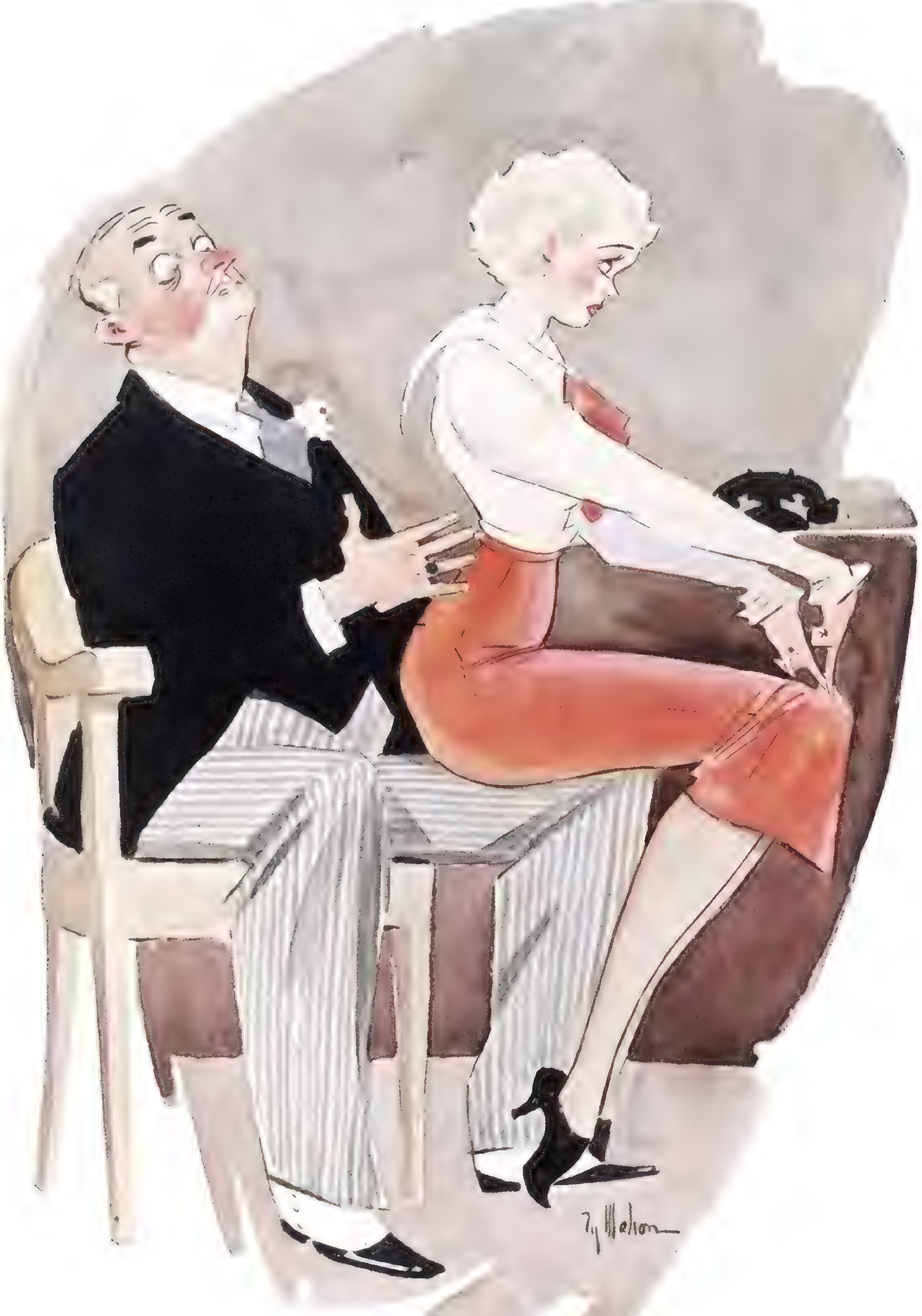


"They're mating — or whatever the hell you call it!"



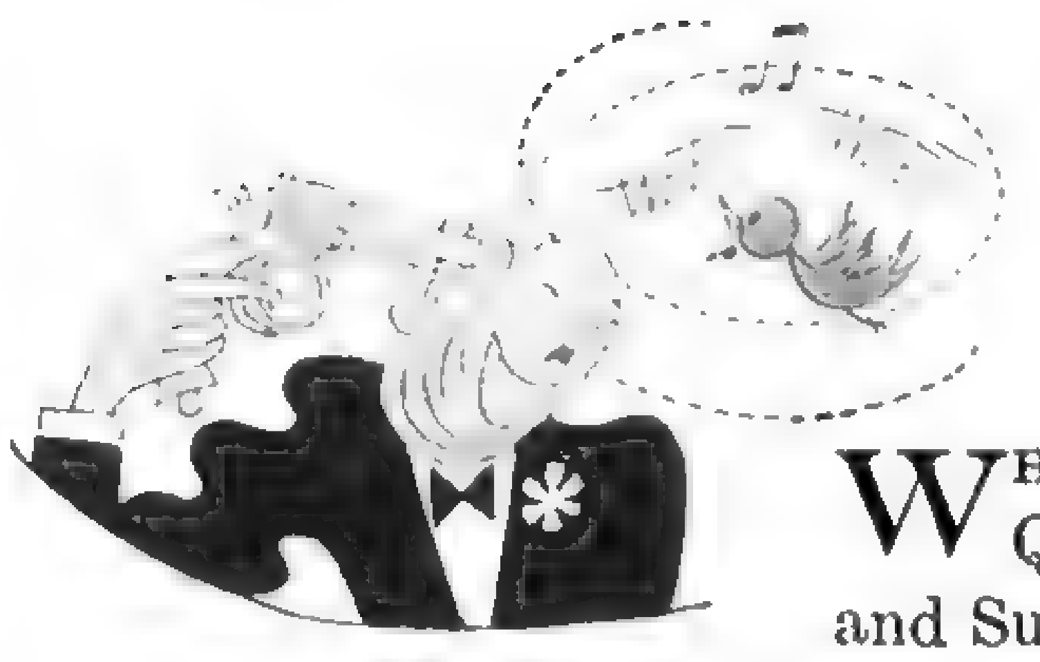
"My other boss always gave me a raise when he got fresh—you just get fresh"

So's Your Old Man

It's a wise child that can figure out the fathers of the classic kinship puzzles

by F. GREGORY HARTSWICK

• ARTICLE •



When the Fairy Queen, in Gilbert and Sullivan's *Iolanthe*, announced to a horror-struck chorus of peers that Strephon was about to go into Parliament, she appended a list of dreadful things that her youthful protégé would accomplish:

> "Every bill and every measure
> That may satisfy his pleasure
> Though your fury it arouses
> Shall be passed by both your houses!"
> (Groans of anguish from the peers)
>
> "You shall sit, if he see reason,
> Through the grouse and salmon season!"
> (Horror!)
>
> "He shall prick that annual blister,
> Marriage with deceased wife's sister!"
> (Spare us!)

It is with the last threat that this article has to do—that is to say, with the curious complications that evolve from certain matrimonial entanglements.

For instance, in direct reference to the case mentioned in *Iolanthe*: the English law was besieged for years in an effort to make marriage with one's deceased wife's sister legal. The Church, which (naturally) had its fingers in the legal pie, claimed through some scriptural hanky-panky that such marriage was forbidden. At last, after prolonged effort, a bill was got through Parliament legalizing this form of marriage, and we may suppose that many thousands of widowers whose late lamenteds had been blessed with sisters leaped happily into the arms of fresh connubiality. The Empire, despite divers clerical prognostications, did not totter to its doom. But at least one curious tangle evolved.

Marriage of a widow with deceased husband's brother was still strictly forbidden—still is, in fact. Well, two brothers married two sisters. In the course of events one of the brothers and one of the sisters died. The survivors married and had a child. It was then discovered that while the husband had married his deceased wife's sister, which was perfectly legal, the sister had married her deceased husband's brother, which was *not* perfectly legal, by several long shots; hence the man was legally married and his child was legitimate; the woman was not legally married and her child (the same child) was therefore illegitimate. There isn't any answer; it's one of those things.

However, out of such marriages have grown several highly pleasing and complicated puzzles. One of the most ancient of these is the question "Can a man marry his widow's sister?" That's all. It is amazing how much learned discussion of English parliamentary and common law, and customs here and there, that simple question will evoke. Then the satanic propounder will point out—from a place of safety—that a man can *not* marry his widow's sister, because he is dead. One cautionary point might be made here: the question "Can a man marry his widow's sister?" is answered, of course, as above; but the statement "A man married his widow's sister" is perfectly correct and entirely explainable. Perhaps you would like to try unraveling it.

In-laws are the cause of trouble not only from a domestic standpoint. Here is a snatch of conversation overheard on a bus, which goes to prove the above statement: "That man's mother was my mother's mother-in-law; but he had a terrible fight with my father, and they still don't speak." The question is, what was the relation of the gentleman in question to the speaker?

Another combination of in-law-ship is involved in the following horrible-sounding bit (one man is speaking to another): "It's really quite simple, my dear chap. You happen to be my father's brother-in-law, my brother's father-in-law, and my father-in-law's brother." We are asked to provide marriages (within the legal limitations, of course) that would have brought about this astounding triple relationship.

The legal limitations, by the way, might be summarized to read: a man may not marry his aunt or his niece or the daughter of his deceased wife's sister (though he may, as stated above, marry said sister). Nor may he marry his mother, his grandmother, or his great-grandmother. This last may sound preposterous, but solvers of puzzles partake of the quality which the Scotch impute to kings—they are "kittle cattle to shoe behind." If such limitations were not stated I greatly fear that some desperate toiler would tootle *Lohengrin* over a man and his grandmother, thereby making him his own grandfather and working up all sorts of startling relationships with the other members of his family.

Not all relationship puzzles are based on complications. Some are extremely simple—like this one: a man had two friends, a brother and a sister. Their names were Augustus Smith and Sophronisba Smith. One day an attractive-looking young man appeared whom Augustus introduced as his nephew. The man naturally spoke of Sophronisba as his aunt, but the youth corrected him at once, saying that though he was the nephew of Augustus Smith he was not the nephew of Sophronisba Smith, Augustus' sister. As Bildad the Tishbite might have said, How come?

Another simplicity, which doesn't really involve trick relationships at all, is the following, which has cropped up time out of mind in all worthy collections of puzzles: at a certain family party there were present one grandfather, one grandmother, two fathers, two mothers, four children, three grandchildren, one brother, two sisters, two sons, two daughters, one father-in-law, one mother-in-law, and one daughter-in-law. The party was held in a small apartment, with room for only seven people around the table. And yet all were served at once, without the slightest inconvenience. Perhaps you can explain this without recourse to relativity or the fourth dimension.

One favorite kinship puzzle is usually set out in the form of a story. This involves getting two people into a situation where there is no possible room for another party—say in a two-seater plane—and then proceeding something like this: "Well, this plane would only hold two people, get me? And this pilot took my uncle up for a ride. After awhile this pilot started to stunt, and my nephew, who is a nervous sort of chap—" At this point someone usually interrupts with "You said it was your uncle in the plane, not your nephew." To which the narrator replies, "Oh, yes, my uncle and my nephew were in the plane. So this pilot didn't pay any attention to my uncle; in fact, he called to my nephew, 'You ain't seen nothin' yet!' and stunted worse than ever. So then my nephew reached for his

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The Dublin Slasher

He was one to disprove the theory that the fighters were always better in the old days

by JIM TULLY

• FICTION •

SHANE RORY had just been matched with Torpedo Jones for the heavyweight championship of the world. We were on our way to his training quarters.

There were four of us in the car. Shane Rory and his manager, Silent Tim Haney, Hot and Cold Daily, sports writer, heavy of movement, quick of mind, and myself.

Silent Tim Haney was never quiet. Hot and Cold Daily was never the same. Hence their names.

Silent Tim Haney was unusual in that he was a great manager who had been a first-rate pugilist. He was the only man ever to whip Joe Slack.

He first became famous as the manager of the Dublin Slasher. The Slasher had once broken both his hands on Sam Langdon's head.

Dismal moments followed.

"Say nothin' to a livin' soul," ordered Silent Tim.

A match with Jack Dolan and a guarantee of twenty thousand dollars, win, lose, or draw, was two weeks away.

Arriving in the city where the fight was to be held, Silent Tim was amazed to read a story in the leading newspaper about the Slasher's broken hands.

A doctor friend had an X-ray machine. Silent Tim took another pugilist to him. His hands were photographed.

He later made an appointment with the sports editor at the doctor's office.

Silent Tim Haney and the Dublin Slasher were already there.

He arrived in time to see the doctor developing X-ray negatives. After much persuasion, Silent Tim allowed them to be run exclusively in his paper to prove that the Slasher's hands were not broken.

A less wily manager would have gone no further.

He had known Dolan's manager, Barney Lowry, for years.

"I say, Barney, there's no use of our boys murderin' each other."

"Not at all." Barney waited.

"You know the Slasher'd knock a wall down—a draw with him wouldn't be bad for your boy—Jack's good, you know—but there's no use to take chances with a man like the Slasher—a fast draw—and a bigger purse next time."

The Slasher "carried" Dolan. The match was called a draw.

Time had mellowed the hard old apple.

The car swerved through Central Park.

"Jones'll never beat him," said Hot and Cold Daily as if the challenger were not present.

He blew a ring of cigarette smoke.

"Of course Jones'll not beat him. I hope you're not laborin' under the impression that he will." Silent Tim spoke quickly.

"Of course not, Tim. You know that."

"I know nothin' with a doubt—the man to beat him is not in the world right now—and it's a big doubt that he was ever here before us. They say too much about the old timers—it makes talk for schoolboys—the lad here would of knocked John L. Sullivan's head over a cloud—and Bob Fitzsimmons—ho—ho—a man that a wrestling mauler like Jeffries could whip would have no chance with my boy."

Silent Tim turned his eyes from Hot and Cold Daily to Shane Rory. "There's never been but one man who could fight like him. They called him the Dublin Slasher. He was square all over like a man carved out of rock. He never stopped swingin', never backed up—and he had his own science in the ring. He knew every inch of rope and every foot of canvas. He could tell within ten seconds when the bell would end the round. And in them ten seconds he could whip a bull.

"He was a graceful fighter, and his gloves were swords. In the ring there was nothin' like him—a kind of genius when the gong rang—always he came shufflin' to you, his right foot scrapin' the floor to brace himself. He could of found an opening in a crack for his fist to smash through. He was always on top of you like a shadow with gloves. I've seen him make great fighters cry. If you got an advantage for a minute, he'd top you in that last ten seconds to take the round. He was a cyclone that moved like a slow wind—it's something you can't explain. You couldn't make a move but that he'd beat you to it. And he was never tired or flustered. I used to watch his hair when he fought. If the other fellow mussed it up he'd smooth it down with his glove when the gong rang.

"I brought him over here and the New York bunch tried to steal him. He was loyal for an Irishman—and when he wouldn't break with me they began to frame him on a trumped up charge that he wasn't no more guilty of than a baby. But one lawyer's enough to hang a saint—and they had five.

"If he wouldn't fight under their control, he wouldn't fight at all. It was too bad—but it's the game they call the manly art.

"His mother was a very proud woman, God rest her immortal soul. He didn't seem to care about himself—just her. She was pious and proud, a bad combination—she cracked and died—but the Slasher's will was strong. If ever men walk when they're dead, the Slasher'll be one of them. And so—with many thousands of dollars—we beat the rap—and the Dublin Slasher went right on slashin'."

Hot and Cold Daily cut in—"It's a great story, Tim—I'd like to write it some day."

Silent Tim chuckled, "Bein' a newspaper man, you'll never be able to sit still long enough."

Unmindful of smiles, "Ah yes," he went on, in a half reverie, "He was a broth of a boy—as weak as water and strong as a broken dam."

The challenger gazed straight ahead. Silent Tim's eyes became softer.

"Always a ladies' man was the Slasher. He'd follow a skirt all day—and now, where he is, they're no more useful than a pocket in a shroud." A slight twinkle came to his eyes, "But I wouldn't be sure. On a warm night, when the moon is soft and lingers with its shadow on the grave of a pretty maiden—well, the Dublin Slasher may find his way there—for he'll always be walkin' through the valleys at night with his boxin' gloves on his hands, and lookin' for a rose about to bloom in the mornin'.

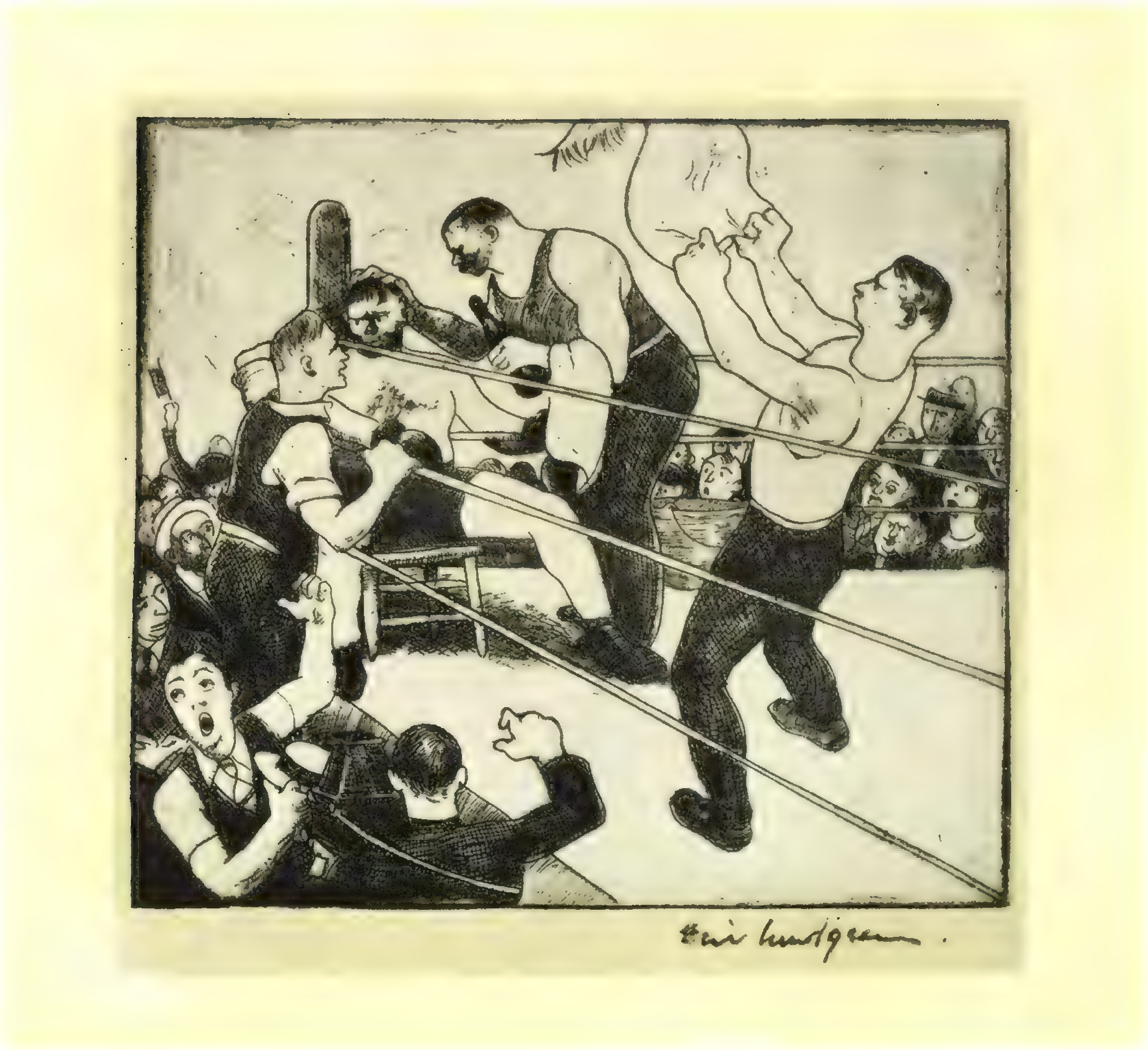
"He was loved by a lass—before he went on his thunderin' way—and he didn't take her with him—bein' confident he could pick up another when he got there. She cried a little, and the tears mended her heart so it could break again. *And her name was Ruby.*

"The Slasher wanted to go to a little place in the West where the mountains rolled away like ridges on a custard pie when it's old.

"The waters would help him, he said—it was like the lightnin' goin' to a garage for new batteries—but I said nothin'.

"Time hung heavy as a loaded glove in the place—for the peace was in the mountains and not in the heart of the poor Slasher. And God help me till the day I die—there was a girl there—and that was enough for the Slasher. She was the sweetheart of some Eytalian warbler who played music in the dining room so the guests couldn't eat too much—but the Slasher didn't believe that other men owned women. He just thought they were put around the world like roses—and the man up first got them before the dew fell off their petals. So he was cavortin' with the girl just like the big Saint Bernard puppy he was—when the Eytalian sees them—and may God never allow any more misery in the world if what I tell you is not true. He shot the great Slasher with a little Flobert rifle—you wouldn't have thought it possible—such a tiny bullet endin' such a mighty man—like a raindrop floodin' a mountain.

"I took him to New York, as lonesome a trip as a man ever had. At such times a



ETCHING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

man wonders what the meanin' of it all is—

"When I got him to New York the very men who'd framed him were givin' him a last send-off. I was wishin' that God would lift him out of the coffin to smack them over.

"The undertaker met us, and I'll never forget him. He was sympathetic as a second in the other corner. He was runnin' for some office in the gift of the people. Undertakin' wasn't his reg'lar business any more except when a big shot died and he'd get his name in the papers along with the dead. His face was like a lamp with no light and as empty of oil as a gourd. He had the mock reverence of a cat when it's killed the wrong mouse.

"We all sat around in the room with the undertaker sayin', 'Make yourselves comfortable, gentlemen,'—and all of us starin' at the box that was loaded with him that would never more get out—

"And Joe Slack says, 'He was a good fighter—almost as good as the men of the old days—'

" 'Ah nuts,' says I, 'Joe, you're always talkin' of the old days. Wasn't it you and me that fought four times long before this dead lad was born. You know in your very soul that he could of fought us both in the same ring till our ears dropped off—don't let your mind get old by sayin' there's no good men walkin' the earth in these days.'

"And Joe said, 'Have your own way—I didn't agree with you in the old days—and I don't now—'

" 'It wasn't us that made the decisions—it was the referee—' But I said no more—after all, it's not fair to fight old battles over the great and mighty dead.

"Then a drunk reporter comes in, and 'God rest the soul of the immortal Slasher,' said he.

" 'God rest your own soul,' says I, 'it was you that helped to break his heart.'

"The reporter started laughin', 'Why, Tim,' said he, 'not even God can give rest to what a man hasn't got—' He staggered toward the coffin—'Suppose we see what the Dublin Slasher looks like—after all—'

"The undertaker had two young undertakers with wing collars and black ties open the box.

"While they were takin' the lid off, the reporter says to me, 'Tim, you better have some one warn Jack Dolan—' and everybody laughs.

"Jack Dolan was the good fighter the Dublin Slasher beat so bad—knockin' his ribs so loose they never got right again—

"And when we were all quiet, the reporter says, 'Don't let nobody ring a bell when the lid's off—he'll hop right outta that coffin and sprinkle us all with embalmin' fluid—'

"Well, we all looked down—I'd seen him so often when the blood was runnin' in his veins like fire—but I'd never seen him quite like this before—

"His fists were closed over his breast like a young priest prayin'. His head was square as a block and his jaws were so tight together you could see the muscles bulge. It was just like he was sayin'—'They'll never hold me here.'

"A crucifix and a rosary was wrapped around his hands like they was afraid he'd start hittin'—and his shoulders just fit into the coffin. What a mighty man he was, layin' there so still a baby could slap him.

"The look of him sobered the reporter. He made the sign of the cross on himself and said something in Latin.

" 'Pray United States,' says Joe Slack 'to hell with all that Greek—'

" 'We'll let him lie in state here, as it were, for a while,' said the undertaker, 'He'll rest easier with all your kind thoughts flowin' so warmly over him—'

"Handsome Ed Barney'd been his trainer. He stood there wonderin' what it was all about—and the tears slid down his nose every time he wondered—

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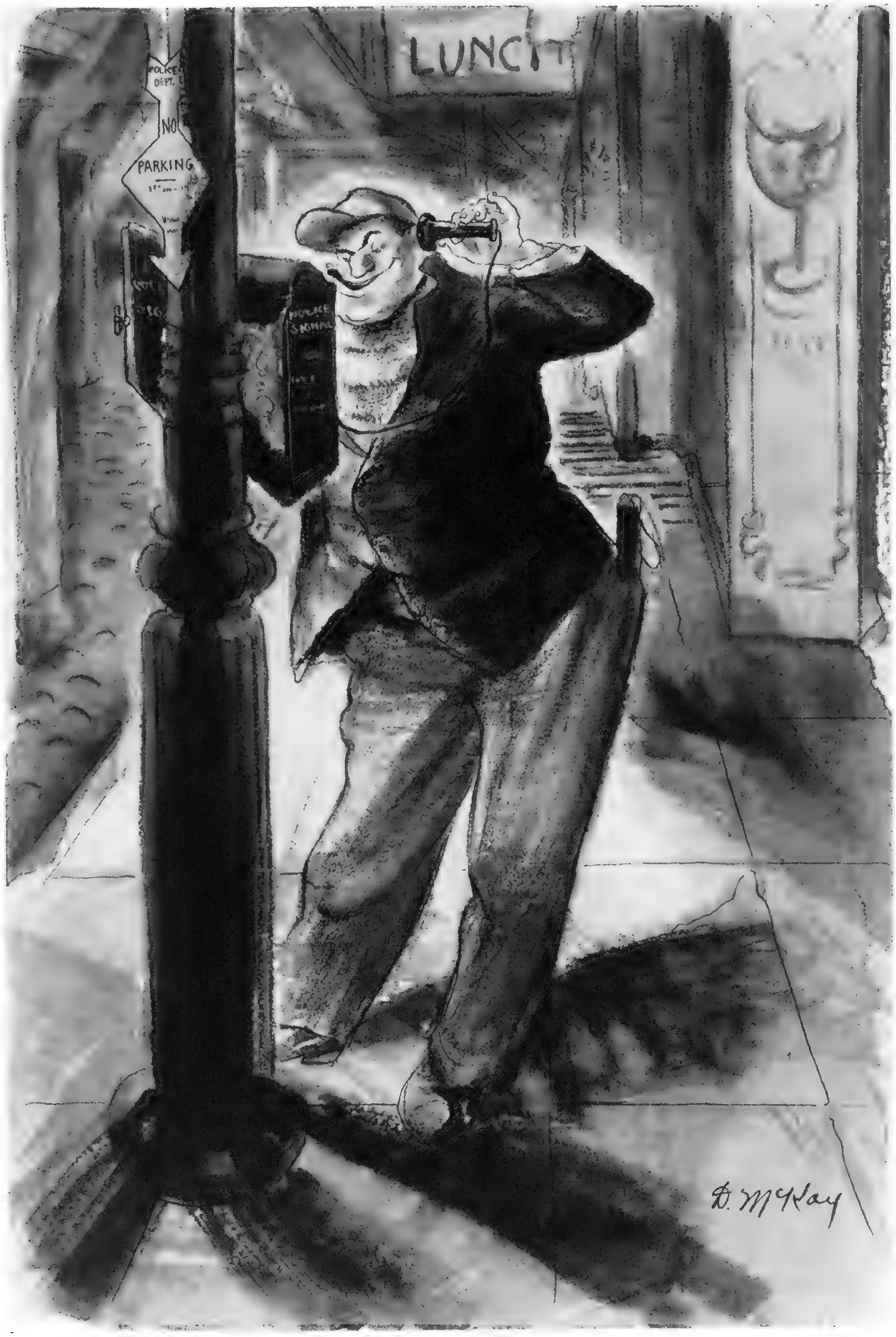

LUNCH
POLICE DEPT.
NO PARKING
POLICE SIGNAL

"Hello Chief . . . Guess who's in town?"

Buckshot and Beauty

Writing is the revenge of this little brother upon a contrary B B gun and adamant engines

by GILBERT SELDES

THE LIVELY ARTS

Unlike all other writers, especially of syndicated columns, I never receive letters asking me how to become a newspaperman or how to become a writer. (No one, it seems, ever asks how to be a newspaperman *and* a writer, which is an insult to our profession.) The fact that I do not get these requests is a little humiliating, as it implies that my readers do not think me qualified to answer or do not wish to become the kind of newspaperman or writer I have become; or, perhaps they assume that with my talents, nothing but luck could help, and as far as this covers my newspaper career, they are quite right, for it is not a career, but a series of accidents, which can be covered in a few unilluminating words. My brother, a good reporter, persuaded a soft-hearted city editor to give me a job, without salary, on the now vanished *Pittsburgh Sun;* when I rose to an offer of fifteen dollars a week, I quit, for reasons now mysterious to me, and fell into a job on the *Philadelphia Evening Ledger* not because they needed a reporter, which I was, but because they needed a music critic, which I wasn't. Then for fifteen years I had nothing to do with newspapers until a friend gave me the post of dramatic critic on what was supposed to be the lowest tabloid in New York with instructions to be as highbrow as possible. The tabloid is also defunct, but I got away before the final agonies began. The fact that I am now a columnist, I ascribe entirely to one law of publication: if your name appears often enough in print, it will continue to appear in print.

In all this I see no great moral lesson and I do not see how anyone will benefit by following my example unless the same brother and the same friends are standing by to aid. But my experience in becoming a writer is another matter entirely and the youth of America, on hearing of it, will be inspired with a mad hope and an even madder enthusiasm. Such a career as mine is open to all, and most of them are welcome to it. The only essential is to be born in a village. I believe that roughly half our children are already so favored and if Mr. Ford and President Roosevelt and a lot of real estate men have their way, more and more children will qualify. You will note that I say nothing about being a farm boy. Of the fourteen acres which constituted our country estate, seven were virgin, but not particularly attractive forest, and the other seven reluctantly supported a vineyard from which we made a little sour wine and a nearby factory made a lot of sweet grape juice. We had no cow, no horse, no pig; we managed chickens, badly, and even for them we had a hired man who also acted as assistant mail carrier. We raised no strawberries and no sweet potatoes which were the basic products of our community. In my eleventh, and last, year on the "farm" we had a vegetable patch—we were shamed into it. Our watermelons were not sweet.

It was just because we were not farmers that the great creative urge arrived and, once it had arrived, got free play. Having no chores to do, my brother and I were pampered with playthings and the moment we rose above the stage of the cap-pistol, literature was on the way. It began with air-rifles, the kind which shoot little pellets of metal which we called, in those days, buckshot. Buckshot may be the proper name, but I can't be sure. In theory, you poured a handful of shot into a reservoir, cocked the gun by maneuvering a handle, pulled the trigger, and then shifted the lever again for the next shot. What was probably a repeater. That is the way my brother's air-rifle actually worked—and that accounts for the fact that although he is three years older than I, he was ten years behind me in publishing a book. Life was too easy for him; he didn't need to write. My air-rifle, in the first hour, developed nasty temperamental difficulties. The cocking, or repeating, gadget refused to work. The only way you could get shot into it was by dropping a single pellet down through the nose, shaking the rifle until the bullet fell into place, and then firing. In short, I had, in 1900 or thereabouts, an old-fashioned muzzle-loader. You can see the effect this would have on a sensitive child: at once I was spiritually sympathetic with the old pioneers, I entered into their hardships and into their triumphs, I understood the courage and the loneliness which had conquered the great open spaces of the West. And, already, I had suffered. An artist must suffer.

It was, however, my air-rifle and not myself which had the inferiority complex (an artist must have an inferiority complex). The next step in my literary career was taken when I got a real rifle, a .22 I think, with a steel-blue barrel, combining the best features of the cap pistol (the bang) and the air-rifle (the projectile). By this time the old trapper in me had an excellent chance to flourish, and my literary career might have gone down to oblivion, but fate intervened. I had just got to the point of scaring (but not hitting) the chickens when two or three small pieces of metal fell out of the gun—right into my hand as I was about to shoot. I shot anyway, with no ill effects (and no good ones) but I reported the loose odds and ends of springs and bolts to my aunt who was, at the moment, in authority. She had a rooted dislike of anything that fired off anything and her order was that the .22 was not to be fired again until it had been repaired. The rifle was sent to the hardware store in the town nearby from which it had been bought; three weeks later I went for it and was asked to pay seventy-five cents for, I think, freight charges. As the whole thing had cost about two and a half dollars, this seemed excessive; I protested that I had returned an imperfect mechanism to be repaired free; the dealer was stony-hearted; on an allowance of one cent a day (for which I had many uses), I could not save seventy-five cents and my aunt refused to advance it or any part of it. The rifle remained with the dealer.

Here was injustice—an artist has to experience injustice in order to give him breadth of sympathy. It rankled. It rankles still. Only two years ago I drove through the town and was just about to stick out my tongue at the hardware store when I discovered that it had been changed into a radio shop. Yet even then I knew in my heart that my deep deprivation, the loss of that rifle, the only rifle of its kind in the village, was a turning point in my career. I remember (perhaps I don't) that it was the summer after I lost the rifle with the steel-blue barrel, that I began to write in earnest—a fury of creativeness seized me, and the editorial slips of rejection from the *American Boy* and *St. Nicholas* seemed to breathe a deeper respect for my efforts than they had breathed before.

It would be wrong to give the impression that only mechanical objects, and firearms at that, formed my talent. There was swimming. There was swimming, I mean, for other boys. For me, a good wade was enough. I could, to be sure, paddle dog-

Continued on page 208

The Brothers Jiminez

In Mexico, and all over this world, men still discover new reasons for killing each other

by R. H. TORRES

• FICTION •

It was a time when all over the world good old Death was smelling us out in every corner. People like me walked around with their hands in their pockets and shoulders hunched trying to get out of his way.

Just that morning good old Death almost caught up with us. When the sun came up bullets were singing over our heads. Outside on the plain one of Trevino's pursuing columns lay in the brush and shot at us. But we were lucky that season. There weren't enough of them, and in the end we beat them off. Some of us were even so brave that, riding out on unsaddled horses, we cut off a whole detachment—twenty men and three officers—and sent the rest of the Federals plunging away like frightened steers to San Mateo over the hills. Some of us did that. The others stayed on their stomachs in the bean fields close to the village and watched.

The sun shone hotter than ever before that day, and after the fighting all we wanted to do was get out of it. And so everybody sat in the shade, and four men stood under the overhanging roof of the *alcalde's* house with guns to their shoulders and sent eager bullets at two of the captured officers, who stood out in the sun waiting for them with blindfolded eyes.

After that I sat outside at a table in the shade of a white adobe house and stained my fingers with the ink of what was left of our army's red tape. The ground received the sun's glare and threw it back with the heat of a thousand furnaces.

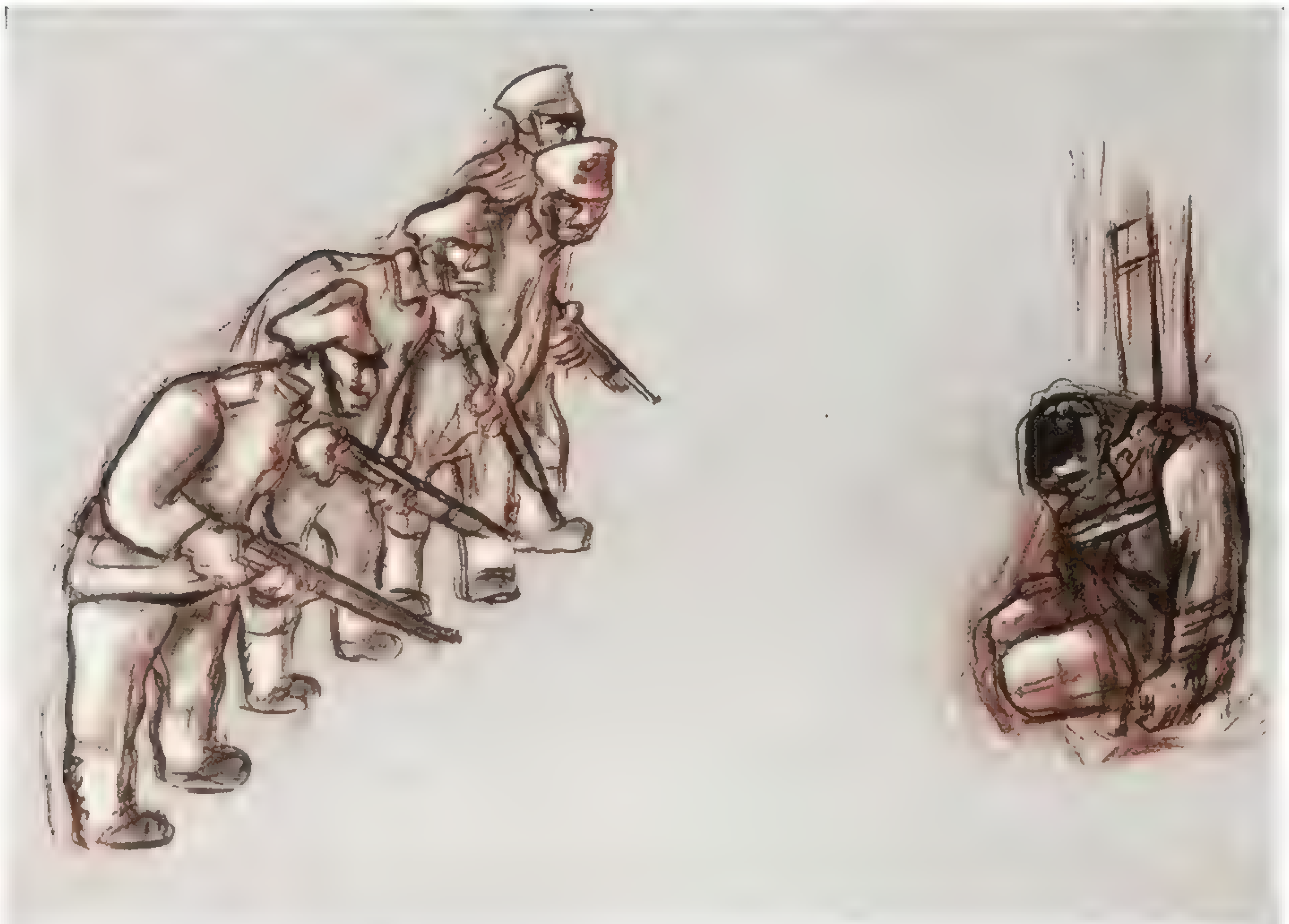
“God damn you, old sun!” I said and moved the table closer to the wall and wished for peace and rest and no more revolution. The Tiger of the North was come on such sad days that his Intelligence Staff had to sit on a stack of saddles and write with a stolen pen.

Four of the *dorados* came over to share my shade. Stained with dust and sweat, they sat on the ground and complained. A splotchy faced one talked.

“When they got off their horses and got down on their bellies to shoot at us I had an idea. So I sneaked around—they didn't see me—and chased off all the nags with a wave of my hat, and there they were with only their own legs left to take them back to San Mateo. Sure it was easy catching them after that! Why not, after I'd thought up chasing their horses off? All I say is that it's a hell of an army where the generals can't think up those things themselves! God damn it! we got enough to do keeping our skin tight without worrying about strategy.”

Another one spoke. He wore a real *dorado* yellow shirt, only very dirty and torn.

“A bastard was shooting at me from behind a stone. The bullets came so close I almost caught a cold from their wind. And was there anybody around to help me out? Jesus, no! The stinkers were back in the huts, sleeping in the sweet shade and waiting for the bullets to get tired. You can tell the Chief for me, if he's run around all over Chihuahua so far without getting a belt of bullets in his wonderful head it's not their fault. Oh no. Maybe it's my fault and your fault, but it's not their fault. Jesus, no!”



“We could leave half of this army home and get along twice as good,” the splotchy faced one said.

Their talk was disturbing the rhetoric of the victorious proclamations I was writing, the manifestoes, dispatches and what not. A third one spoke up.

“Did you see Jiminez? Did you see what he did? He was waiting for the sun to go down before he stuck his lily white face out into the air. He didn't want to get sunburned. If he hadn't waited so long before coming out on the horses we'd have grabbed the whole bunch of them. And then there'd have been plenty more officers to shoot, too, and the rest of the Federals would be so scared by now they'd go back to Parral and stay there, God damn it!”

“Hey, what happened to the third officer?” the splotchy faced one said. “We took three, didn't we? And we only shot two. What happened to the third one?”

“Yes,” the three others said. “That's right. What did happen to the third officer?”

Then they began wondering. I wondered too. But after a while they got tired of talking and wondering and slid down on their backs and went to sleep. I was left to wonder all by myself, and about other things too besides the third captured officer.

I got tired of the stale rhetoric I was writing, and I put a stone on the papers and got up and went out into the village square. A lot of noise was coming from the saloon where the generals and colonels were sitting and drinking and taking it easy. The sun shining on the white walls of the houses dazzled my eyes. I ducked inside the saloon and looked for Hernandez and found him sitting on a box, his wet shirt unbuttoned to the belt, and drinking beer.

“It's hotter than Merida!” he said.

“And too hot for my chaste skin,” I said. “What's this I hear about only two of the three officers we captured being shot?”

“Don't ask me.”

“Aw come on,” I said, “you know.”

“Don't bother me,” Hernandez said. He emptied his glass and called for the woman who was waiting on the tables to fill it again.

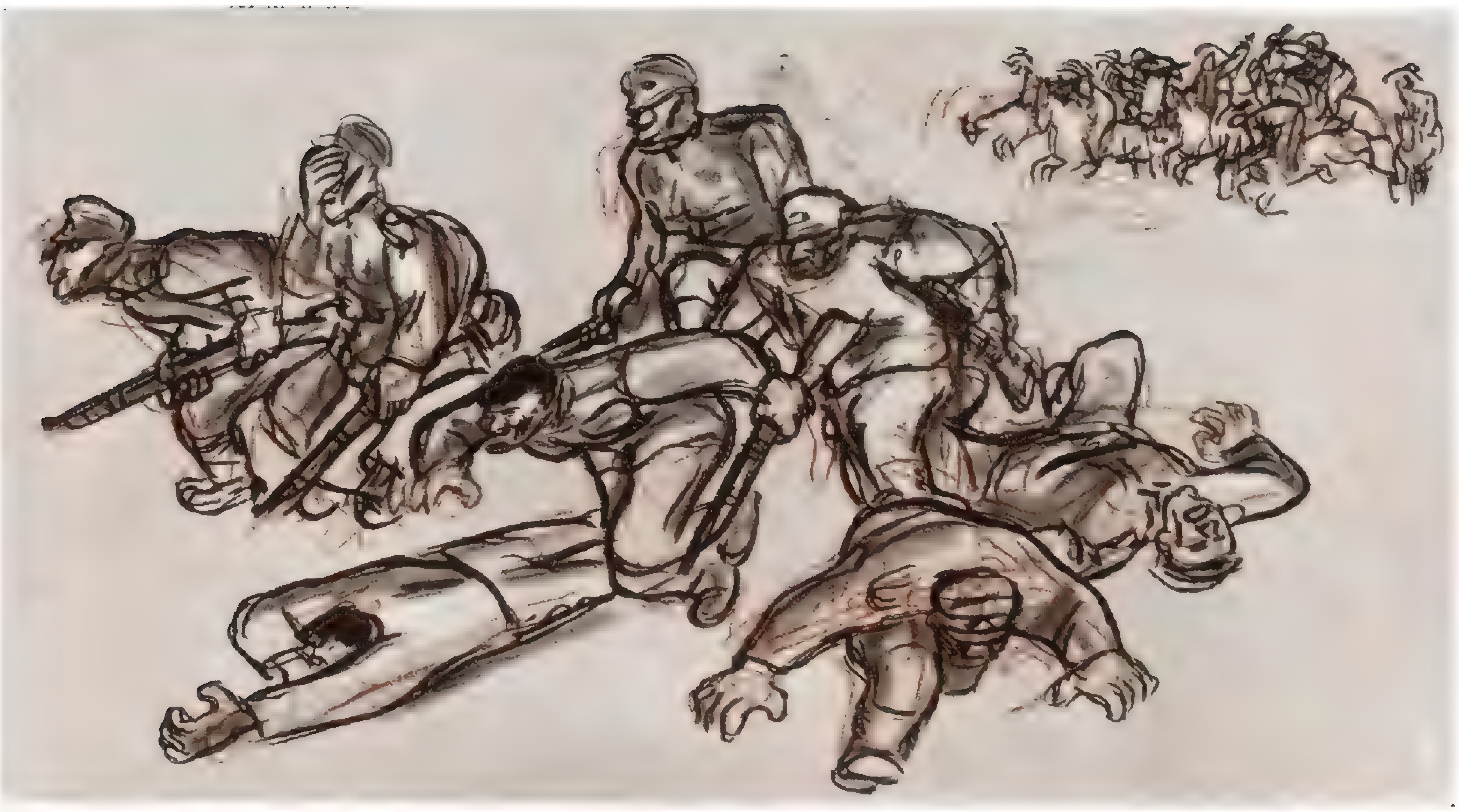
“What's the secret?” I asked.

“No secret. What do I know about secrets?”

The woman brought him a bottle of beer, and he knocked the top off by banging it against the edge of the table. He poured the stuff into the big glass and drank half of it at one swallow. Then he shoved the glass to me and I finished it in five.

“General,” I said, “why not tell me? You know how I keep things to myself.”

“Who the hell are you?” But he was laughing already.



"I'm the historian of these unusual events, and I have to know all the details so I can write the history complete. In the name of the happier posterity that will come to Mexico as a result of this revolution without end, I ask you to open your heart and its dark secrets to one who's gone to school long enough to learn how to write."

He laughed, slapped me on the thigh and stood up. Out of habit he patted the beautiful revolver, big as a cannon, on his hip.

"Come on," he said, and I followed his wide wet back out into the awful sun. Close to the Chief Hernandez was and, now that the other butchers were dead, a very important man.

The sun poured down a dry heat like grains of hot sand against my skin, and still I sweated. We walked to the edge of the square and went in between two huts. Hernandez stopped where the shade was sure and turned around to me.

"Now what?" he said.

"How come only two officers were shot? Of the fellows we captured, I mean."

He leaned against the hut on his left and became serious. "The third one said his name's Jiminez and that he's our Jiminez' brother. So we're not doing anything with him until Jiminez comes back from chasing the Federals."

At the end of the alley between the two huts I saw the red plain quivering in the sun.

"What's the difference? We'll shoot him anyhow, Jiminez' brother or not, won't we?"

Hernandez smiled and spit between his boots. "Maybe. But all the same Jiminez has to have a chance to have his say."

One of the villagers with a little girl came round from behind the back of the hut Hernandez was leaning against. When the peon looked up and saw us, he stopped and turned back dragging the girl with him. He looked frightened.

"You just missed seeing how the people turned out to hail the Army of Liberation," I told Hernandez.

"Army of Liberation! Hell, that stuff's wornout."

We walked back across the square. Yaquis, wearing only parts of their Federal uniforms by now and dragging their blankets, were wandering around in search of shade. They were our latest draft. "Join up with us," we told them, "or join up with General Death." They didn't know what General Death was fighting for, so they joined up with us.

"My general," I said, "maybe Jiminez' brother, if he turns out to be his brother, will fight with us."

Hernandez poked me in the ribs and laughed. "How is it your papa didn't make a priest out of you?" he said.

Then he stepped into the cool dark shade of the saloon, and I went back to my outdoor table.

The four dorados were still sleeping. I sat down and wearily began writing again.

Hernandez was right. I should have been a priest and spent the hot hours of the day inside a nice cool dark sweet-smelling church instead of tearing around Mexico with a band of bloodthirsty, desperate murderers at the perpetual risk of my life, and maybe my soul too. And the risk didn't always come from the enemy either. Every morning when I woke up I would be surprised to realize that after having gone around such a long time with these men I still hadn't come to any harm from them, that nobody had killed me yet just for fun. Even when I thought of it in the middle of the day I was surprised.

After an hour or so I finished writing and had nothing else to do. I read a newspaper I had taken from the saddle bag of one of the prisoners, and when I was through with it I tried to sleep but couldn't. It was too hot for my California blood. I pulled my boots off and gave my feet some air. Then I carefully looked at my face in my pocket mirror.

Pretty soon the sun up in the sky spread out its yellow skirts like a fandango dancer and began to sit down in the west. It became a little cooler, and the four men who had been dozing next to me woke up. They lit cigarettes and sat quietly smoking in a dreamy comfortable mood.

All of a sudden a drumming of hoofs came up from the south, quickly got louder, and then about a hundred men rode into the village in the middle of a cloud of red dust. They were Jiminez' bunch, back from chasing the enemy towards San Mateo. They drew up in the square and dismounted.

I pulled on my boots and walked over. Jiminez stood beside his horse and was wiping the dust off his face with the blue bandana he wore around his neck. He shook his head when he saw me.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Trevino's main force is in San Mateo. We ran into them and were lucky to get away. We'll have to get out of here by tonight."

"Why not stay here and fight for a change?"

"And what will we use for artillery? They'll blow the place to pieces without even getting into gun range. No, we thought of that a long time ago."

One of Jiminez' men led his horse away.

"I've got something to tell you, General," I said.

"Wait a minute till I report to the Chief."

He walked to the *alcalde's* house on the side of the square opposite the saloon and went in. In a few minutes he came out again and joined me. We walked to the house he was quartered in.

"Did the Chief tell you anything?" I said.

"No. Why?"

"General, maybe I'm not supposed to tell you about this ahead of time. For some reason or other it's being kept sort of secret, but one of the officers we took this morning is named Jiminez and says he's your brother. On account of that he wasn't shot with the two others. The Chief's waiting until you see him."

Continued on page 138

Music After Midnight

There's plenty of jazz on the air but it don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing

by JAMES W. POLING

ARTICLE •

Music is a generic term covering a multitude of sounds. Some people take their music in the form of opera, some prefer symphonic music, others are aroused by a hill-billy band and, I am told, there are even those who go for crooners in a big way. Since I am fairly catholic in my tastes I can listen to any of these forms of music without experiencing active nausea. But, for my money, give me *hot* music, music with a swing. Music after midnight.

You might call it jazz. I don't. *Jazz* has become an ambiguous phrase. Today jazz means different things to different people. A decade or so ago jazz music and hot music were synonymous. To the knowing jazz will always refer to a particular type of music which, in order to differentiate, I must call *hot.* But the majority of people today call any form of popular dance music *jazz.* And, sad to relate, far too much of what is commonly called jazz is, in my book, corny stuff played in the groove by a long underwear gang. When, in this article, I refer to jazz music I mean, unless otherwise stated, the *real* jazz and not the synthetic stuff which is customarily passed out to today's unsuspecting and gullible public.

Hot music requires an appropriate setting. Informality is the keynote of this setting. Your own home or apartment will do nicely. Otherwise I prescribe the following—a small, intimate club, crowded, usually to the point of actual discomfort, and hazy with smoke. The hour is already later than is good for you so, in resignation, you decide to stay a couple of hours more. After all, if you are going to feel bad on the morrow you might as well be thorough about it. When you look at the swizzle stick in your hand you realize, with perverse pleasure, that you've already given your wrist more exercise than your head will approve of. So you tell the waiter, "Another of the same."

And, what is all important, on the platform at the end of the room is a jam band that knows its way to town and every member of that band is a brilliant soloist who, when told to get off, is a genius at producing hot "riffs." (The mutations of musician's slang are interesting. It was "breaks" originally. Then it became "licks." Today it is "riffs." In all truth, *hot* is redundant with any of these words.) Perhaps the band itself will be backed up by a singer who knows how to swing and how to sell his stuff.

In other words, a hot spot.

When I say that most of what passes as jazz today is corny stuff I am applying to it the most scornful phrase in the musician's vocabulary. To define it succinctly, corny (derived from "cornfed") means out-of-date, rustic, old fashioned.

To play in the groove is to play in a dull, unimaginative rut. A long underwear gang is a sweet band, a band that specializes in music fit only for amorous morons and as a background for nasal-toned crooners.

The band of my heart's desire knew, I said, its way to town. In other words it knew syncopation and how to play it properly. Each member of that band when told to get off—when given an unscored solo break (as a matter of fact a jam band always plays without scores) — can produce "riffs" — inspired, improvised, syncopated musical phrases. And the singer with the outfit can do with his or her voice just what the soloist can do with his instrument, he can *give.* Hot music is a music of the soul. No musician, no matter how accomplished technically, can play hot unless it is in him, unless it is in his blood, his heart, his soul.

The hot man, when he goes into one of these spontaneous, highly syncopated solos, is as intoxicated with his music as is his appreciative auditor.

Hot doesn't necessarily refer to music that is loud and fast; it may very well be soft and relaxed. *Hot* refers to a musical idiom and attitude, not to a tempo. The lifeblood of hot music is *ad lib* variations on a simple theme; counterpoint, particularly of the fourth or syncopated variety; involved harmonies; and syncopation, in which the accent is shifted to the unstressed part of a beat or measure.

Hot music is generally polyphonic music composed of melodies that support one another, as contrasted to homophonic music in which the melody is supported by chords.

The history and background of hot music is somewhat vague. Conventionally it is stated that it reached this country from the African jungle by way of the blacks of the South. This is a debatable theory. It is enough to say that jazz seems to have originated in the deep South around the first decade of this century. At about the same time it made its appearance on the Barbary Coast of San Francisco.

Buddy Bolden, a black New Orleans cornetist who played unorthodox, improvised harmonies that never appeared on his scores, is probably the first recognized great hot man. He was closely followed by Razz and his band of New Orleans (some contend that *Jazz* is a distortion of his name, others believe that the word derived from another and, shall we say, more fundamental source), Charles Washington in Vicksburg and, in Memphis (note how jazz worked up the Mississippi) Bill Handy, author of the immortal *St. Louis Blues* and *Memphis Blues.* Item of interest: the historic *Memphis Blues* were originally known as *Mr. Crump.* In 1910, or thereabout, Memphis was torn by a particularly bitter mayoralty campaign. Bill Handy and his band were hired to parade the streets carrying the banner of one E. H. Crump. Bill was so inspired by this honor that he composed a campaign song known simply as *Mr. Crump.* It swept the city and Mr. Crump swept the election. Under its original title the piece was locally famous for many years. Its fame spread, Mr. Crump's didn't, and in time the number came to be known as the *Memphis Blues.*

In 1916 hot music made its first important bid for public approval. Five white boys who couldn't read a note of music came from New Orleans to open in Reisenweber's restaurant in New York. *The Original Dixieland Jazz Band*—historic name! The band got off to a terrific start when the band's leader and cornetist, Nick La Rocca, introduced a piece of his own composition, the *Tiger Rag.* It swept the town . . . and hasn't stopped yet. Hot music had come to stay and to lay the foundation for an ever-growing cult of fanatic worshippers. And if you don't think it has become a real cult try today to buy an authentic *Original Dixieland Jazz Band* record. You'll have to pay a premium that would shock many dealers in first editions, and the same is true of most of the early hot recordings.

Ted Lewis, with his high hat, his clarinet and his touring band, further established and popularized jazz and it soon became a national vogue. And then Paul Whiteman came along and "made an honest woman" of jazz.

With all due respect to Mr. Whiteman, he has a lot to answer for. True, he did a lot for jazz but it was with the advent of his band, and its new style of arranging, and its many imitators that it became necessary to dis-

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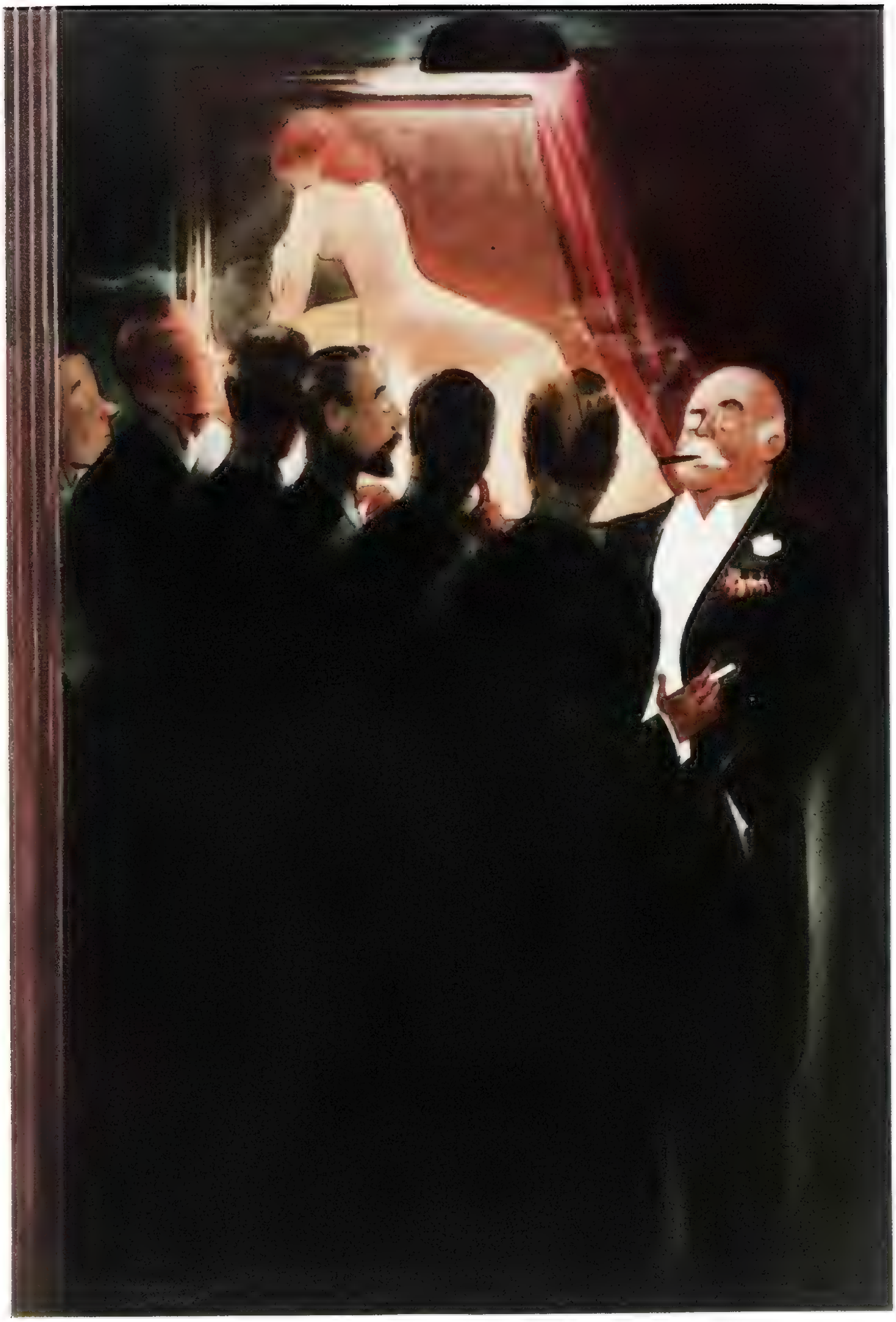
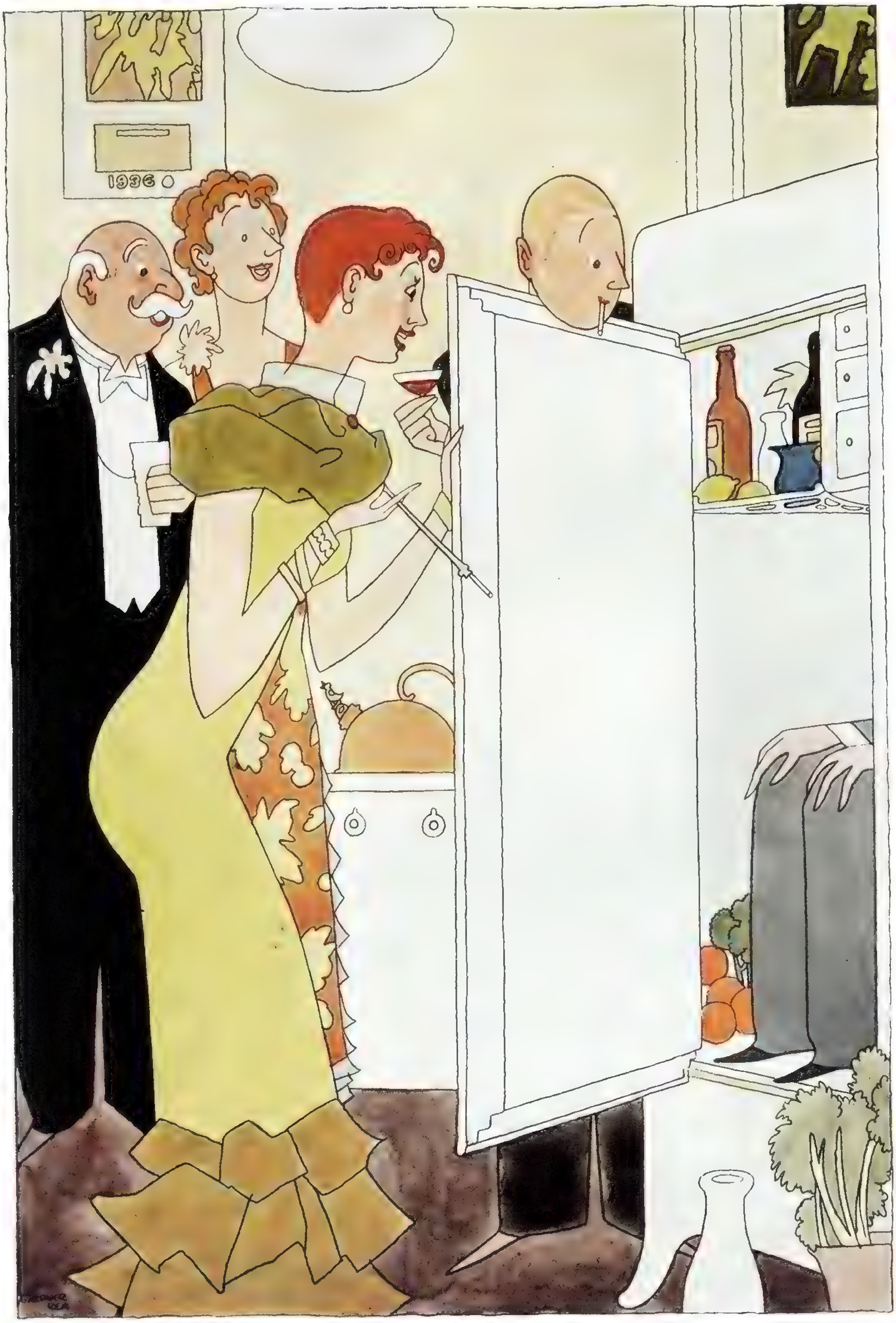


"I only show this to her most intimate acquaintances."


1936
GARDNER REA

"Why, Admiral Byrd! You're hiding!"

Peace with a Pipe

The simple seeming briar is a complex chemical engine which the smoker should understand

by LESTER HUTTER

• ARTICLE •

Tobacco smoking at its finest, in theory, is in a pipe. The man who doubts this never smoked a real fine briar. In practice, though, it must be admitted that there are times when a pipe is unquestionably smoking at its very worst, for as any addict can assure you nothing quite compares to a pipe for moodiness and undependability, save perhaps a ten-cent cigar lighter. Why pipes are temperamental to the point of sheer treachery remains to all but a very few fortunates a complete mystery. Even old-timers commit the classic error of those ancients who applied salve to the arrow to heal the soldier's wounds, by condemning the pipe for these vagaries when, in truth, it is they, alone, who are at fault.

If a pipe had wheels, if something or other moved, then the smoker would soon enough realize that it is a machine demanding a certain amount of understanding for its proper and efficient operation. By divorcing yourself from the notion that every machine must show motion you should be in a better position to appreciate that a pipe is, as any chemical engineer will assure you, a far more complex affair than its simple appearance would indicate; a highly ingenious tobacco burning machine—the result of several thousands of years of evolution and modern laboratory technique. The common failing of pipe smokers is that they under-rate the complexity of a pipe, and then as a result wonder why they can't find proper smoking satisfaction.

Just as a man would be in error if he condemned his fine car for missing, back-firing, and bucking, if not breaking down completely at the most inopportune time, when he never knew that an auto needed water in the radiator and oil in the motor, so the man who picks up a pipe and packs it with tobacco, without so much as receiving a word of instruction as to its care, is as completely wrong when he damns his pipe for fouling, back-firing, and laying down on the job. There's much more to maintaining a car than putting gas in the tank, and much more to maintaining a pipe than tanking up with tobacco and puffing away.

You drive a car and although you're not one whit interested in the theory back of all the intricate parts, you have some rough idea of how a motor works, what a transmission does, and the function of a clutch. A certain amount of working knowledge was an absolute necessity if you were to operate your car successfully. But of your pipe, you know very little, and that little is not only vague and muddled but it is in all probability inaccurate. Therefore, a sketchy account of how a pipe works should not only serve to satisfy sheer curiosity, clear up the many mysteries of why one pipe is good and another bad, but it should serve as a foundation, a basis of fact, a means for orientation so that the smoker will be able to intelligently care for his pipe and eliminate all of its tantalizing moodiness. In fine, it should provide him with some very positive and practical pointers on the selection, breaking in, and care of a fine briar pipe.

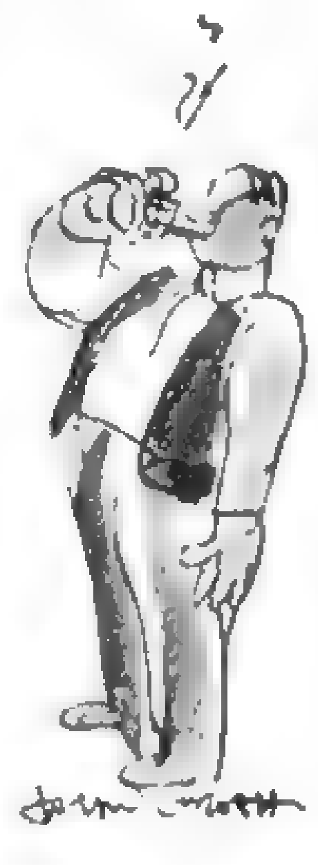
The burning tobacco in your pipe, due to incomplete combustion, produces various chemical compounds which appear in the smoke, the less volatile may for our purposes simply be called, "tars." In low concentrations these tars are sweet and account for that characteristic flavor so desired by smokers. In high concentrations, the very same tars, depending upon degree, become strong, foul, bitter, and vile. The ideal pipe, therefore, is one that produces a minimum of tars and by one or other means controls the quantity carried in the smoke so that it is maintained at the low, tasty, desirable level of concentration. The very first, and probably most important question is: What controls the production of these all-important tars?

Numerous laboratory tests have clearly shown that a certain definite relation exists between the temperature of the smoke and the quantity of the tars. Almost invariably, the higher the temperature the higher the percentage of tars, and the lower or poorer the quality of the smoke. Obviously, the converse holds true. But do not confuse this with a pipe tasting hot or cool, for without exception the smoke of a pipe is lower than body temperature. It is the tars in the smoke acting upon the taste buds of the mouth that induce sensations which we describe in terms of hot and cool. Just as we say a red pepper is "hot," or a mint "cool" when neither a red pepper nor a mint will raise or lower the reading of any thermometer so we must clearly realize that when a smoker says, "My pipe smokes hot," he is referring to a feeling induced by the presence of tar in high concentrations, and accurately might say, "My pipe smoke contains much tar."

A simple experiment should serve to convince skeptics of this. The next time your pipe smokes "hot" blow some of the smoke on your palm, or any convenient spot of the body, and notice that it feels cool, showing that the temperature is below body heat.

Briarwood is a most suitable material for pipes because of its high specific heat. Don't confuse this with high temperature, for if anything "high specific heat" is identified with low smoking temperature. High specific heat simply means that a considerable degree of heat is necessary to raise its temperature. Aluminum, for example, has a low specific heat, so that it is ideal for pots and pans. Briar is an ideal smoking vessel just because it does not heat up readily and thus increase the smoking temperature with its attendant rise in the percentage of tars, conducive to a poorer smoke.

How obvious, then, that the more briar there is to the pipe, the more it will "absorb" the heat—the cooler and purer the smoking quality. Therefore, given two briar pipes the one with the greater amount of briarwood will smoke the better. The first, and very important rule for selecting a fine briar is to pick one that has plenty of briar—the more the merrier. A simple way is to remove the mouthpiece, leaving the bowl alone, and to feel their weight; the heavier is the better one. A better way, because of its increased accuracy is to place the bowl on a balance. The writer uses his inexpensive postal scale as a practical way of arriving at the best possible pipe from this standpoint. You old-timers who have all these years conjectured and wondered why one pipe smoked better than another should get quite a kick out of placing your pipes on a scale—the bowls alone, of course—to find that your pets, your prizes, are the heaviest.



Since any pipe produces tars—a fortunate circumstance or else the smoke would be practically tasteless—the control of these already formed tars is of great importance. And right here is the second reason why briar is so fine a pipe material: it is porous. If you look at a fine specimen under a simple microscope you'll see a sponge-like profusion of pores. These pores sop up the tars so that fewer are carried in through the smoke to the mouth of the smoker. Therefore, the more porous the briar the more efficiently it absorbs the tars, and the more times it can be

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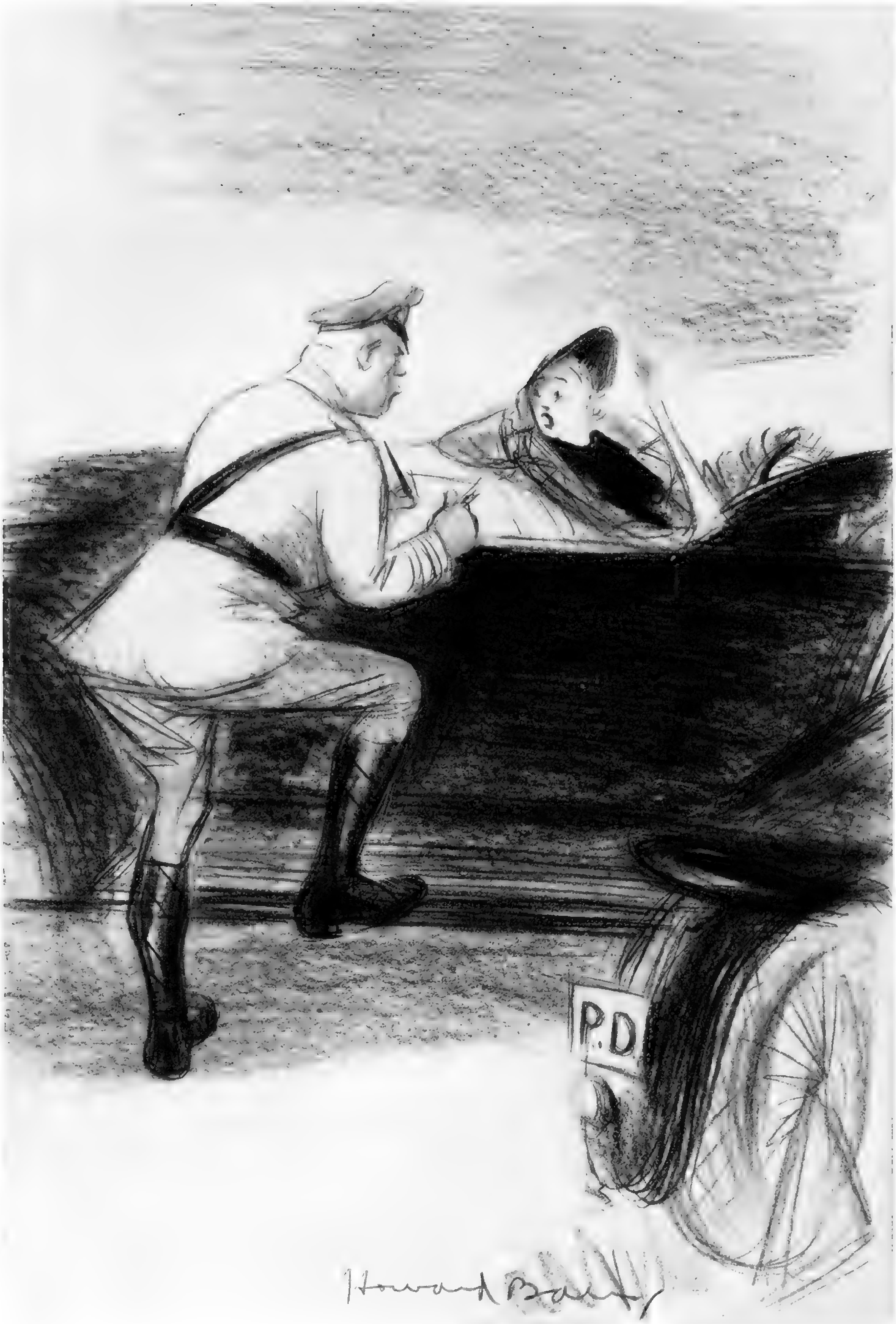
P.D
Howard Baer

"Seven red lights—? I only counted six!"

Record Turn-Over

Adolph Kiefer, Lake Michigan's boy wonder, has cut all world records with his new backstroke

by JAMES S. KEARNS

• SPORTS •

THEY have investigated Adolph Kiefer the past two years for signs of finny growths, enlarged scapulae, needle marks in his arm and the use of electric batteries.

The big-faced German boy who is the fastest backstroke swimmer in the world stands acquitted on the complete defense that all his assets toward speed are legal: a rare blend of strength and relaxation in his flailing arms, a chest the size of a keg, hands that are bigger than Joe Louis' and feet that haven't bothered to stop growing at the size eleven and one-half stage.

If the seventeen-year-old kid from Chicago's Lake Shore Athletic Club pleads guilty to one indictment, it is without recourse to alibi: he admits the charge of reactionary thinking in the business of backstroke swimming. His is no stroke taken from Vol. 2 of *How To Swim.* It couldn't be, for no one before him ever paddled as the strapping blond schoolboy from Chicago paddles. He swims his own stroke, and should the doctors of aquatic orthodoxy choose to be annoyed at the upstart who has buried their theories at sea in the boiling wake of his oversized feet, young Mr. Kiefer may well counter with an efficient, if threadbare, "So What?"

So what, indeed? Against the tenets of all established credos of backstroking, 165-pound Adolph can stack fifteen world records—all that are available—three national A.A.U. championships, every American record and nearly two years of unchallenged triumphs against the leading backstrokers of this country and Europe. He can hop into the water of any pool at any time and give theory the most decisive trimming he has ever handed an opponent.

Back in 1932 when a dozen under-sized kids from Japan ran up Nippon's biggest marine victory in the Olympic pool at Los Angeles by breaking America's long string of international swimming triumphs, a trim, agile boy from Tokyo won the Olympic 100-meter championship with a nifty, free-swinging backstroke that carried him to the tape in 1:08.6 on his fastest effort. To show how good he was, Masaji Kiyokawa later on the same tour clipped about ten seconds off the world standard at 400 meters. That was the supermark of backstroking. But Master Kiyokawa might as well have been entering the Indianapolis auto classic with a 20-mule team. Adolph Kiefer, even then, was swimming his comfortable, home-grown dorsal stroke around Chicago's beaches and indoor pools.

In 1934 Adolph was dropped into the water for his baptism in national competition. In little more than a year, as quickly as he could get around to it, he had ticked off 100 meters in 1:04.6, and then had threatened a smash-up to the whole naval parity pact by reducing the Kiyokawa supermark at 400 meters by a margin of thirteen seconds! Theory? Not for Adolph. The boy likes his comfort.

In point of fact, he blames the whole backstroking business on an early yen for ease. It was because the style felt more natural, was more pleasant than burying his face in the water, that Adolph, with nine-year-old logic, staged his first revolt against the advice of a swimming teacher. A member of four youngsters of a north side Chicago family learning to swim under paternal guidance at Touhy Beach in Lake Michigan, Adolph rolled over on his back at the first opportunity and splashed away.

"Go ahead'n get your faces wet," he advised the rest of the family who sought to coax the midget reactionary back to the ways of normalcy and front-side swimming. "I'll stay this way."

Then it was only a matter of a dry face and a free chance to breathe. Now it is an individual art. Individual because, in the course of his eight years of paddling, the young man has changed backstroke swimming from a deep-reaching, heavy type of stroke to a style that resembles the water action of a shallow-draught racing shell. Kiefer's arms do not dig far into the water under his body. Rather they sweep out away from his sides, his big hands effecting only a shallow take of water, those 11½ feet fluttering in a powerful beat astern.

The old type of backstroking was the outgrowth of a development based on the advancing notions of front-side crawl swimming. The arm action of an effective crawl stroke sends the swimmer's hands deep in the water, much of his weight bearing down on the stroking arm which makes its underwater arc down the center line of the natator's body. That test, "pulling center" in the vernacular of the boys with water in their ears, is still a criterion of good form in crawl swimming. The performer's hands enter the water in front of his head and then sweep back, reaching deeply, along the center line of his body.

Backstrokers of the pre-Kiefer era worked on that theory of swimming strokes. On their backs, they concentrated on reaching well back of their heads, then digging deep with the stroking hand and putting much of their body weight on the working arm. They tried, always, to keep the hand and arm as well under the body as possible without shoulder dislocations. "Pulling center" was part of their credo too, and it was on their shoulder and top back muscles that they depended for the generating of their dragging strength. Kiefer, unconsciously at first, and then deliberately, as Stanley Brauninger saw his possibilities, ignored the favored theory.

He reaches well back with his hands, though not quite so far as those lads who have been trailing him to the finish wall the past two years. There the similarity stops. For Kiefer makes no attempt to pull center. Instead, he sweeps his long arms and big, paddle-like mitts out from his sides, his shoulder joints acting like oarlocks for the rhythmic flashing of his arm sweeps; he rejected the old notion that his shoulders should resemble axles of twin windmills. His body rides high in the water, not thrust down on the stroking arm. He creates a definite impression of being on the water, not in it. His progress is a light racing over the surface in contrast to a drag through the water. Therein lies the basis of his phenomenal pace; there and in the exceptional strength of his arms, for it is from his arms, rather than from his back and shoulders that this new master of dorsal navigation draws the generating power for his speed.

That others have been unable, to date, to improve their swimming time by imitation of the Kiefer style is argument, perhaps, for the notion that only Adolph can swim his stroke. Certainly his arm power is tremendous, but it is his mastery of relaxation that saves his strength and keeps him able to continue his phenomenal speed for as long a distance as 1,500 meters. The relaxation is probably the biggest single mechanical superiority that Brauninger has imparted to the boy idol of the Lake Shore A.C. The coach himself admits that.

"He had the basic stroke before he came to swim for me," he points out. "And he had the barrell chest that gives him balance. I tried to teach him to conserve arm strength, to invite no fatigue from tenseness."

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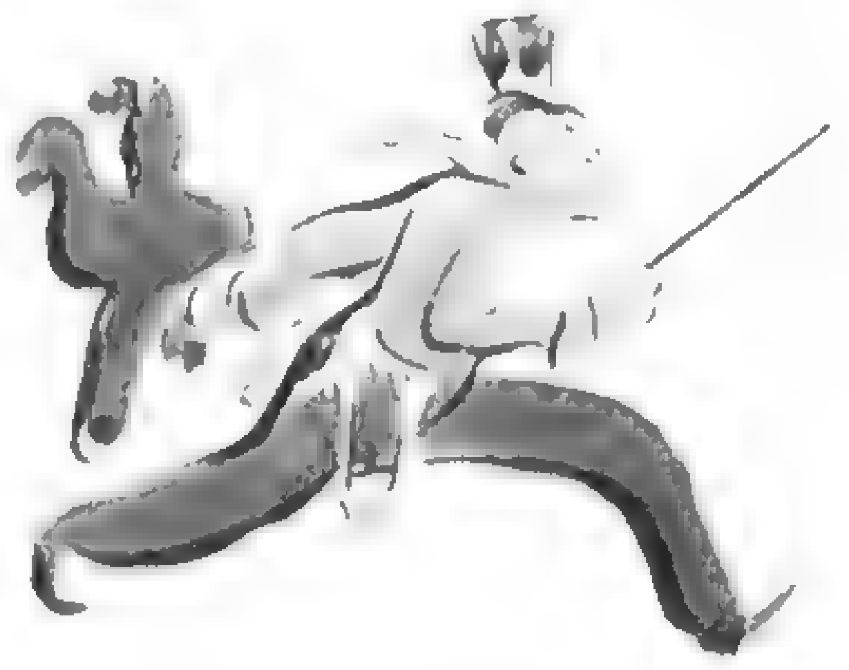
Revue of Reviews

Max Reinhardt joins the company of those who have proved that the theatre softens the brain

by VAN WYCK POTTER

• THEATRE •

BECAUSE two or three out of something like eighteen New York dramatic critics have to get their reviews of a play in to their newspapers shortly before midnight, the other fifteen or sixteen—having evidently been bribed into a spirit of charitable acquiescence by some means or other—have combined with the two or three in a campaign to get the managers to raise their opening night curtains at eight o'clock. As eight o'clock is just about the middle of the sixth cocktail or the oysters for three-quarters of the people who go to first nights and for the fifteen or sixteen boys who don't have to get their reviews in until they metaphorically more or less damn please, and as, further, having to get to any theatre at eight o'clock is something like starting off to go to a night club at 6 p.m., the public quite naturally is inclined to view the critics' gratuitous crusade against its comfort and pleasure with a large and painful bellyache. And old Van Wyck Potter strings along with the public, to say nothing of with the large and painful bellyache.



Where do the critics think they get off? The theatre can't and shouldn't be regarded or run as a shoe factory, even if they trick themselves into the delusion that it can and should. Just because a few ham-sandwich-and-milk dining newspaper editors insist that their reviewing slaves make an early deadline so the bulldog editions won't fail to instruct readers in Peck's Corners and Lopswitch Junction in the world-shaking news that something like *The Fields Beyond* or *Mainly For Lovers* is a piece of cheese, the rest of us theatregoers have to swill our decent dinners and rush like firemen to get to a theatre before even the ushers have had time to deodorize themselves with a little drugstore perfume. I am perfectly willing to call off my dinner after the entrée to be at a theatre at eight o'clock if the play is a really important one. But to ask me or any other civilized person to wreck a life-long schedule of cultivated existence by having to show up at that absurdly early hour to see three-quarters of the stuff the stage puts on every year is asking a hell of a lot too much.

The one happy thing about the whole business is that it won't work. I'm laying odds of 1,000 to 1 on that! At the four experimental eight o'clock openings up to the time of writing—Katharine Cornell's was an exception—not more than one-sixth of the house was full when the curtain went up and for the next half-hour the straggling in of the audience made such an ungodly racket that you couldn't hear a word of what was being said from the stage. More to the point is the fact that at one of the four eight o'clocks seven of the critics weren't yet in their seats when the curtain rose, that at another only five of the whole lot were promptly on deck, and that at a third no less than three of the boys didn't show up until from twenty minutes to, in one instance, three-quarters of an hour late. I can vouch for what I say, because not only did I see it all with my own eyes but, to check up on behalf of the managers, the doormen had been instructed to keep tabs. I've got copies of those tabs, in case any of the lads want to get sore and contradict me.

Undoubtedly the critics' eight o'clock nonsense is the result of a gradual softening of their brains. You may recall that Heywood Broun, who had himself been a dramatic critic of sorts, several years ago wrote a piece in which he argued that constant attendance upon the theatre produced just that effect and who then clearly demonstrated the truth of his assertion by proving beyond peradventure of a doubt that his own long constant attendance upon the theatre had softened his own brain to the point where he stated, very firmly, that Robert Sherwood's *Reunion In Vienna* was the greatest play ever written by an American. If any doubt still existed, he soon thereafter set it completely at rest by successively announcing that every other play produced by one of his old Algonquin round-table cronies was even greater than *Reunion In Vienna*. And just a short while ago he started himself off on the definite, ultimate trek to Chez Matteawan with this: "I want to go on record as saying that in my opinion Clifford Odets . . . has more to say and says it better than any living dramatist in this country. I want to make no reservation in stating the opinion that Odets is a far greater figure than O'Neill ever was *or ever will be*. It isn't enough to say that *Paradise Lost* is a promising play. It is not only the American theatre of the days to come; it is the best our stage has to offer here and now."

Whoopee! Quick, James, the straight-jacket! How, whatever you or I may think of O'Neill, can *you* tell, Heywood, what he will be or what he will do in the future? How can you predict so exactly the American theatre of the days to come? Some fortune-teller, kid! I esteem Odets and am sorry to see you now bracket him with such other of your great dramatic discoveries of past years as Sherwood, John Howard Lawson, Alexander Woollcott, and several additional similar super-O'Neills. Incidentally, I don't always agree either that O'Neill is such a kingpin as a lot of his boosters try to make us believe. But, to borrow your own language, Heywood, I want to go on record as saying that in my opinion Clifford Odets has less to say and doesn't say it half as well as such a living dramatist in this country as Sam Behrman, for instance. I also want to make no reservation—if I may swipe your phraseology—in stating the opinion that Odets is a much lesser figure than O'Neill has been and is. What O'Neill is going to be, I don't know. Maybe Odets will eventually be the greater figure and maybe he won't. But you can't tell, Heywood my *poulet*, any more than I can. Incidentally, aren't you the guy who, when you were a dramatic critic, said that Helen Gahagan was the greatest actress on the American stage and that Marc Connelly's *The Wisdom Tooth* was the one real genuine, A-1 masterpiece in American drama? Come on, boy, 'fess up!

But evidently the critics aren't the only ones whose brains the theatre softens. Take Max Reinhardt, for instance. There was a day, before he came to America, when Max still seemed to be a fairly rational fellow. But look at him now! To read the statements he gives out to the press is to question his sanity and to wonder if it will be long before he joins Broun in some convenient pecan palace. Take off your earmuffs and listen to Maxie: "The greatest actors in the world are in Hollywood! . . . Cagney is the greatest of all. Garbo is good, too. But Cagney is wonderful because gangster films have given him great tension." If such guff isn't a passport to the nearest lunatic asylum, I'll eat my hat. But hold! Consider this: "The legitimate theatre is dying (*Ed. note:* this has been the most successful season the legitimate theatre has had in many, many years) because it has ceased to be popular and caters only to a small number of rich, after-dinner entertainment seekers." If that isn't a key to padded cell No. 1, I'll eat not only my hat but Max's too. Surely the movies, to which the once dignified and intelligent Max has now sacrificed his artistic principles in exchange for a large gob of mazuma, may not be said to have an overpowering love for the theatre. But even they and their spokesmen

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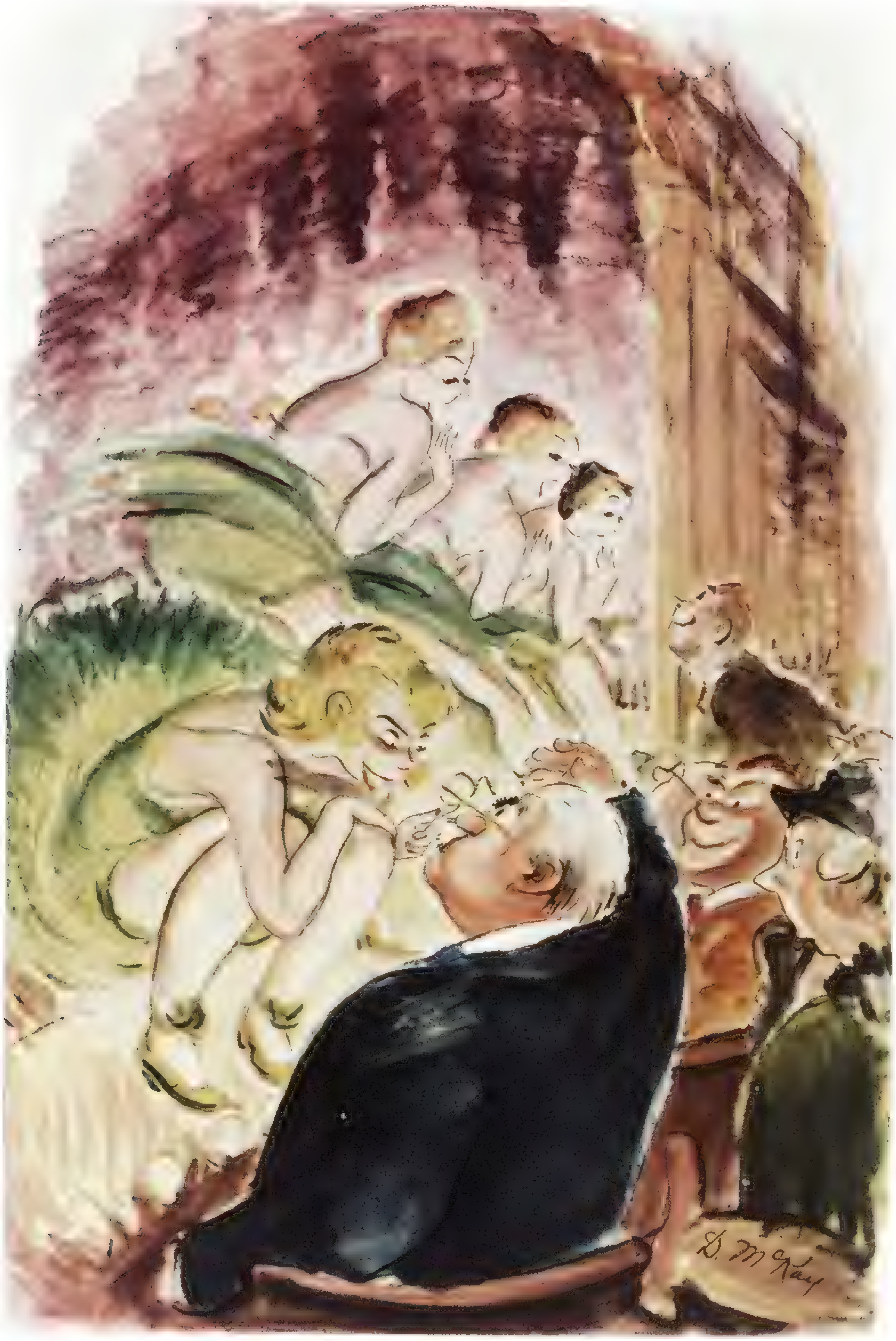
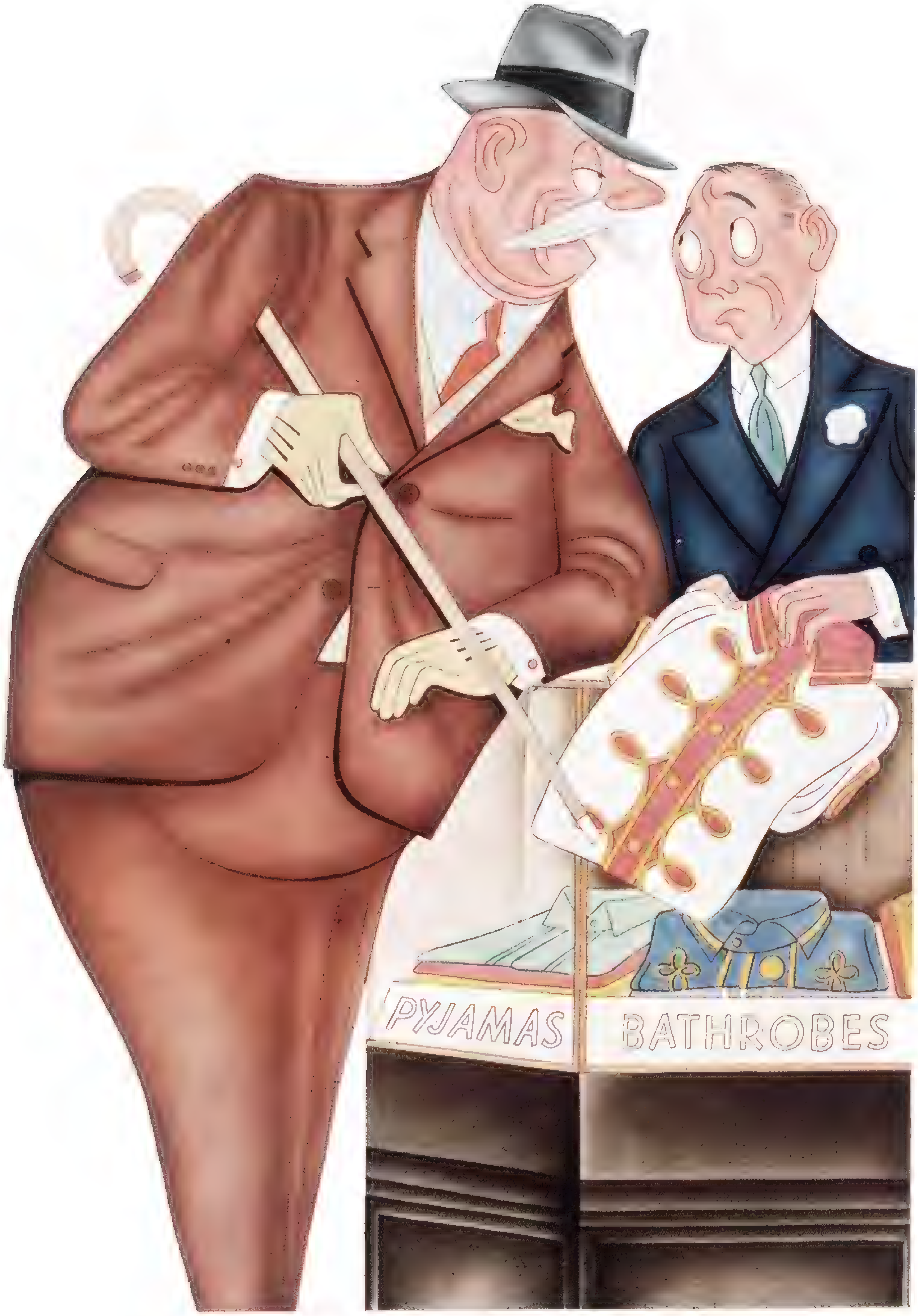


"Don't you remember me, Deacon? I'm Rev. Bradshaw's little girl."


PYJAMAS
BATHROBES

"I want something to go with a blonde"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Rosamond Lehmann writes a masterpiece about a woman in love with a married man

by BURTON RASCOE

• BOOKS •

Vincent Sheean, whose *Personal History* gave such romantic comfort to the collectivists and amateur Communists, has written a novel in which the heroine is a member of the nobility and her lover, a revolutionist, is a heel. Moreover, in the novel, the rebellion is a bust; the heroine is an innocent martyr to a cause and events, neither of which she understands; and Mr. Sheean does not conceal his romantic Irish predilections for the glamour of the high life, its pomp and ceremony and intrigue in the exciting last days of Marie Antoinette, Caroline of Austria, Lord and Lady Hamilton, Lord Nelson and other figures in the crack-up of old European dynasties. Not, to be sure, that Mr. Sheean is unmindful of the poverty, misery and degradation of the vast population which supported the luxury of the kings and queens, lords and ladies.

In fact Mr. Sheean's novel is redeemed from being only a superior and sophisticated sort of cloak-and-sword romance, full of court balls, derring-do on the barricades, love on the cuff and mutiny on the land's bounty, largely because it is pervaded by a philosophy which Mr. Sheean takes quite seriously and which, on examination, seems to have some elements of sense. This philosophy is, briefly, that life is a process of becoming and its ultimate aim is a perfection of equality whereunder no one class will live by exploiting another class and the sweets of this world will be the property of all. This process of becoming, he hints, is a long and continuous one, of which the French revolution, the scourge of Napoleon, the downfall of the Hapsburgs and Bourbons were only manifestations.

The story is laid in Naples when it was governed by Caroline of Austria, sister of Marie Antoinette, and was a pawn of Austria, Britain, France and Spain and the drama takes place during the ill-fated Jacobin revolution. This revolution, says Mr. Sheean, was a flop because it was one in which emotion was allowed to sway the revolutionists instead of intelligence and common sense. They were not prepared to carry through what they had planned; in fact they had no plan except to kill a lot of nobles and their women and to wreak bloodshed and destruction as in a bar-room free-for-all. As a result the revolution collapsed, many people were killed, innocents like the lovely Luisa Sanfelice were executed, selfish rats like her revolutionary lover escaped scot-free, and so the whole bloody business never got anywhere—except that it was, as Mr. Sheean points out, a necessary if unfortunate episode in the Eternal Becoming. This Eternal Becoming is a very convenient explanation for everything, even Hitler and Al Capone. It is very like, in a cruder sense, the *élan vital* of Henri Bergson and the *flame of life* philosophy of Eli Faure, in both of which action of whatever kind has its own beautiful justification for being.

But the historial episode and the philosophy do give Mr. Sheean the materials for a rattling good historial romance, distinctly inferior as a literary performance to Mr. Sheean's superb and intimate *Personal History*, but for what it is it is top-notch, and it is certainly the sort of thing people will like who like that sort of thing. The name of the novel, I almost forgot to mention, is *San Felice*. It is published by Doubleday, Doran at $2.50.

Negley Farson's *The Way of a Transgressor* (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00) which has scored an instantaneous success, is the autobiography of an adventurous and restless extravert just as *Personal History* was the autobiography of a restless and adventurous, charming and reflective introvert. Farson has been around as much as Sheean and has figured in as many travels and perhaps more escapades but he has lived his life so with the minute that not only has experience left him no conclusions; it hasn't even educated him. So singularly unaffected has he been by what he has seen and done that one wonders how adventure made enough of an impression on him for him to recall any of it in tranquility or enough of it to make a book. But there it is—a duck in a rainstorm and being entertainingly articulate about it.

Rumors of imminent publication of many items among the posthumous literary remains of T. E. Lawrence bring to my mind a question upon which I have reflected often since reading *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. You remember the most horrifying episode in the book?—the episode wherein Lawrence tells us his soul was so seared that life thereafter was for him a living death, he a resigned and unwilling participant in the dirty business of living?—the episode wherein he was beaten almost to death because he would not submit to the perverted advances of the sadistic Turkish bey after Lawrence, a spy, had been captured and brought, starved and emaciated and full of fever into the general's camp? Did that episode strike you as having the same sort of unreality as the English spinster's charge that the Hindu professor had raped her in the cave in E. M. Forster's *Passage to India*? It did me; and it adds much to the psychological conundrum that Lawrence presents. It is a puzzle with many angles. Lawrence was an inordinately vain man, in one way (he had a passion for having his picture taken and his portrait painted, so much so that he was one of the most portraitized of contemporary men); and yet he had this perverse notion of trying to keep his identity a secret which only added to the publicity value of anything about him. His horror of women and his complete lack of respect for any of their manifest qualities tells us much about him but it does not explain his expressed Puritanical notions. Or does it?

An immensely pleasing book, in parts, but what I suspect as being largely a phony, is *Around the World in Eleven Years* (Stokes, $2.00), purported to be by Patience, Richard and John Abbe. They are the eleven, nine and seven year old children of the famous news photographer, James E. Abbe and Mrs. Abbe, who was Polly Platt, a Follies beauty. They are grand kids: the evidence of the pictures of them in the book is enough for anyone to know that, without the reflection of their personalities in the text. But, as a parent and observer of the ways and speech and interests of children, I beg leave to doubt that any one of the children wrote down on paper a single sentence of the book. Yet the book is alleged to be the unaided and unedited (except for corrections of spelling) record set down by Patience, John and Richard. This is, I think, a mistake. I believe I can spot every passage in the book which is not only something the children haven't written but something they have never even said or thought—humorous adult observations on the ways and habits of foreign people and quips about German militarism and the Russian custom of bathing in the nude. The children were born in France and educated by French, German and Russian tutors, thereby learning three foreign languages and never being taught the fundamental grammar and syntax of English except by ear as their parents spoke with them. Yet we are asked to believe that these children (exceptionally talented though they are) have so prodigious an inborn sense

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Motion Picture Exhibitor

Is he responsible for double bills, block booking, zoning, super-specials, and stupidity?

by HENRY GOLDENBERG

▪ ARTICLE ▪

At a banquet to which the writer managed an invitation, he once heard Will Hays say that every man in the United States has two businesses: his own and the Motion Picture business. How aptly he spoke is overwhelmingly attested by the countless thousands of words that are daily written and printed about the making and the taking of Motion Pictures. This is the Charmed Subject, the always welcome shop-talk of the Factories of Romance. It has an aura and an appeal that could never attach to, say, a piston manufacturer's tedious delineation of the workings of the mechanic arm. Certainly no other factory ever radiated such magnetic fascination as these mysterious Studios where Beauty always has its hair curled, and Love endures forever. No; obviously the studios have something; and that something is the back-stage lure for that perennial Johnny, the Public. Actually, it is enough to make little shivers of delight run up and down the spine just to be in the *Know* about THE THEATRE.

But, sad as the disillusionment may prove to be, in the records of the *Wall Street Journal*, Motion Pictures are listed as an Industry. And there is an important but hitherto neglected branch of that Industry with which this narrative proposes to deal—the branch with which the Dear Public does business every day of its life and yet knows surprisingly little about: the buying and the selling of Motion Pictures, the *marketing* of a canned product. (Films actually are delivered in cans, you know.) And so it gives us a wry sort of pleasure to trot out for your approval that much-overlooked personage—that brow-beaten, cynical buffer between the Public and the Producer, a man who so sadly needs introduction—the Motion Picture Exhibitor.

NOW PLAYING
STUPENDOUS!
HOT LOVE

If there is no applause, be assured that one becomes inured to it. A majority of the people were never even Exhibitor-conscious until, in a recently famed play, some excited ingénue referred to them as Motion Picture Exhibitionists. In the process of having the joke explained, the Exhibitor got a lot of needed publicity.

Yet he is, and always has been, the long right arm of the colossal epic Industry—the arm that gathers in the shekels from the Box Office. And when I say the Box Office, I mean you.

Presuming, then, for the sake of clarity, that you are the Box Office and I am the owner or manager of your favorite theatre, there must many times have been a lot of questions you wished you could ask me, and that you actually have asked—by direct question, by mail, by comments to innocent ushers; all of your compliments, your slams, your wishes, are carefully tabulated by the assiduous theatre manager to whom your opinion is the guide-post and the whole of the law—the Law of the Box Office.

Probably no other business man in the world gets as much free advice on how to run his business as the Motion Picture Exhibitor. The woods, it seems, are full of cinebodies. Yet, much of the proffered criticism is intelligent and merited; and discounting the remarks from cinebodies and cranks, the questions most frequently aimed at the dodging Exhibitor by the Public are, briefly, these: Why do you have Double Bills? Why don't you have a Stage Show? Why *do* you have a Stage Show? Why is your taste so uneven—why do you show a swell picture one week and a miserable flop the next? Why do you show gangster pictures, or sex pictures, ain't you ashamed? How do you go about buying a picture? Do you make any money? Why?

Taking these questions in the order in which they are resented, we will begin with the accusation of uneven taste: "Why do we show a swell picture one week and a miserable flop the next?" The answer is that we have to play our pictures as they are released to us by the Studios, and we have to buy them whether we admire them or not. This is a system known as Block Booking, and the manner in which it operates may require some explanation. In the old days of the legitimate theatre, and judging by the standards of that era, there were, of necessity, few bad shows. In nearly all instances, before a play went out on tour, it was necessary that it carry the stamp of New York's approval by having first established a run on Broadway. Either it was good and established such a run, or it was a failure and it closed. But . . . not so with our little celluloid-bud, the Motion Picture! There is no such purgatorial proving-ground for the cinematic soul. The Producers put the best they can get and the best they can do (allowing for the uncertainty involved in dealing with human personality as a commodity) into their pictures, and once a picture is finished it is very seldom shelved. It is *sold*, appearing simultaneously throughout the country. As a matter of fact, it was engaged, like an Indian bride, long before it was even born. This is where the Exhibitor and Block Booking come in.

Block Booking, as the name implies, is the process of buying in advance the *entire output* of any given company for a given season, *sight unseen*. The Exhibitor must buy his pictures not only without having seen them, but often months and sometimes years before they have even gone into production. What he is really buying, of course, is the reputation for past performance of the Producing company. If, at first glance, this seems like putting the cart before the horse, consider that in reality this is what you actually do when you subscribe to a magazine or paper for a year in advance. All you are betting your money on is the known policy of the editors, their record for past performance, and your confidence in the continued quality of their material. In just such a way the Exhibitor buys the advance output of a Studio, under an iron-clad contract that is a perfect marvel of judicial phrasing; and if at times it compels him to play product that he shudders to contemplate, by the same token it protects him when the "Scoop" picture falls from Studio-heaven, prohibiting his more powerful competitors from overbidding him for the plum. Obviously, if it were possible for a film buyer to go into different studios and select only the choice product from each, the most powerful purchasing-agents would buy up the hits from all companies, leaving just

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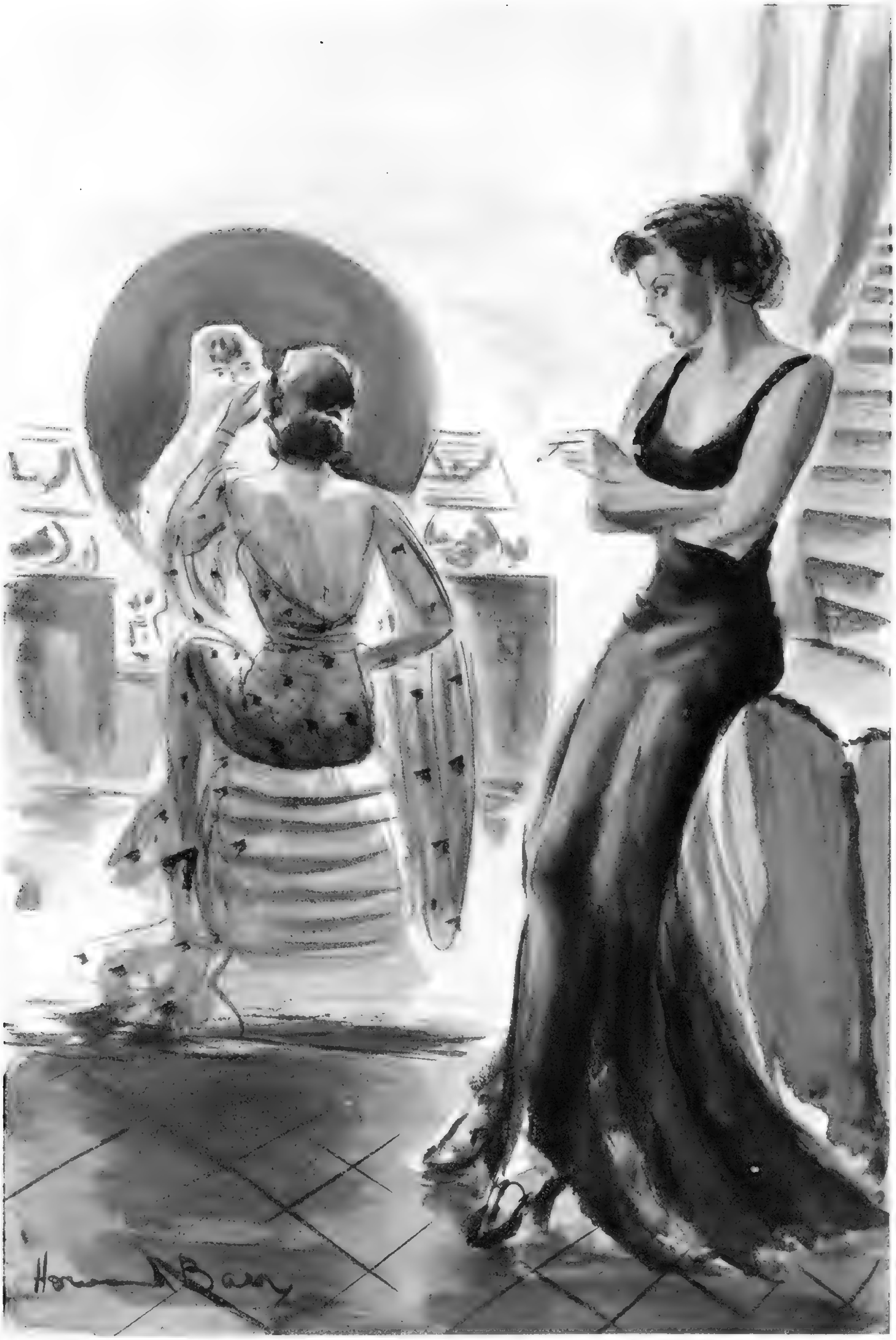
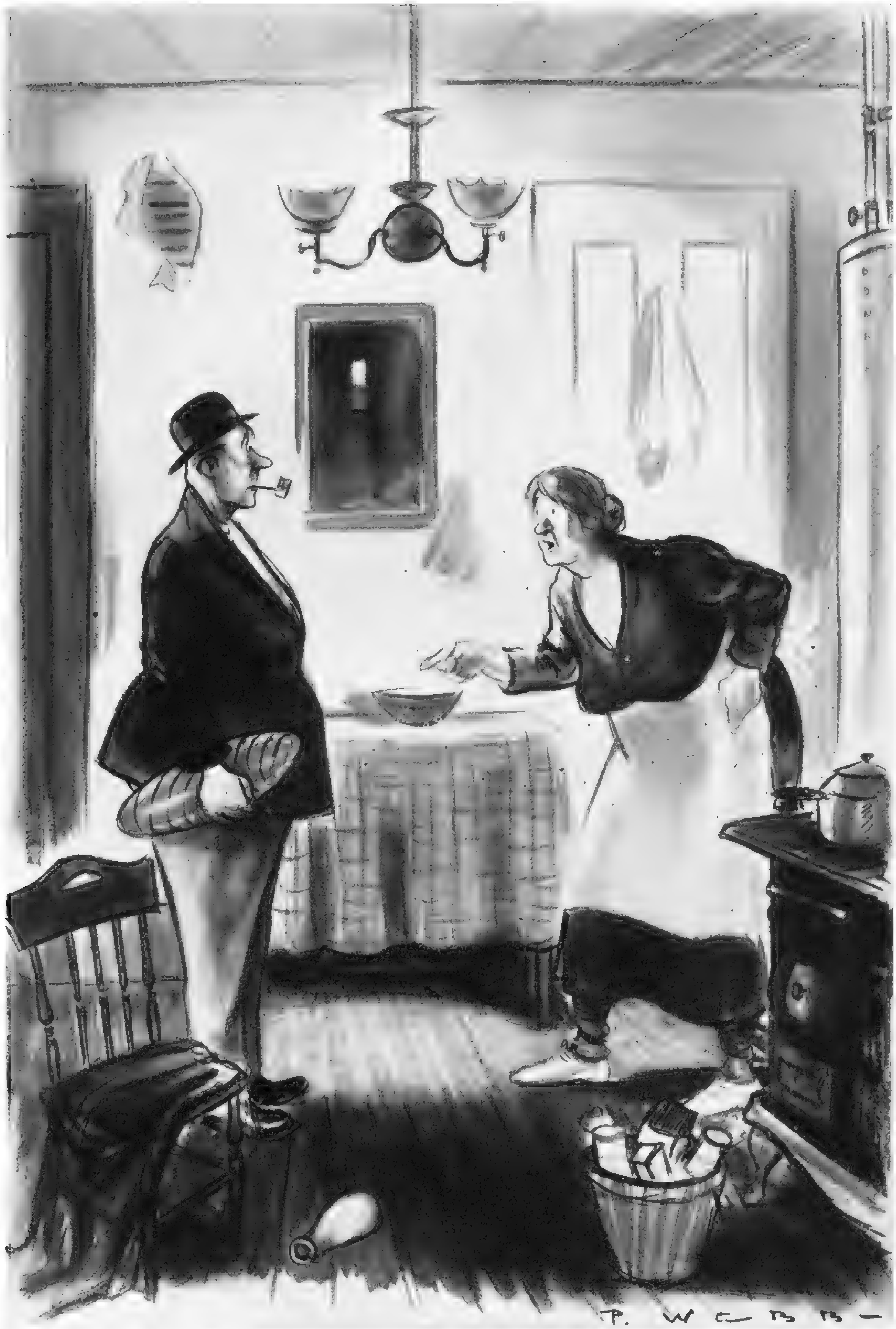

Howard Baer

"Then I got very mad, because I should have blushed but I couldn't"



"WHAT—more bread?—an' not a drop of whisky in th' house!"

Saturday Night's Painter

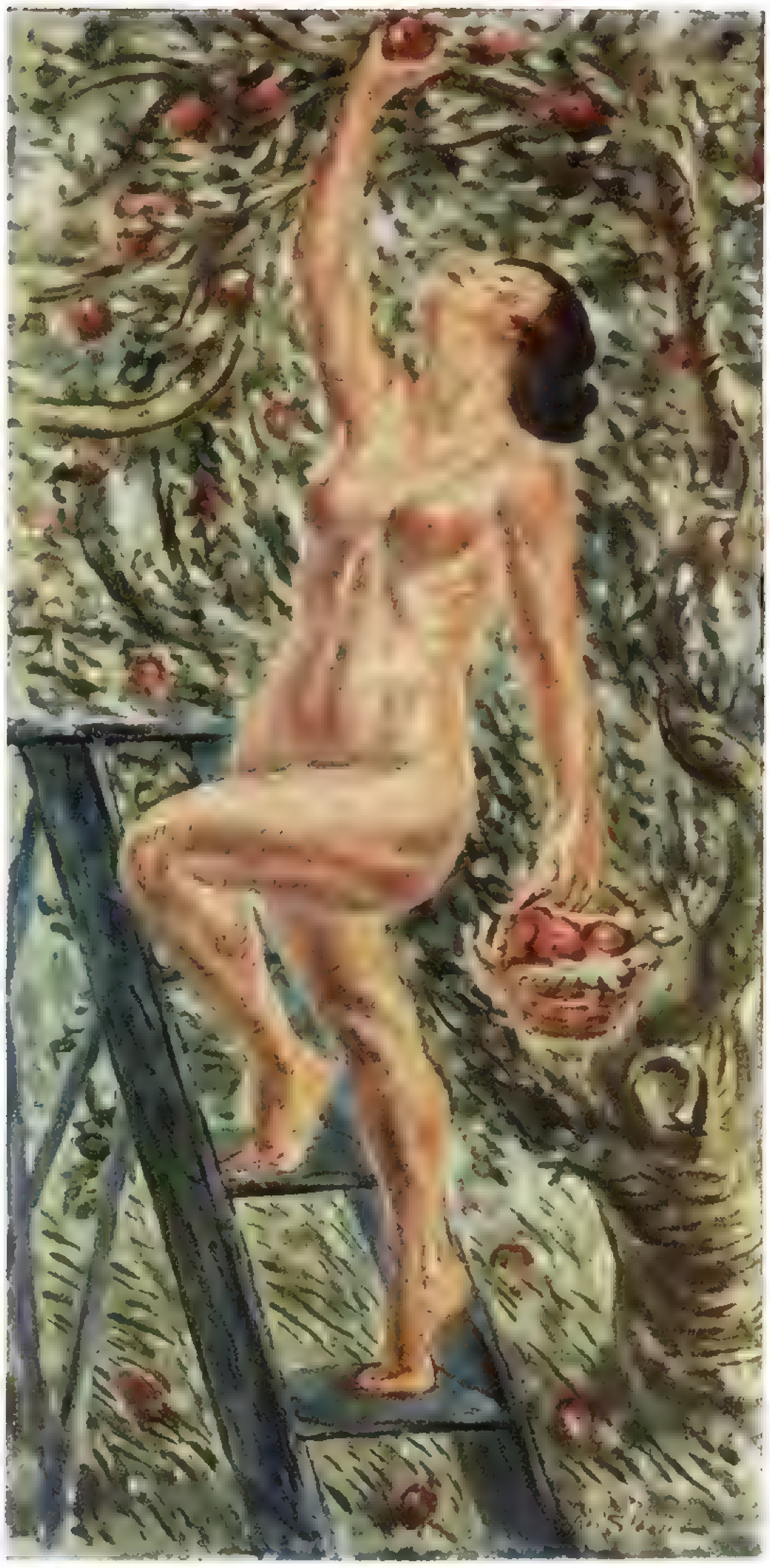
John Sloan, from his portraits of McSorley's bar to his latest theories on cross-hatched nudes

by HARRY SALPETER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

To many John Sloan has represented not only art but Bohemianism. Whenever an artistic controversy was raging and a crowd had collected, you could count on John Sloan being in the middle of it. John Sloan is to art what that clergyman is to religion upon whom the boys at the newspaper shop can count for a statement on some moot matter for any dull Monday morning. The clergyman may be a good man of God and John Sloan is a good man of art but the painters who don't get the publicity call him a publicity seeker and Mr. Sloan explains, as does the clergyman, that he likes to help the boys out. Mr. Sloan was once, in a manner of speaking, a newspaper man himself. The truth is that Mr. Sloan has an itch for rebellion, a nose for publicity and a way of dramatizing controversy. Unlike most painters he has a telling way of speech as well as a telling brush stroke.

Having spent most of his New York life in Greenwich Village and having labored in rebel causes identified with the Village, Mr. Sloan has come to be regarded as the type of artist Bohemian. He himself denies he is a Bohemian and a number of contemporaries deny he's an artist. There is probably more of the Scotsman in him than of the Bohemian and those who don't like him, supposedly on the higher impersonal ground of art, call him an illustrator, which seems a proper enough word to most of us but among many artists it has the challenging connotations of some rounded phrase like "you dirty, slinking, cowardly, white-livered dog of a dog."



APPLES

See following pages for a portfolio of Sloan reproductions

Yet there is enough in the record to confute both Mr. Sloan, who denies he's a Bohemian, and the artists who call him illustrator. Here is his life and there is his work. Neither has been passed over in obscurity. In fact, each has had rather a good press. The record is open. As a man, Sloan is a fighter. Being partly Irish his rebelliousness may be taken as a matter of course. However, not all his causes have been lost ones and his chief triumph is his personal career. There is no artist so successful that he does not suffer glum, if not embittered moments and few painters so triumphant in the present who do not hope that tomorrow's recognition may make amends for today's neglect and humiliation. There are moments when even John Sloan regards himself as lonely, ignored and misunderstood.

As a painter, he looked out of the window—specifically on Washington Square—and he walked the streets and parks 'round about and he sat in the cafés of New York's Bohême and he fought the good fight for the old *Masses* and for liberty of speech and liberty of art, and life was good and the sense of joyousness ran over from his finger tips onto his canvasses. He was an artist of life. Rebel against war and stupidity that he was, and is, his pictures preached, maybe in spite of himself, the sermon that it was good to get about, to breathe, to talk, to eat, to drink, to work.

He painted from the heart as well as the head and because he painted and etched the life of the city's streets, as did Hogarth and Daumier of another day, he has been called illustrator, as they, too, in their time, were called illustrators.

But now, at 65, John Sloan has pulled down the window blinds, having long ceased to spy affectionately on humanity, and has become a studio painter, à la Cézanne, devoted not to apples but to cross-hatched nudes, who seem to be, to an aloof and yet unconverted outsider, undelectable looking ladies who have had not only their clothes but their skins stripped off, the artist revealing muscular organization rather than seductive flesh. Many have scoffed at, and few have chosen, his cross-hatched nudes, while relations with at least one dealer have become strained on their account. This arbiter of taste and seller of pictures is not the only one who wants Mr. Sloan to continue exploiting and exploring New York, but Mr. Sloan has put his youth behind him. The blinds are going to stay down and the light continues artificial. But for a picture made in his youth the price is $5,000, or thereabouts, while a cross-hatched nude will put you out about $400. It is strictly a supply and demand ratio.

Let us briefly then refresh ourselves with a backward glance at the $5,000 pictures. For they are history and captured memory as well as art. They don't require the analytical and aesthetical footnotes without which Mr. Sloan's present-day nudes can be neither understood nor appreciated.

These pictures affirm the joy of living. They sound the gay and holiday note. There is Saturday Night and Sunday in them. The painter, representing the common man's and average woman's delight in play and lark, seemed tc share in them. Across these pictures Time already is weaving a cobweb of endearing memory. Reginald Marsh, too, paints New York in its holiday, theatregoing Saturday night aspects, but his New York at play is crowded, shrill, nerve-racking, almost this side of the psychopathic ward compared with Sloan's mellow reminiscence. *Bleecker Street, Saturday Night*, takes us back a generation, to the way in which the Currier and Ives folk must have seen their city. Almost rising from the canvas of one of Sloan's most magnificent panoramas in paint, *The City from Greenwich Village*, is a physical exhalation of night activity, night gaiety and night glamor. Although New York has been torn up by the roots twice at least since this picture was done, it is modern enough to

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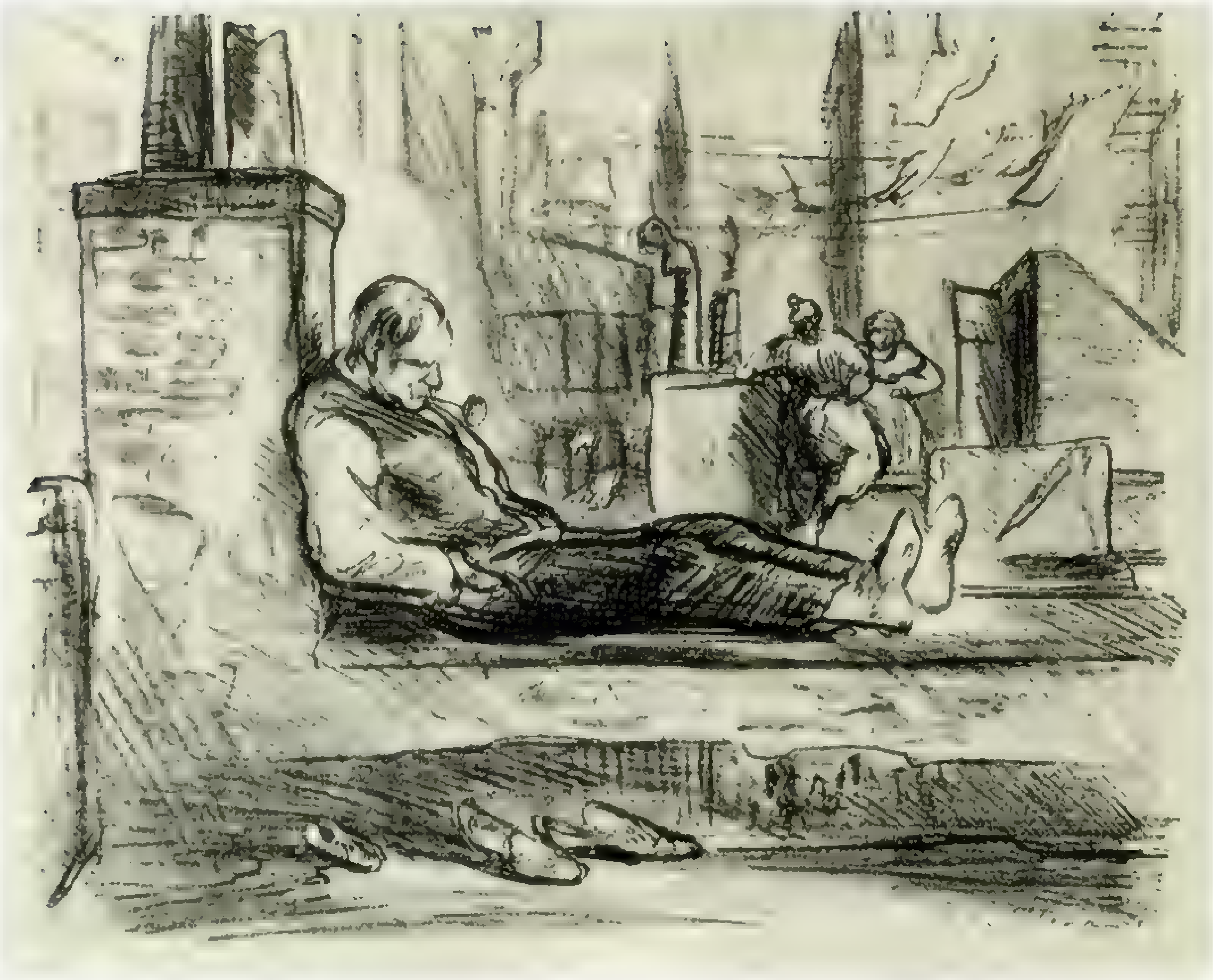
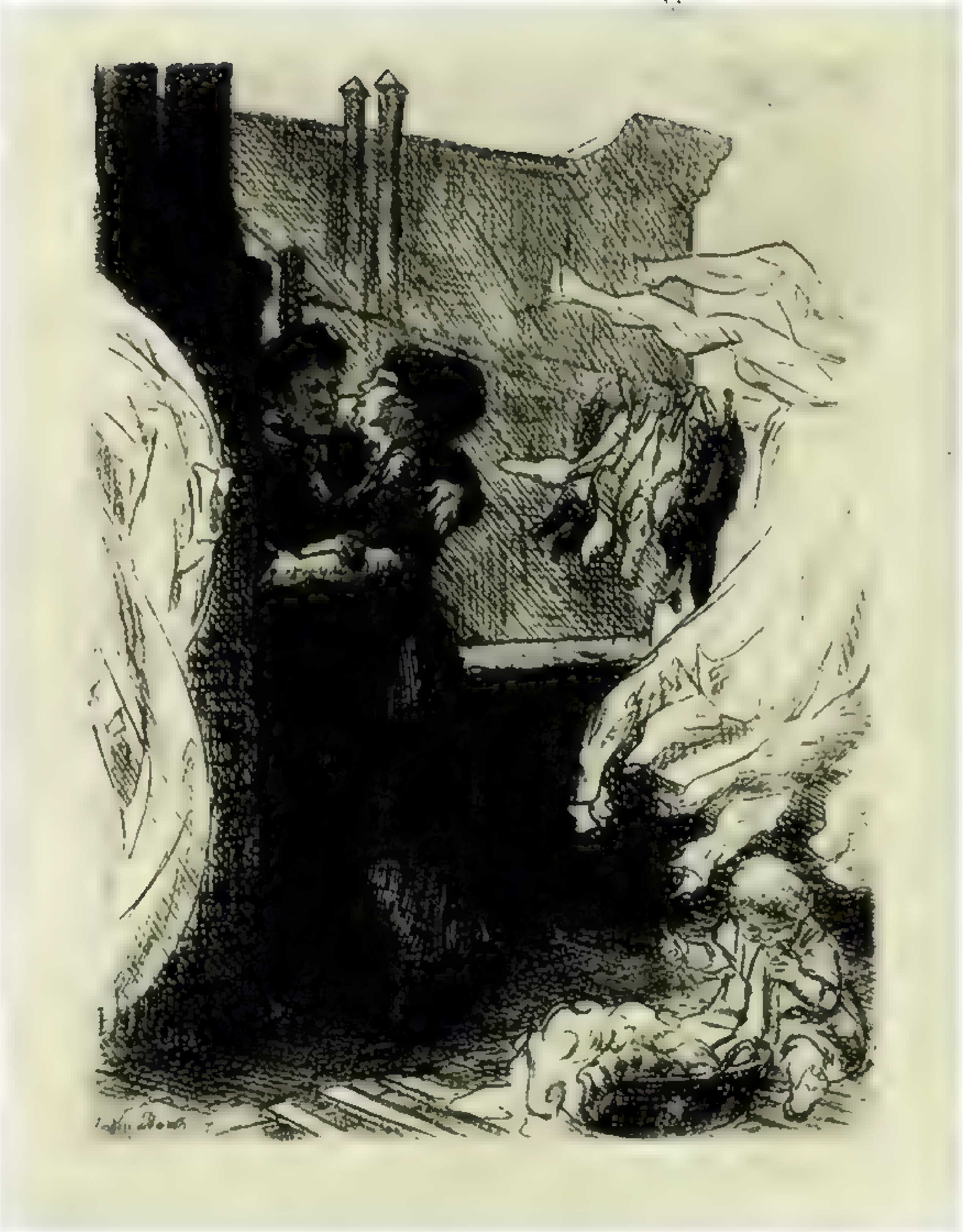
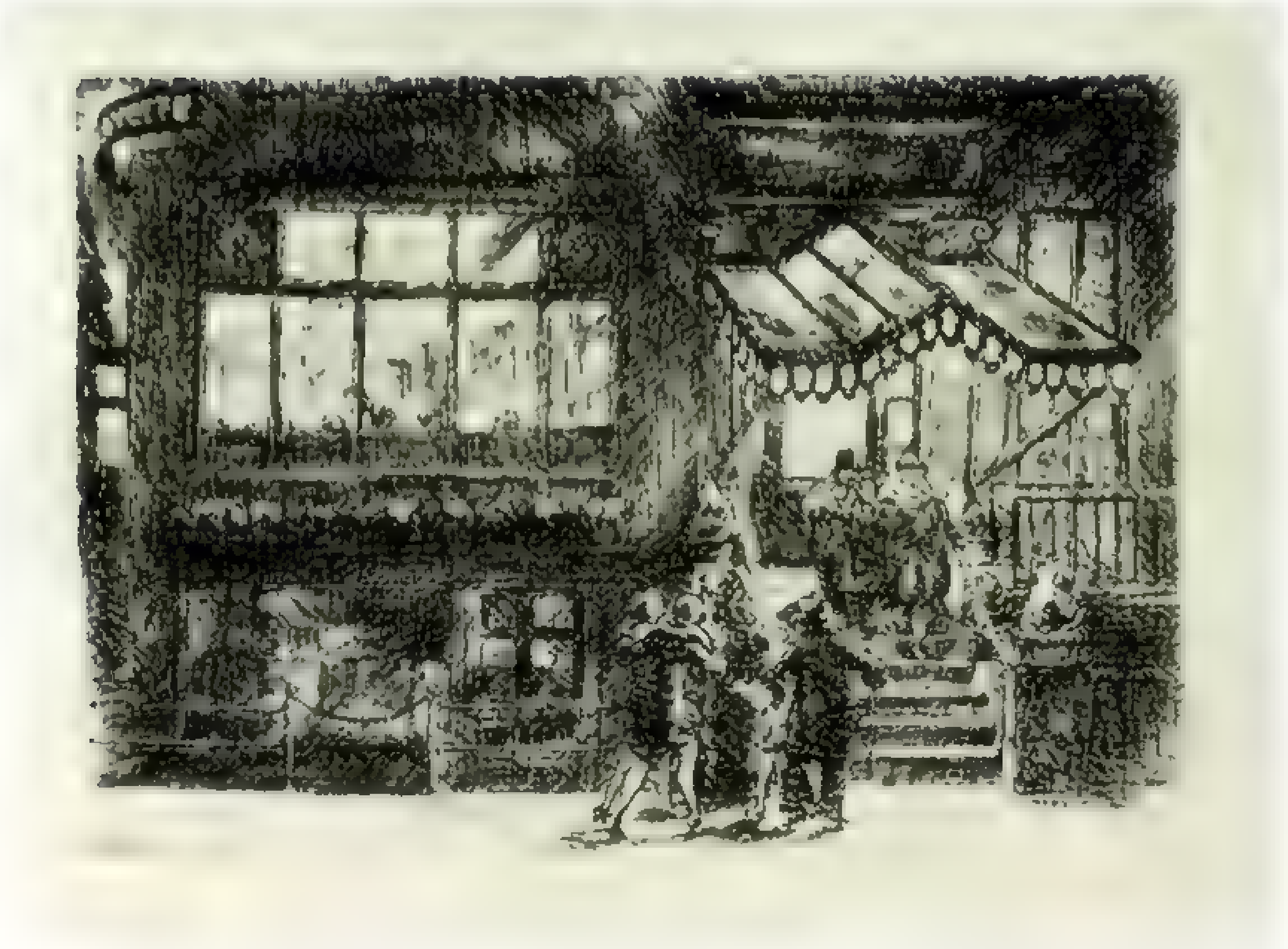


SUNDAY AFTERNOON ON THE ROOF (*Lithograph*)

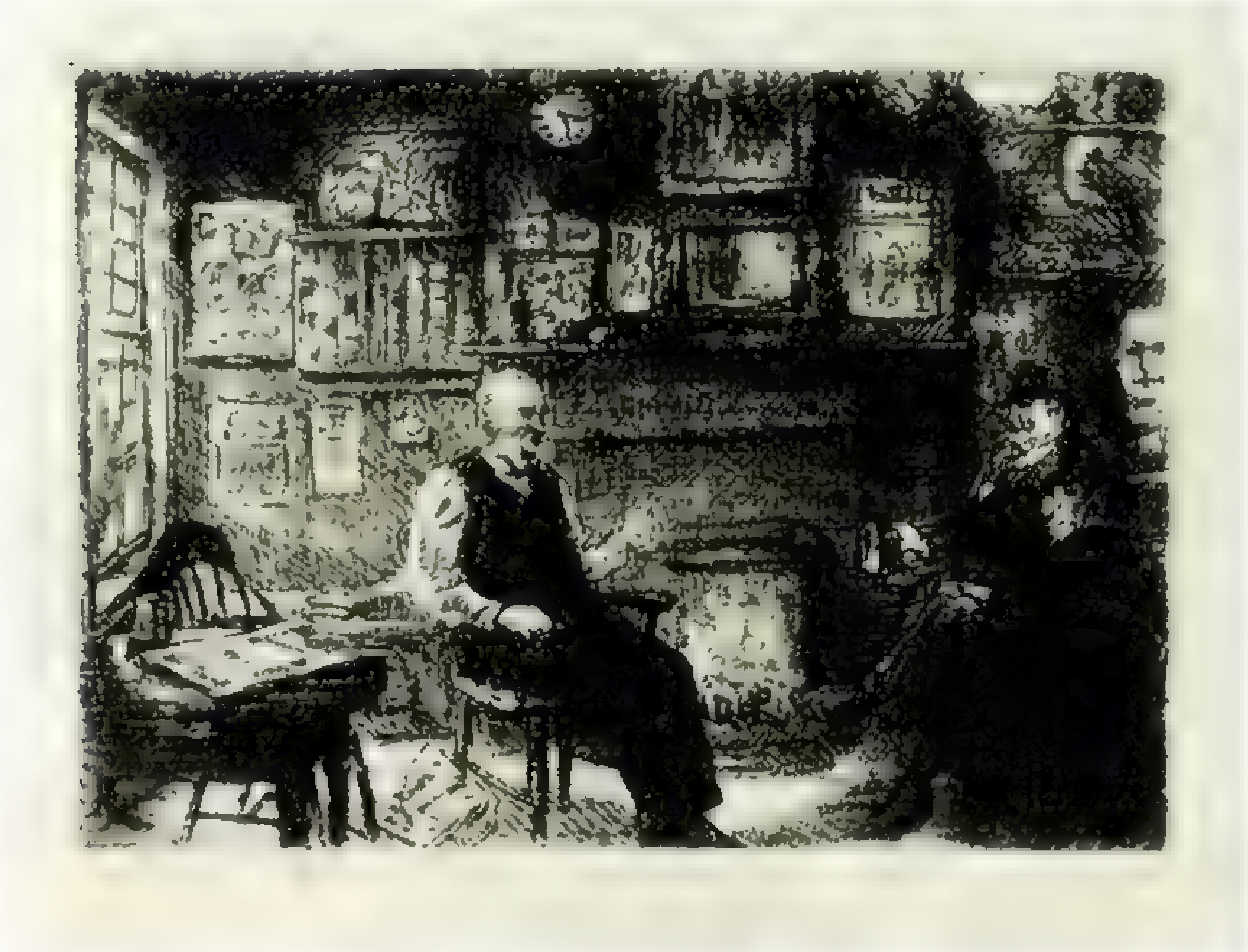


LOVE ON THE ROOF

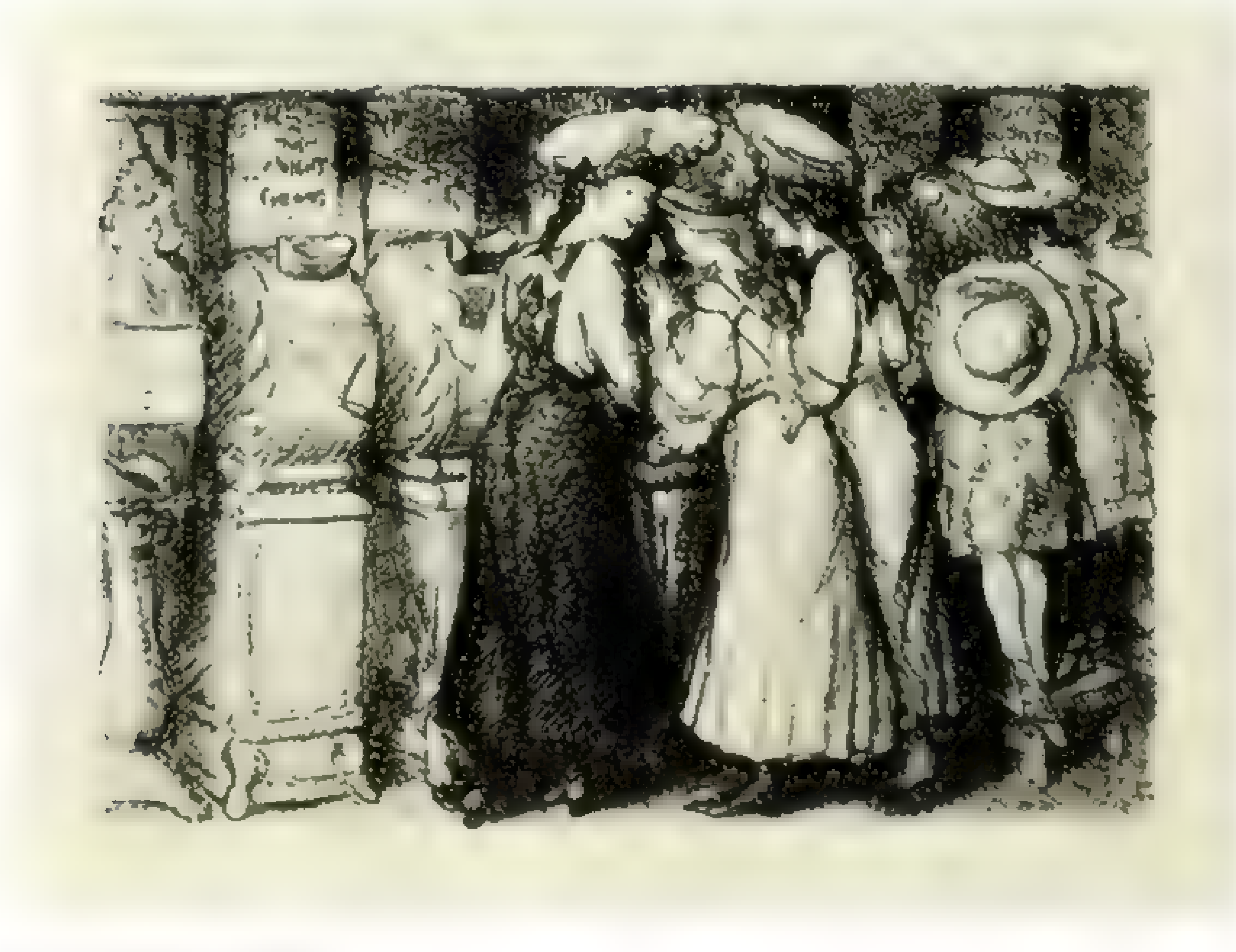
Color reproductions on these (and the preceding) pages were made in Chicago for Esquire *from the original paintings made available by courtesy of John Sloan through the Montross Gallery, New York, and are approximately one-tenth actual size. The lithograph and the etchings on this and the facing page were reproduced through the courtesy of the C. W. Kraushaar Art Galleries, in New York City.*



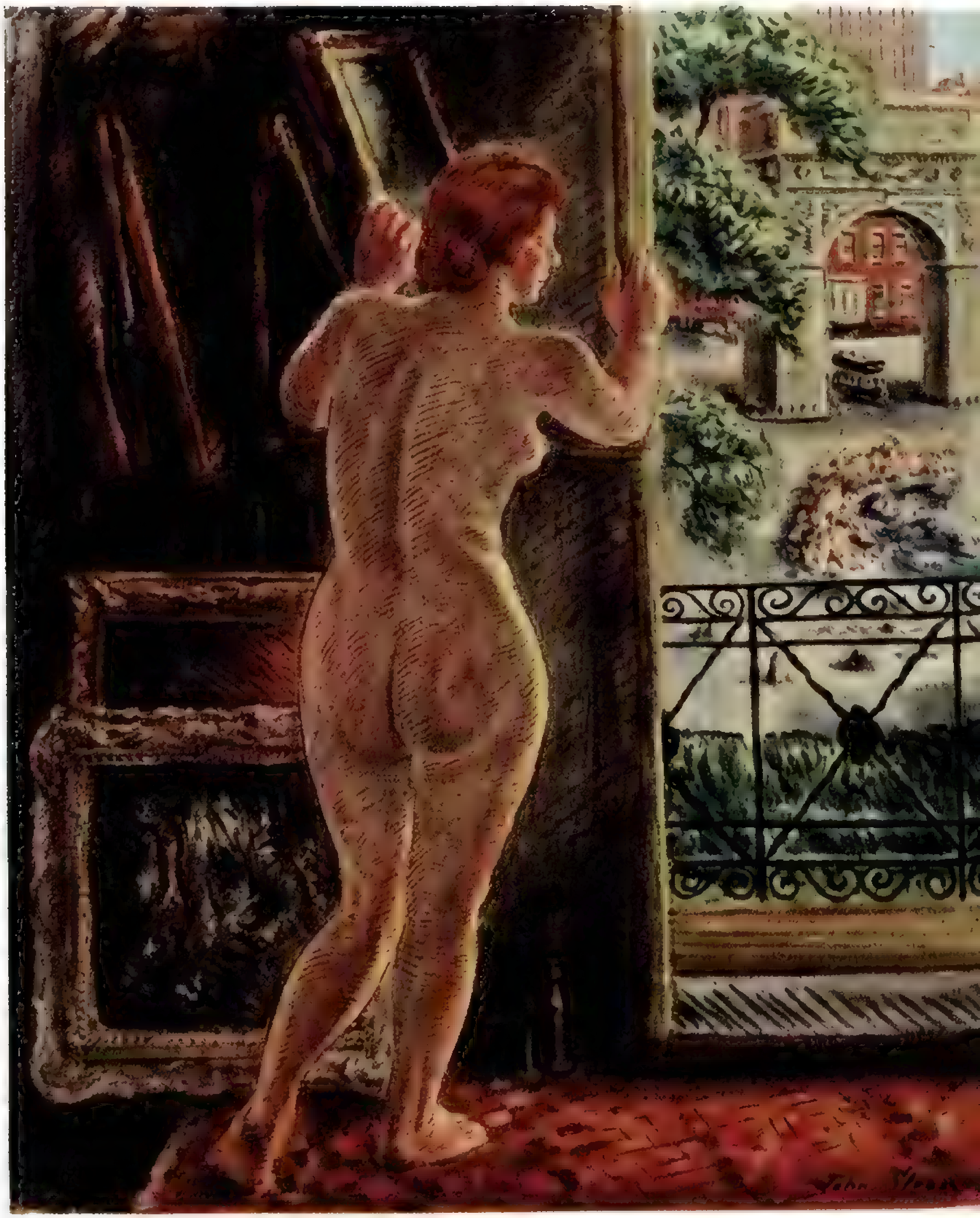
THE LAFAYETTE



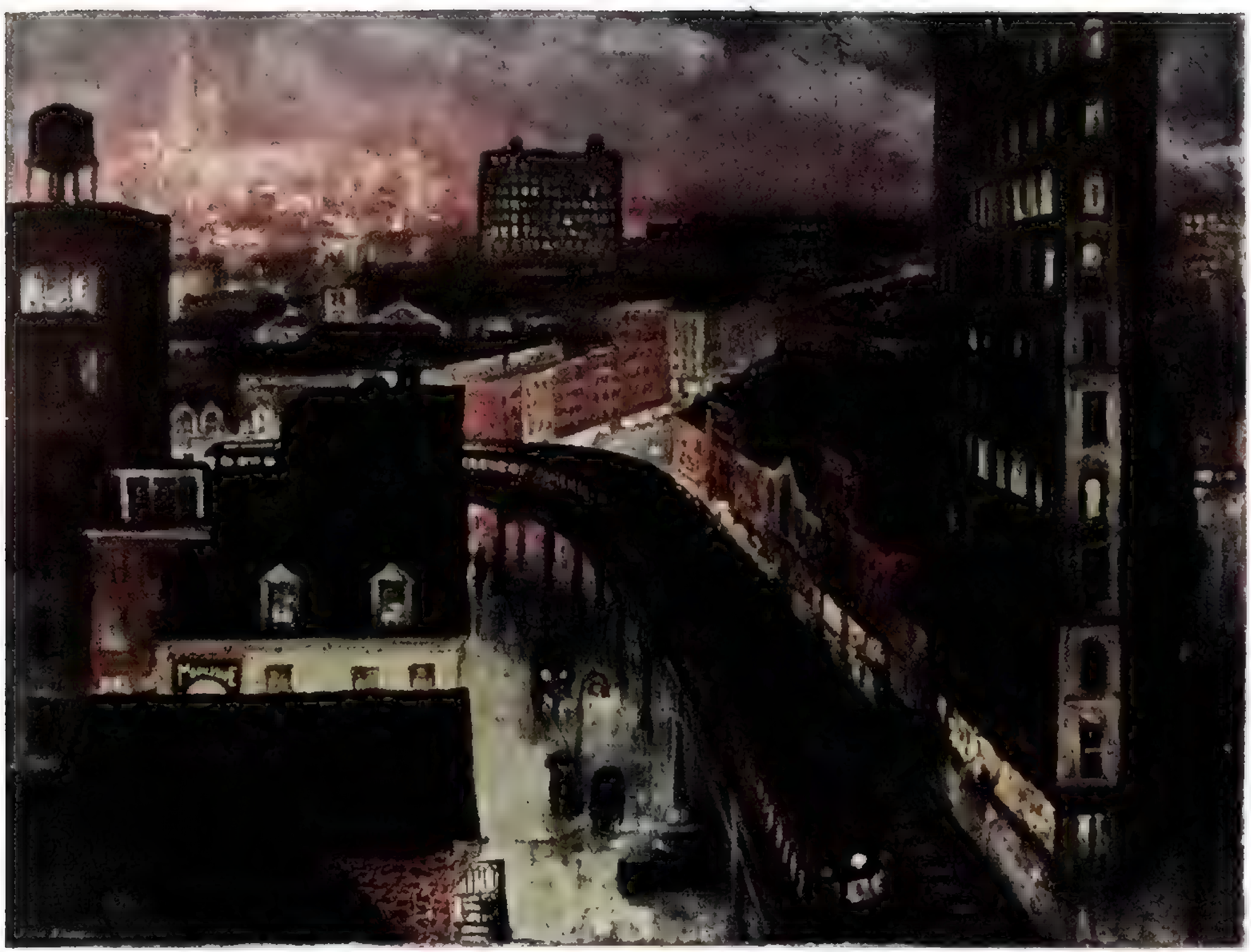
McSORLEY'S BACK ROOM



FUN, ONE CENT



LOOKING OUT ON WASHINGTON SQUARE

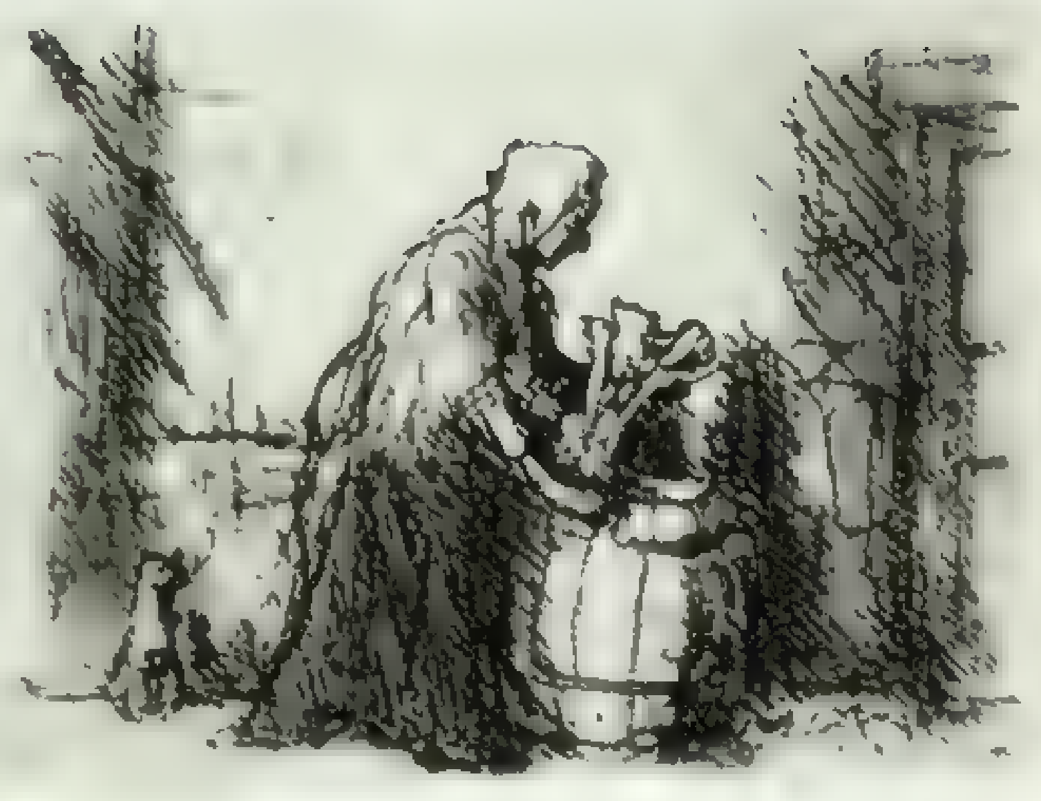


THE CITY FROM GREENWICH VILLAGE

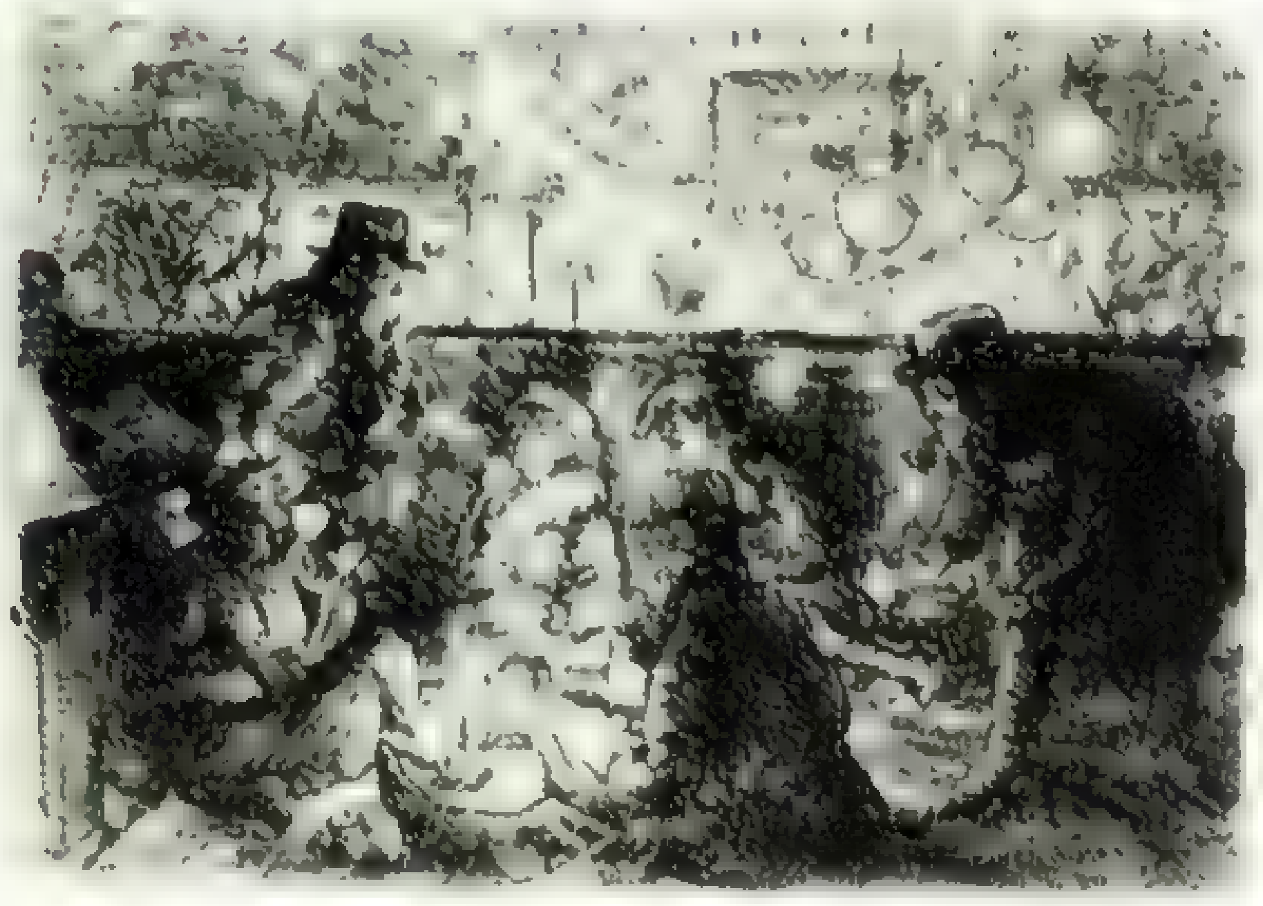
The World from the Village

A portfolio by JOHN SLOAN

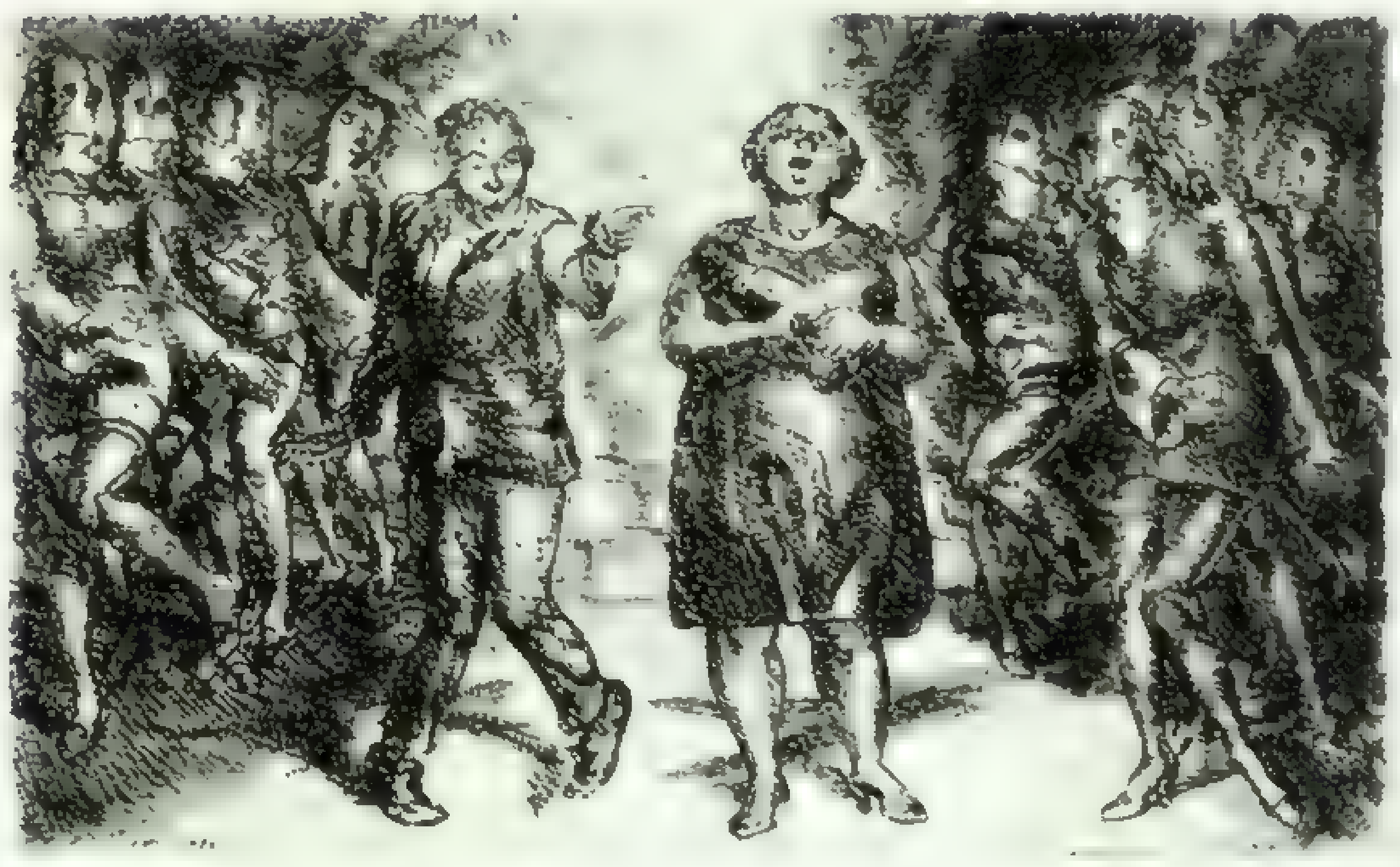
As an essential concomitant to the Salpeter article on the page preceding, we present this representative exhibition of the art of John Sloan. Above is a fine example of the highly-held paintings of his youth, while on the preceding page is a cross-hatched nude, representative of his latest phase, not yet crowned with the general acclaim that has rocketed the prices of the earlier and more readily understandable works. Bargain hunters, if there are any among potential purchasers of paintings, are referred to the text for "the analytical and aesthetical footnotes without which Mr. Sloan's present-day nudes can be neither understood nor appreciated." But the etchings, where the artist has "caught people in their casual unbuttoned moods and moments," take no textbook to explain. Theirs is the universal language.



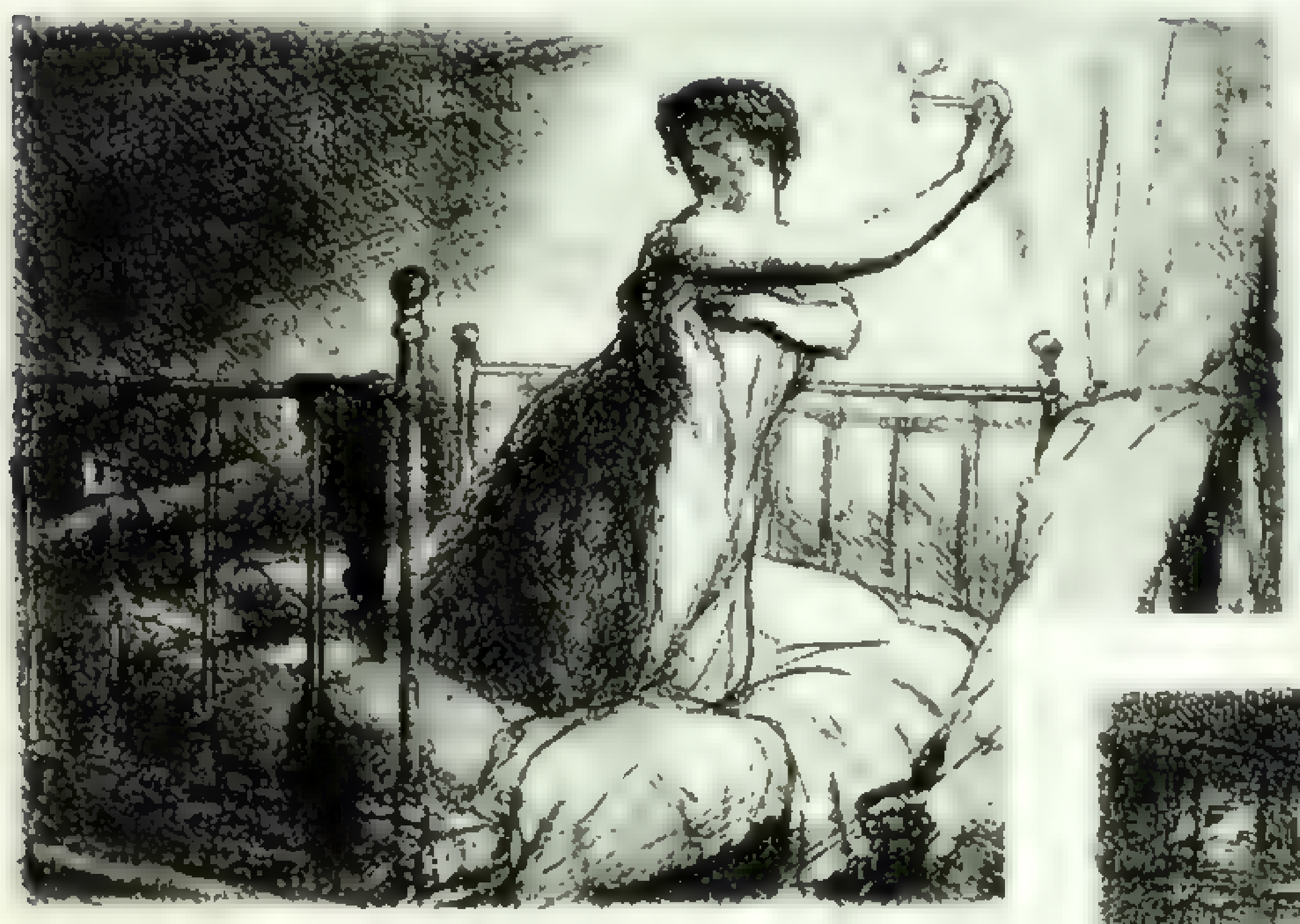
TREASURE TROVE



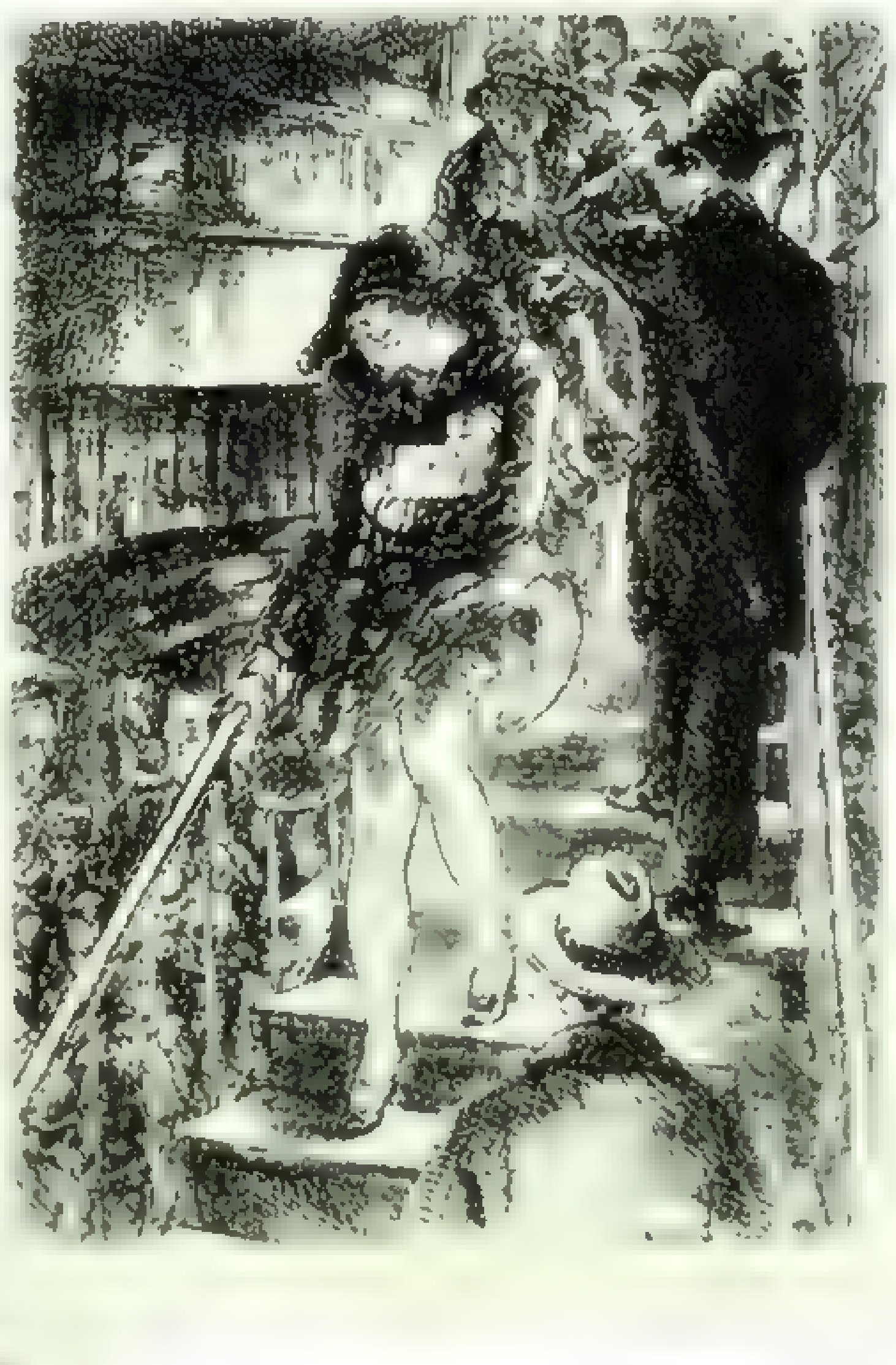
ARCH CONSPIRATORS



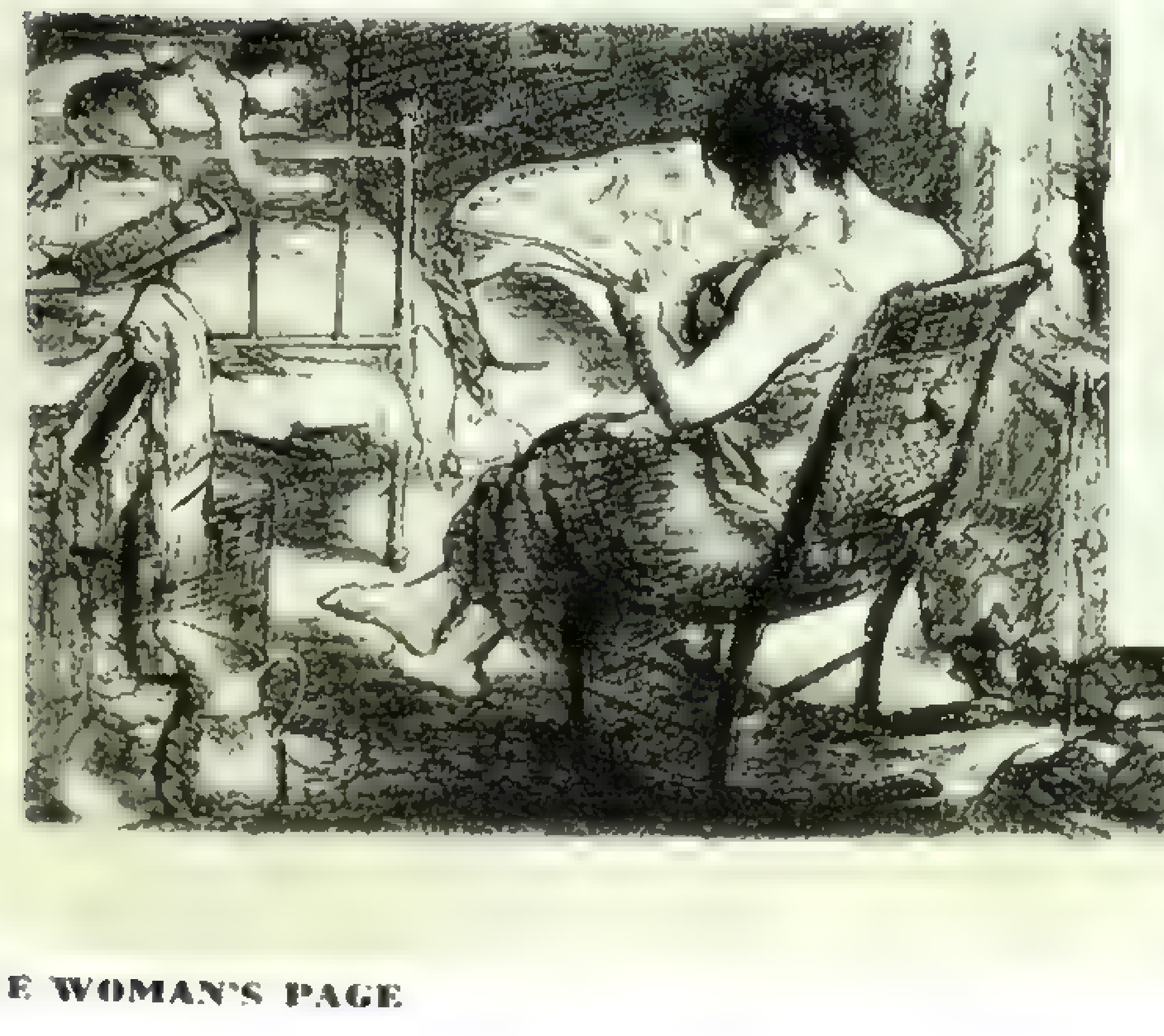
FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE



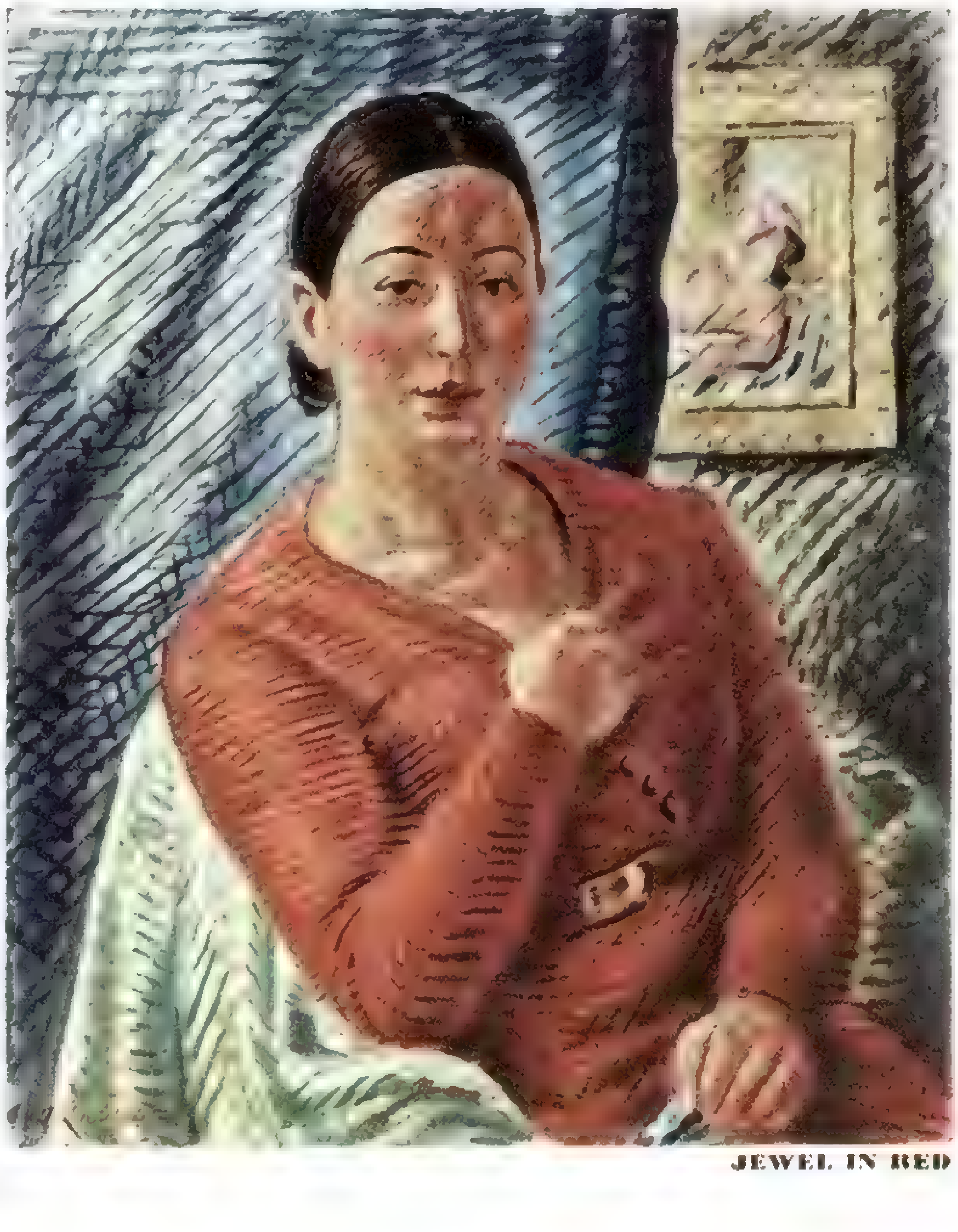
TURNING OUT THE LIGHT



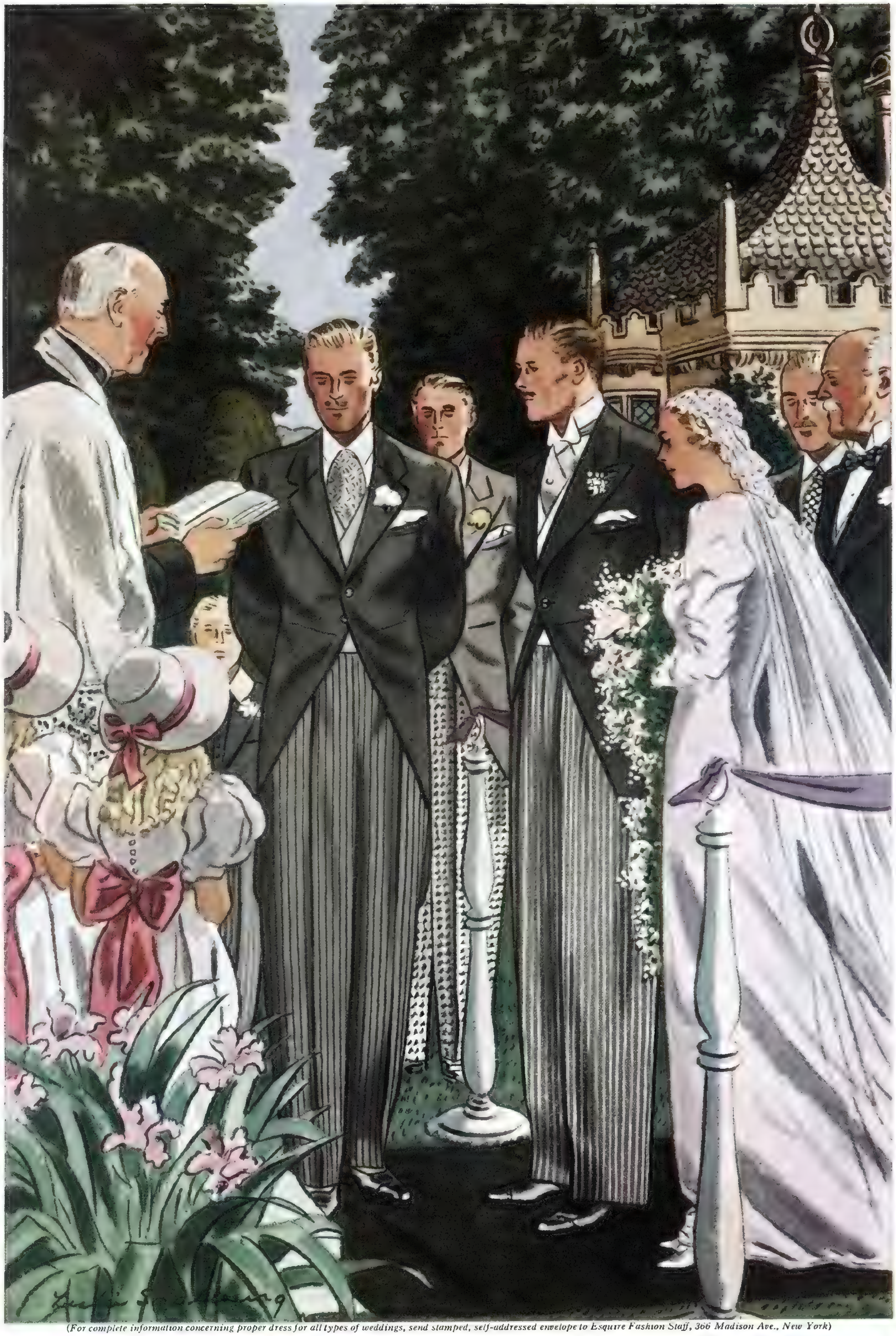
SUBWAY STAIRS



THE WOMAN'S PAGE



JEWEL IN RED



(For complete information concerning proper dress for all types of weddings, send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York)

CLOTHES FOR A FORMAL COUNTRY DAY WEDDING

If You Must Get Married

No matter where or why man weds there always has to be a flowing bowl, and here's how

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

• POTABLES •

As a reporter covering the Court House in a country town, your correspondent has held the baby at many a wedding. But these affairs, for one reason or another, usually fell beyond the pale of the ritual prescribed in the Manual of Marriage and often several of the niceties were overlooked. I have seen the trembling bridegroom approach the desk of the license clerk wearing overalls instead of the formal striped affair, his blue shirt open at the neck with no tie at all where the Ascot and the pearl pin should have been. And I have seen fluttering brides in gingham instead of billowy net, a wisp of meadow hay in lieu of the wreath of virginal orange. And the bride's father—it is a waste of space to describe how he carried himself or what he carried. The point is, that no matter how far from St. Thomases, invariably the principal *more* or custom of all tribes, the wide world over, was respected. No sooner had the words, "I do" clanged down like the door of a jail than the Sheriff or the Clerk would suggest that we all go across to Joe's place and have a drink.

Or perhaps the grateful parent would allow how he had a jug of corn underneath the seat in the old Ford. And soon the long period of courtship, the arduous tasks of the bride in selecting her trousseau, the exasperating trial of deciding where to go on the honeymoon, would all be forgotten in the forgiving warmth of the golden grain.

Avoiding all weddings and funerals on principle, now and again we are caught up in the aftermath of the season of mating. If you are sentimentally inclined you can forget the little tragedy or comedy that is being staged for you and pay all your attention to the scenery and the props. One May day we were inveigled into taking a ride into Connecticut where a wedding was in the offing. And though the two principals were my very dear friends, I did not mind a bit. The sun was high, the cherry orchard was in full bloom and the grass was clean from a late rain. At the last minute it was found that the license to wed was no good in Connecticut. But fortunately a couple of cherry trees were over in New York state so the preacher was shoved along and everything was legal. Some of us wondered at the time why they had gone so far away from the punch bowl but when it was explained, all was forgiven. The actual ceremony, during which time you are not supposed to drink, is very short anyway.

The man who owned the interstate orchard, was something theatrical and he staged the thing very well. After the legal part had clicked, we formed in line and walked, not galloped, to the nearest exit. This was marked by a table spread with white lace and several hams, turkeys, sandwiches and such inconsequential trivia. But in the center was a huge bowl and it was filled with the official potion that follows directly the kissing of the bride. I asked for the recipe and here it is, allowing one-fifth of champagne to each guest. (He had two hundred guests.)

For every bottle of champagne add one pint of sparkling water, one wine glass of maraschino, one wine glass of yellow Chartreuse and one full glass of the best cognac. Use one-half lemon and one orange, sliced, for each portion. Put a large chunk of ice in the bowl and serve cold.

Another theatrical wedding was one out on Long Island among the troupers who got to taking their lines too seriously in a drama in an old red barn. Nearby is an old inn, The Stage Coach, of Roslyn. The legend has it that dear George used to sit on the porch and throw a cherry bounce down his throat whenever he felt parched. And the bounce was made from his own recipe. Being the only Washington cherry bounce wedding I know of, and the couple still being intact, as a couple, anyway, I thought it might be presented in evidence. It is not in the Manual but the time was prohibition and the landlord had a quaint idea that if he dressed like Washington it would lend verity to the legend. The bounce needed none.

Fill a demijohn with morello cherries and pour in brandy to the top. In December pour it off and sweeten with pure sugar. Add some of the kernels from the cherry stones. Fill a three-gallon demijohn with wild cherries and pour in brandy to the top. This must be poured off as the other but kept intact to add to the bounce. Mix at least a week before you wish to use. Allow one pint of the wild cherry brandy to one-half gallon of the cherry brandy. This is supposed to be from George's own book. He doesn't say how many bounces to a person before the rebound is nil. Two was about all we could go but we could never throw a dollar across the Potomac either.

In more civilized centers it has been recognized that one wedding does not permit enough time for the necessary libations to the gods. Some of the tribes, such as the Turkish, drag the thing out into ten days. From Monday to the following Sunday there are bouts, first at the girl's house then at the groom's. The rules are very strict for this and there are a lot of silly rituals that slow up the consumption of wine made from rice and roses and a sort of arac. Eventually they all get together at one place and the main bout starts, lasting from noon until morn of the next day.

The bachelor's dinner and the bride's luncheon are a survival of the more ancient tribal rites. The first you all know about, from first-hand. If you follow one of the books on etiquette or even the column in the *Daily News*, you know that the proper drink for the bachelor's dinner is champagne. If you are correct, or wish to be a museum piece, you serve no liquor until the guests are seated. Then the groom stands up, and without a blush, raises his glass and toasts the bride. The boys all join in the drink, without wisecracks and follow the groom's gesture in dashing the glass to the floor. No other lips shall tarnish the rim that gave out this hallowed toast. Ho hum. (It has been reported however that modern grooms bring on the Scotch, rye and Bourbon at an early hour and often do not break the glasses, except by accident. Suit yourself—be correct or comfortable.)

As to the dainty bride, secret reports through the grapevine route, tell me that all is not as written in the book of rules among the girls. After the toast to the groom there are mutterings of "Ah yeah," "Jes' a hit-and-run driver," "Three times he begged me to go to Bermuda," "She's mor'n welcome," and similar congratulatory sentiments. And there are rumors that all of the glasses thrown do not fall on the hearth. But it is a pretty custom and why get married unless you like customs?

The French taking their liquor as a matter of course, do not stress the ritual of drinking for special occasions. A wedding is like any other holiday, birthday, fête day or family gathering. At the *réveillon*, I believe, is the one time champagne alone is indicated. But any affair goes through the list from apéritif to champagne at the end so the frills of the holy wedlock are toward the

Continued in center of page 206

The Candid Cameraman

Flanked with stooges and gags, the big name comedians have forgotten how to be comical

by MEYER LEVIN

• MOVIES •

A Man's Guide to the Movies

GO ALONG TO SEE

A Message to Garcia: Noisy, brutal, melodramatic saga of the Cuban revolt. Torture-scene equals that of *The Bengal Lancers;* the action is violent as in *Viva Villa.* Wallace Beery spits and sniffles through his favorite characterization, a treacherous, sloppy old rascal who proves he still has a spark of manly loyalty. Barbara Stanwyck gives a clipped, chilly, and Vassarish performance as the artistocratic native. Full of bloody action, zinging bullets, swamp escapes; in short, "a man's picture."

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town: The suavely impish Frank Capra touch pervades this old yarn about the man who got put into a lunatic asylum because he wanted to give away his money. The final court-room scene is a swell example of Capra direction and Riskin script, building joke on joke, to a champagne climax. Nice satire, wittily underscored by Gary Cooper. If it didn't have so many routine movie situations, this would be a top comedy.

Sutter's Gold: Cumbersome biography built around the case of the man who had vast regions in California taken away from him when a gold rush started on his land. The story breaks badly in many places, and Edward Arnold strives valiantly to hold it together. But there is a surprisingly frank, cold honesty in the attitudes of the characters toward each other. Sutter's love affair with a Russian countess (Binnie Barnes) who calmly leaves him when he is about to go broke, is almost puzzlingly bare in statement. Another character-relationship is exploited in a rather fresh way for pictures: the lifelong but never admitted dependence of one man upon his friend. Lee Tracy plays the fellow who pretends that Sutter really leans on him, but who has no life-motive of his own, and never has the guts to separate when Sutter offers to leave him. But again, this seems to have been an idea carried along and never quite explained. The film has an adult frankness about men's motives; the action is badly proportioned.

GO ALONG IF YOU MUST

Everybody's Old Man: Irvin S. Cobb is no Will Rogers. What he lacks is charm.

The Singing Kid: Al Jolson in a backstage musical yarn, with good laugh assistants. Notably the Yacht Club Quartette, who lead him in crazy sequence where he runs all over the streets trying to sing a Mammy song. This sequence has a spontaneous zest, and an American quality. The rest of the picture is routine.

Three Godfathers: A good old western thriller about three tough bank-robbers staggering through the desert, carrying a babe found at a dried-out water-hole. Chester Morris as the tough who is finally melted, Lewis Stone as the mysterious doc who decides Milton's poems are "a little too heavy" to lug across the desert, and Walter Brennan as the old desert rat, turn this into surprisingly fresh entertainment.

Thirteen Hours by Air: Society girl, sneaky titled foreigner, G-man, killer, Zasu Pitts, and a pesky kid on a trans-continental air-liner piloted by Fred MacMurray. Tight, speedy direction and smooth acting surmount the formula plot.

WASTE

The Great Ziegfeld: An enormous monument to bad taste. And the musical movie to end musical movies. Miles of production numbers that look like they came out of the discard files. It took stupendous gall to present this as a super-special. It could have been a great caricature of the wasteful and vulgar Ziegfeld era, but the producers seem to believe that the jewel-flinging bill-dodger presented in their film is a praiseworthy character.

Pride of the Marines: Reels and reels of drilling, interspersed with flap-doodle about an orphan boy who becomes a marine mascot. Another enlistment poster, but fortunately lousy.

WHO'S FUNNY NOW?

Along with the other illusions cherished by those who can remember the silent days of the cinema is the idea that comedians should be comical. There were several funny-men who were actually so comical that the mere sight of their faces was enough to make an audience laugh. When they appeared in a picture, it was the custom for them to carry the burden of the action. If it was a Larry Semon or a Buster Keaton or a Harold Lloyd comedy, it was quite likely that Mr. Semon or Mr. Keaton or Mr. Lloyd would be right there on the screen, running from cops, falling into concrete mixers, or being biffed on the head with a water-pitcher. And after a while you got to know these comedians so that you were ready to laugh from the moment their names were flashed on the title.

But now there is a different idea about comedians. Now we have comedy stars like Al Jolson and Eddie Cantor and Jack Benny, and when one of them is to appear in a picture, the producer immediately hires a whole company of stooges who will be funny. The star himself graces the vehicle with his presence. The productions are lavish, female flesh abounds, millions are spent; dozens of gag-men leave their little flags sticking out of the carcass of the comedy. Whenever one of these super-laugh-specials featuring Jolson or Cantor is announced, I visualize a senile, pooped-out political candidate hanging onto the shoulders of a couple of young bosses who lug him onto the platform and prop him up while he squeaks out a ghosted speech.

But the modern, assembly-line method of creating comedy must have some practical merit, for Harold Lloyd, who used to be a funny-man himself once, now relies upon it to continue his career.

These factory jobs do the work. The parts are standardized and guaranteed. It is no longer even necessary for the star comedian to reply to his stooges. Al Jolson, in his latest picture, *The Singing Kid,* has perfected the system whereby a star can be the hit of a laugh picture just by the expedient of being cut in at every payoff. The system is simple. Instead of having the gags relayed from stooge to star, they go between stooge and stooge, in the presence of the star. Sometimes it isn't even necessary for the star to be actually present. If the jokes are cracked in his house, then the audience knows that the humor is to be attributed to the chief comedian.

For instance, Jolson used old reliable ostrich-neck Edward Everett Horton as chief stooge. Such a selection in itself is half the battle for a star comedian. Then Allen Jenkins, who is typed as the dopey roughneck, was put into the cast as collateral stooge. Jenkins and Horton make a good team, as the roughneck plays off comically against the fussy politeness of the Horton character. Jenkins and Horton have gag scenes in the Jolson dressing room, in Al's office, on his front porch, in his parlor. At the top of their laughs, the star always appears, so we know it's really Al's picture.

When a little slapstick is wanted, Jenkins and Horton are pushed into the water; that's the modern way for a comedian to take his falls.

But Jolson is not only a comedian, he is

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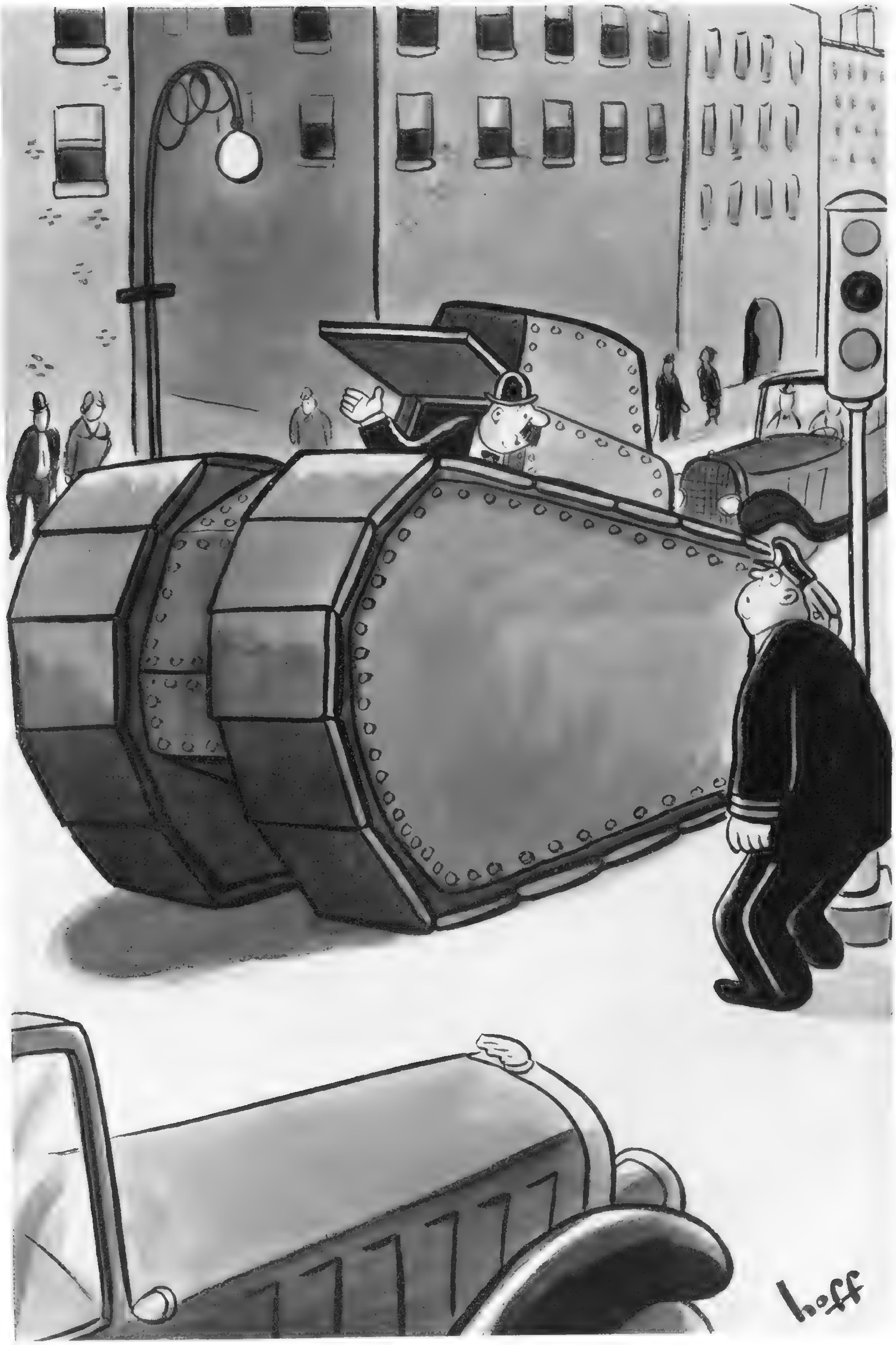


"I got it for Sunday driving, Officer"

The Talking Encyclopedia

Many of the world's greatest discoveries were by amateurs whom women drove to distraction

by DR. ERIC CLARKSON

• ARTICLE •

An amateur may be defined as somebody whose wife thinks he is wasting his time. He is a man who does what he wants to do when he ought to be doing something else. Woman is naturally constituted to resent such behavior. If a man has a hobby such as astronomy, photography, or radio transmission he has constantly to be reminding his spouse that some of the greatest scientific discoveries in the world, some of the inventions that have turned the course of the human race, were made by amateurs.

Every time a man wants to get down to his improvised workshop in the basement, or go out to his chemical laboratory in the garage, it becomes necessary to recite the amateur achievements of bachelors from Mendel, the Austrian monk, to Benjamin Franklin.

Paradoxically enough, the word amateur means lover.

Perhaps the most perfect illustration of the conflict between amateur and amatory pursuits is the case of William Lee, a young English clergyman who flourished at the beginning of the industrial era. Rev. Lee was wasting his evenings "paying his addresses" to a certain young woman. But every time he called, he found her "busily employed in knitting." What was she knitting? we ask of history. The answer is obvious. She was knitting stockings. All evening he would sit around listening to the click of her needles, while she "would pay no attention to his addresses. This conduct she pursued for so long a period that the lover became disgusted, and he vowed to devote his leisure, instead of dancing attendance on a capricious woman, who treated his attention with cold neglect, in devising an invention that would effectually supersede her favorite employment of knitting. So sedulous was Mr. Lee in his new occupation, that he neglected everything to accomplish this new object of his attentions; even his sacerdotal duties were neglected. In vain did his sweetheart endeavor to reclaim him; she found too late that she had carried her humor too far. . . ."

William Lee invented the knitting frame, and now there are plenty of women's stockings, but the point that I would make to the wife is that, in the course of his work, he freed himself. He gave the knitting-needle girl her stocking machine, but kept his distance.

Another clergyman who knew the comparative worth of a wife and a hobby was the Rev. J. B. Reade, inventor of one of the basic processes in photography. Rev. Reade accidentally found that negative prints turned out better on leather than on paper. Naturally, he was in need of leather upon which to continue his experiments, and the best leather he could find in the house was in his wife's kid gloves. Mrs. Reade had several pair of white gloves. Rev. Reade made fine pictures on some of them, and ruined her last pair when he subjected them to chemical tests to find out what made the prints so clear. He discovered that the sensitivity of the kid gloves was due to nut galls used in tanning, and subsequently got excellent results by applying gallic acid to paper. By that time his wife had left him, but fortunately he needed no more white kid gloves.

It is curious to note that monks and artists abound among the great amateurs of history. Both types, in their divergent ways, are noted for their independence of womanhood. The modern law of heredity was worked out by Mendel, a monk, who conducted a series of breeding experiments with mice. The monastery refused to allow the amateur biologist to publish his work, as it dealt with the lewd subject of mating. Mendel repeated all of his work, using peas instead of mice. The reproduction of peas was not considered immoral, and the world learned about heredity.

Women meant nothing in the life of Roger Bacon, Franciscan friar of the thirteenth century, who is credited with the discovery of gunpowder. Friar Bacon was a philosopher and mathematician, the first to use the "scientific method" of experimentation. He planned flying machines, worked with lenses, and left a backward-written cryptogram which indicates he was the first man to examine cells and spermatozoa by means of a microscope. But the wife will try to make something of the fact that Friar Bacon died of pneumonia, contracted while he was getting snow to stuff a dead chicken, which he was trying to preserve.

The English clergy, though permitted to marry, don't seem to have spent much time dallying with wives or sweethearts. Joseph Priestley, who amateurishly discovered oxygen, derived most of his satisfaction in life out of theological dispute, chemical and electrical experimentation, and revolutionary writing. An English mob burned his house, chapel, laboratory, and books when he espoused the French revolutionary cause. He later came to America.

Our knowledge of high blood pressure is due to the "fooling around" of the Rev. Stephen Hales, perpetual curate of Teddington from 1709 to 1761. He spent all of his weekdays tying down mares and cutting holes in their femoral arteries "in order to see how high the blood would rise in a tube which he immediately inserted."

John Napier, the Scotch theologian, had little time for women, but spent much of the sixteenth century toying with a calculator. He used his adding machine for playing chess, a notably masculine game. He also invented logarithms, and was the first to use the decimal point in writing.

Charles Darwin was a young man studying for the clergy when he got a chance to go on a five year scientific expedition, as a clerk. There were no women along, with whom he might waste his time, so Darwin adopted natural history as a hobby. On this trip he made the observations for his theory of the origin of the species.

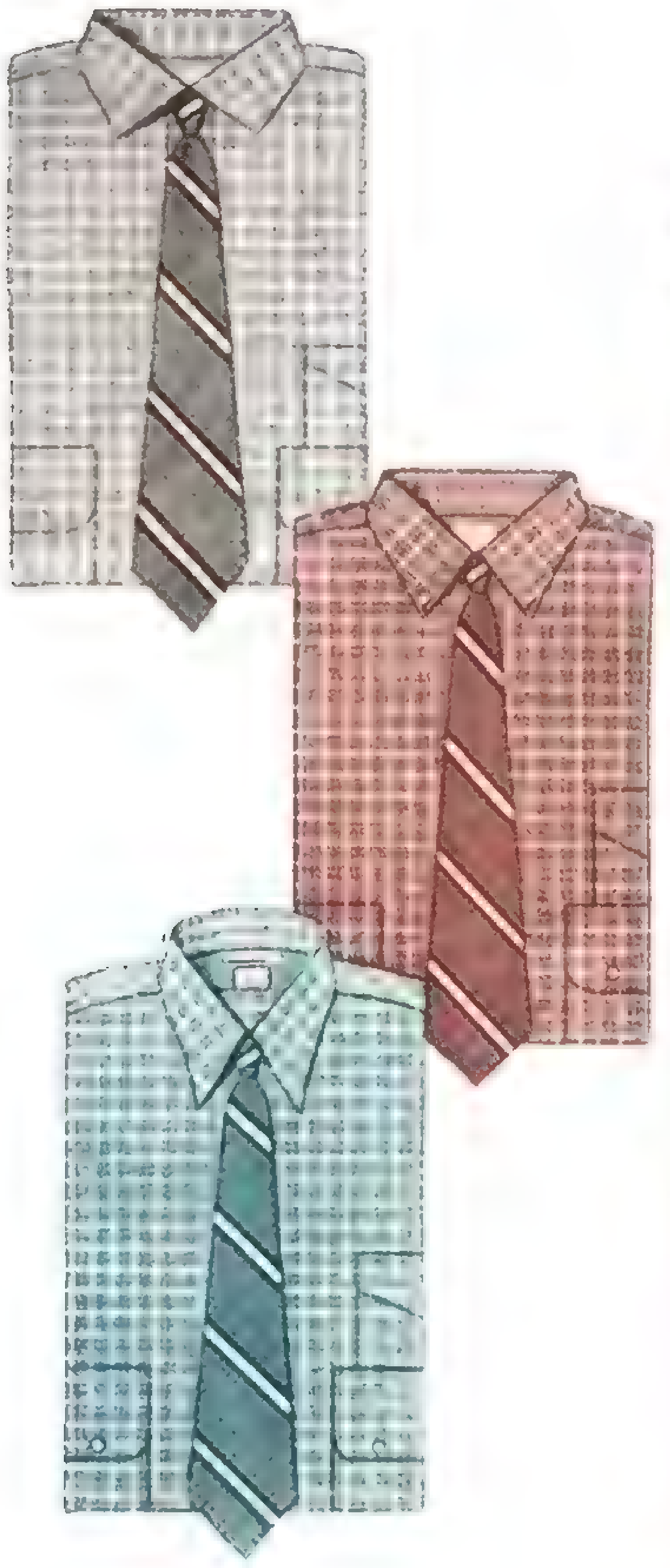
It is of course impossible to speak of artist-inventors and bachelor-artists without mentioning Leonardo Da Vinci, the universal genius who, like Friar Bacon, wrote backwards, and theorized on flying machines. Da Vinci anticipated the camera, and made the first stereopticon. Through his "pinhole box," a lighted candle projected a painting onto a wall.

Like most artists, Robert Fulton was a super-energetic lazy man. At fourteen, he built a paddle-wheel boat in order to avoid poling while fishing. When away from his easel, he didn't deem it necessary to account for all his spare time to any one lady, and consequently became an amateur inventor of torpedoes and submarines; then, perhaps seeking something for the torpedoes to sink, Fulton developed the steamboat.

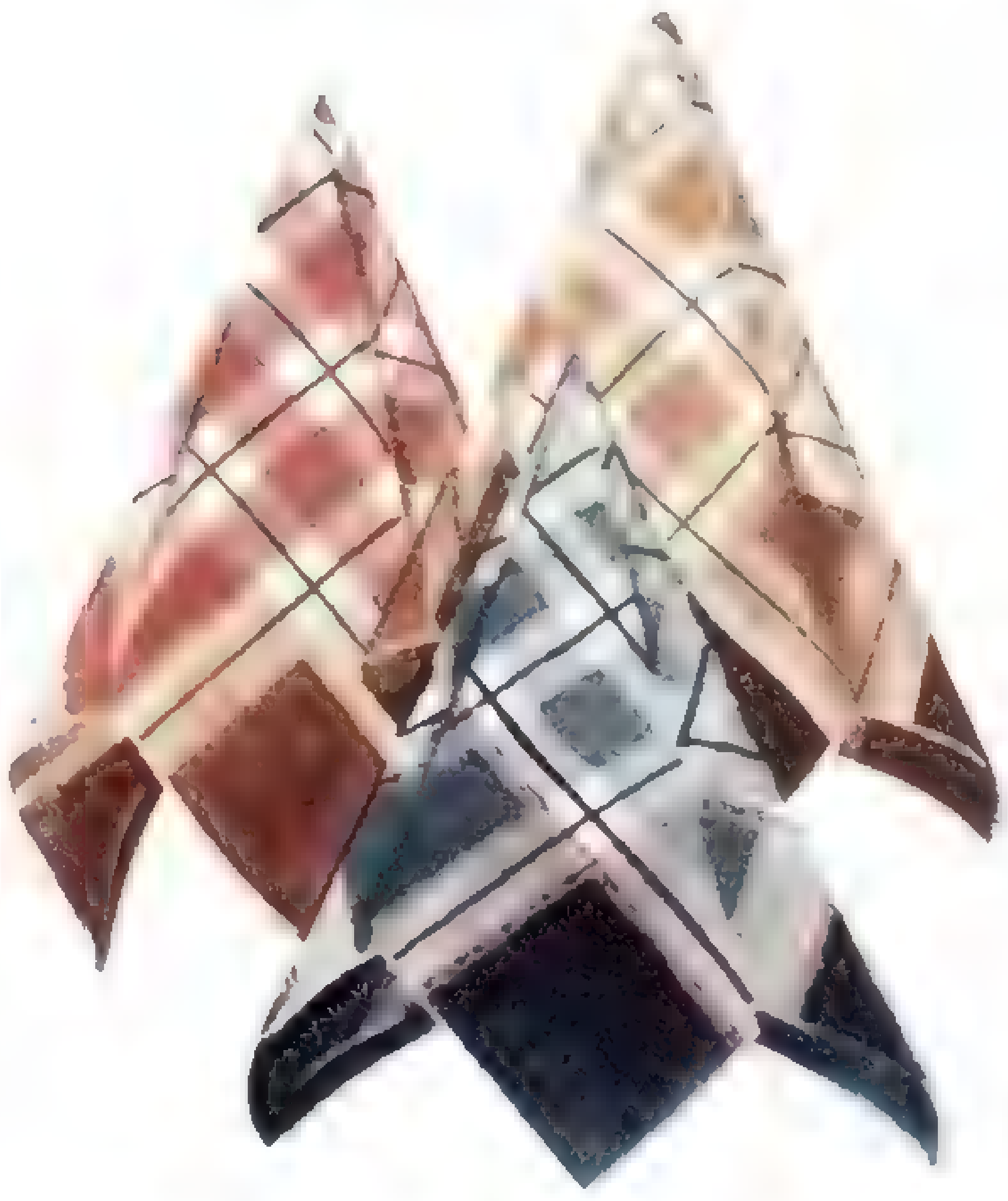
Another American artist who preserved his hobbies against the tyranny of woman was Samuel Morse. Morse was a painter, and began life as a starving artist, at that. There is a record of his conversation with a pupil who promised to pay "next week."

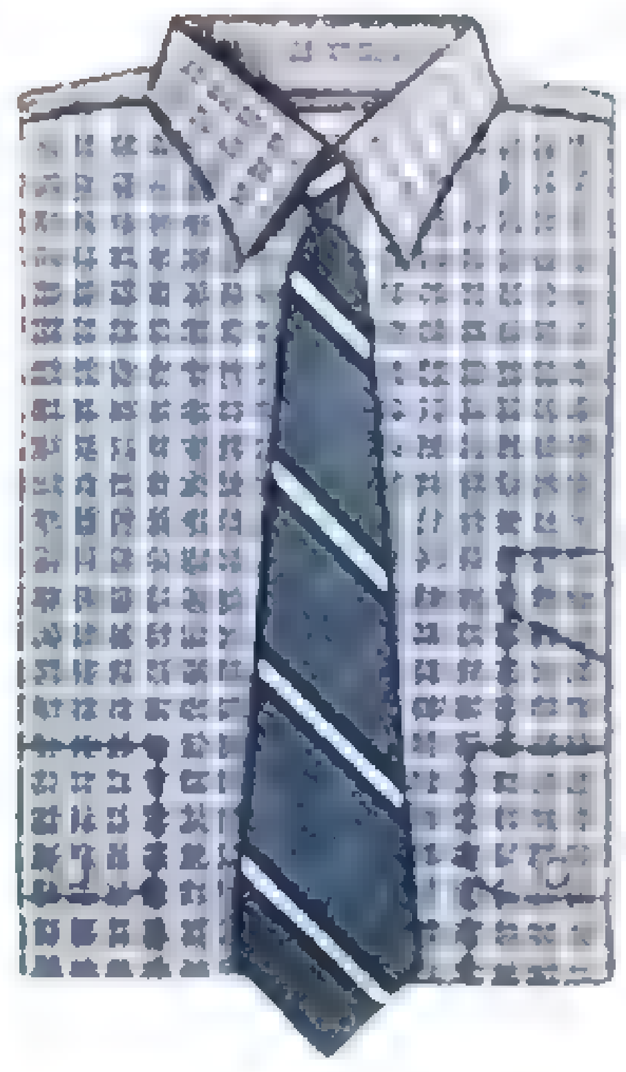
"Next week I shall be dead," said Morse.

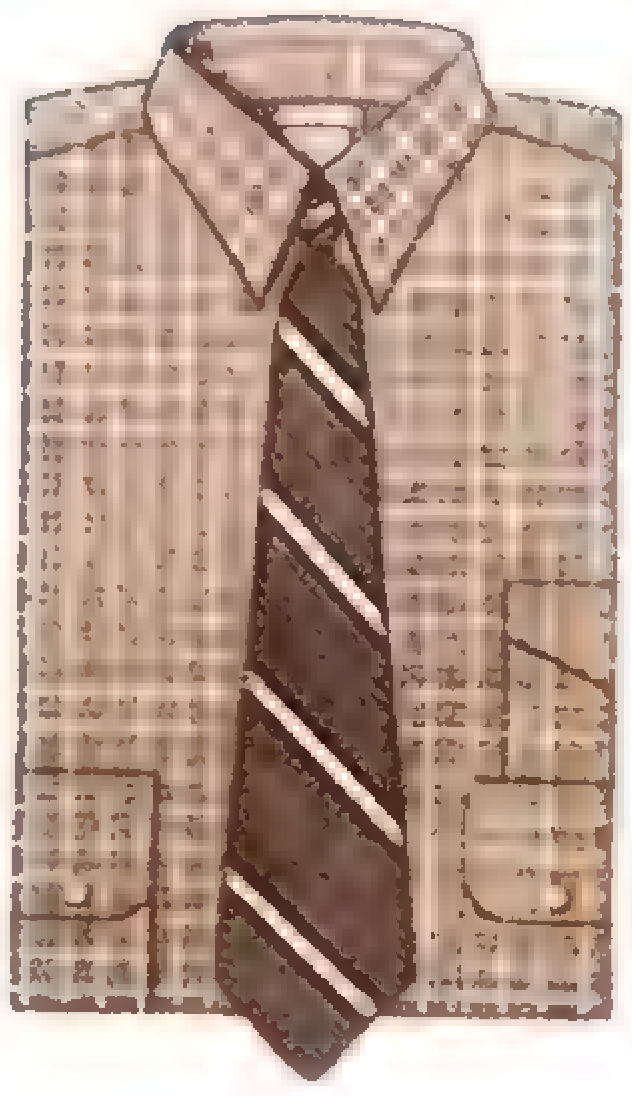
Continued on page 202



Matching the correct handkerchief to a check shirt is an art. Here are 3 Arrow answers 25¢ each







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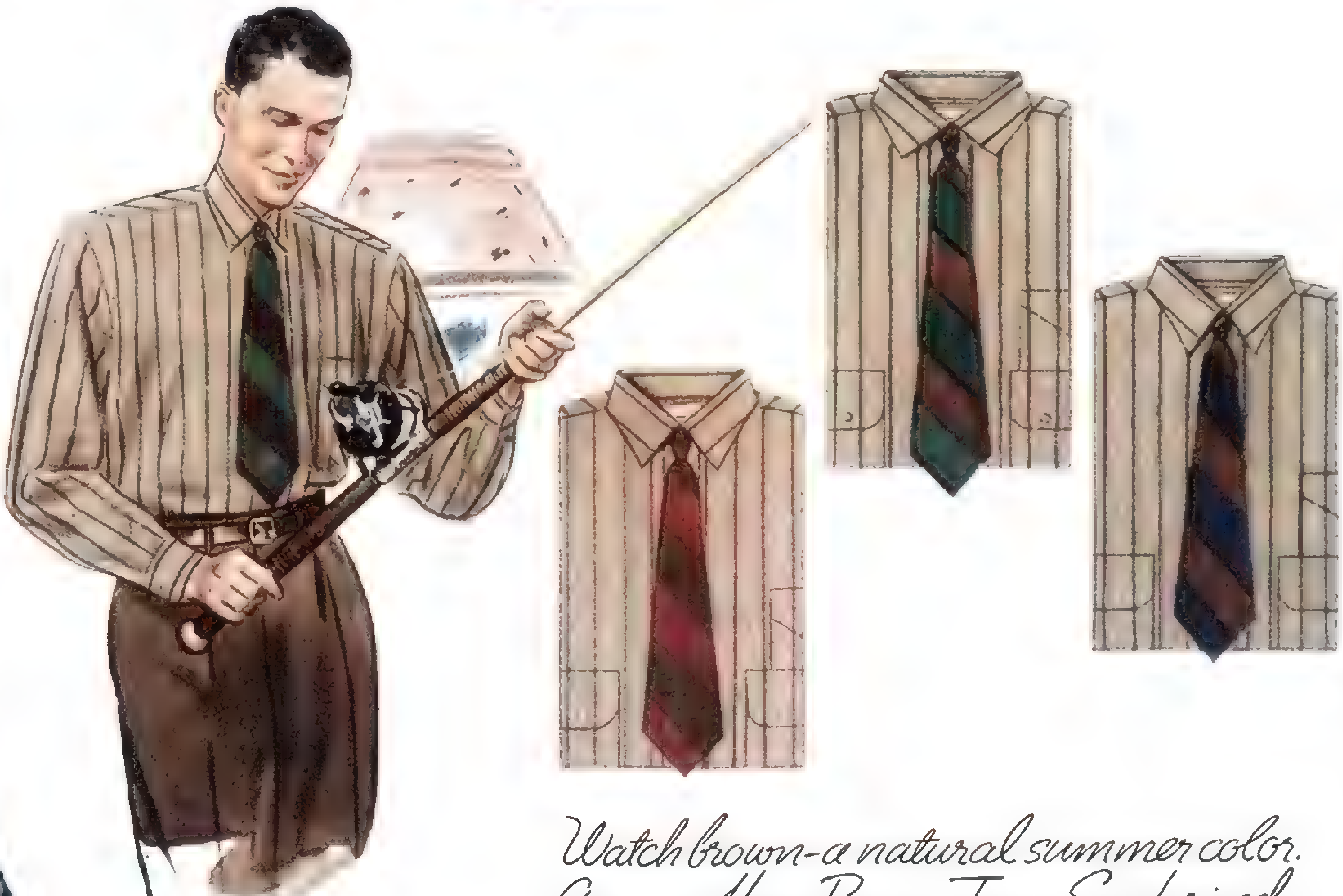

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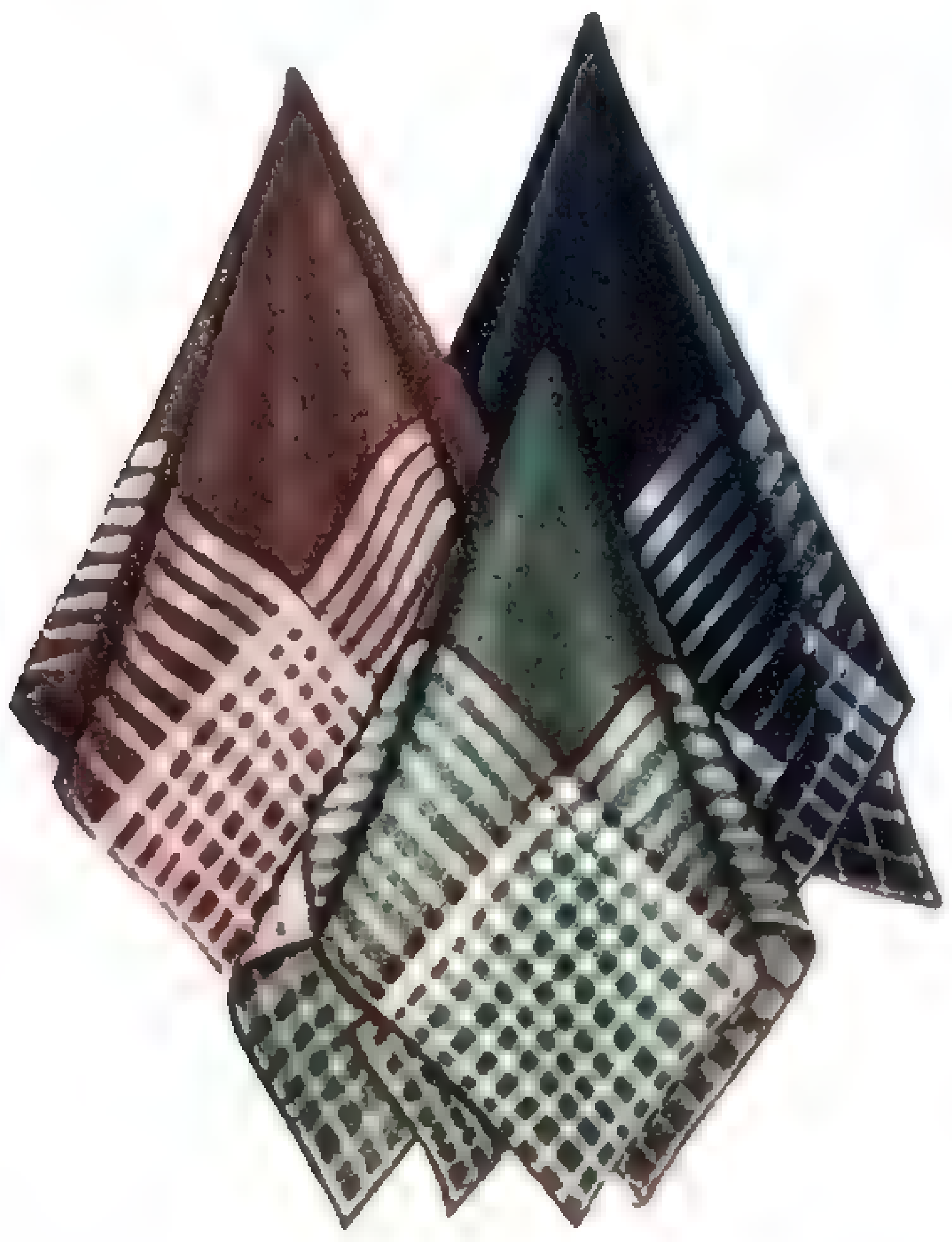

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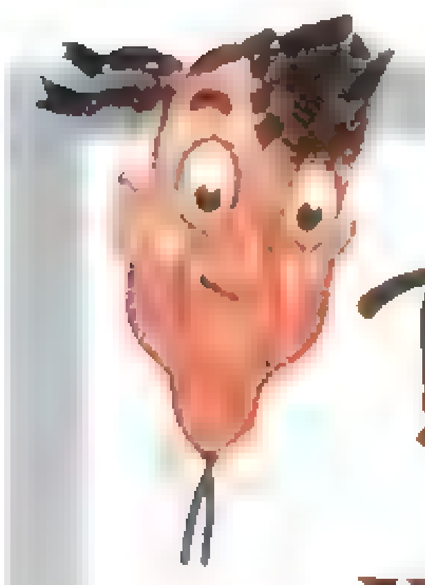

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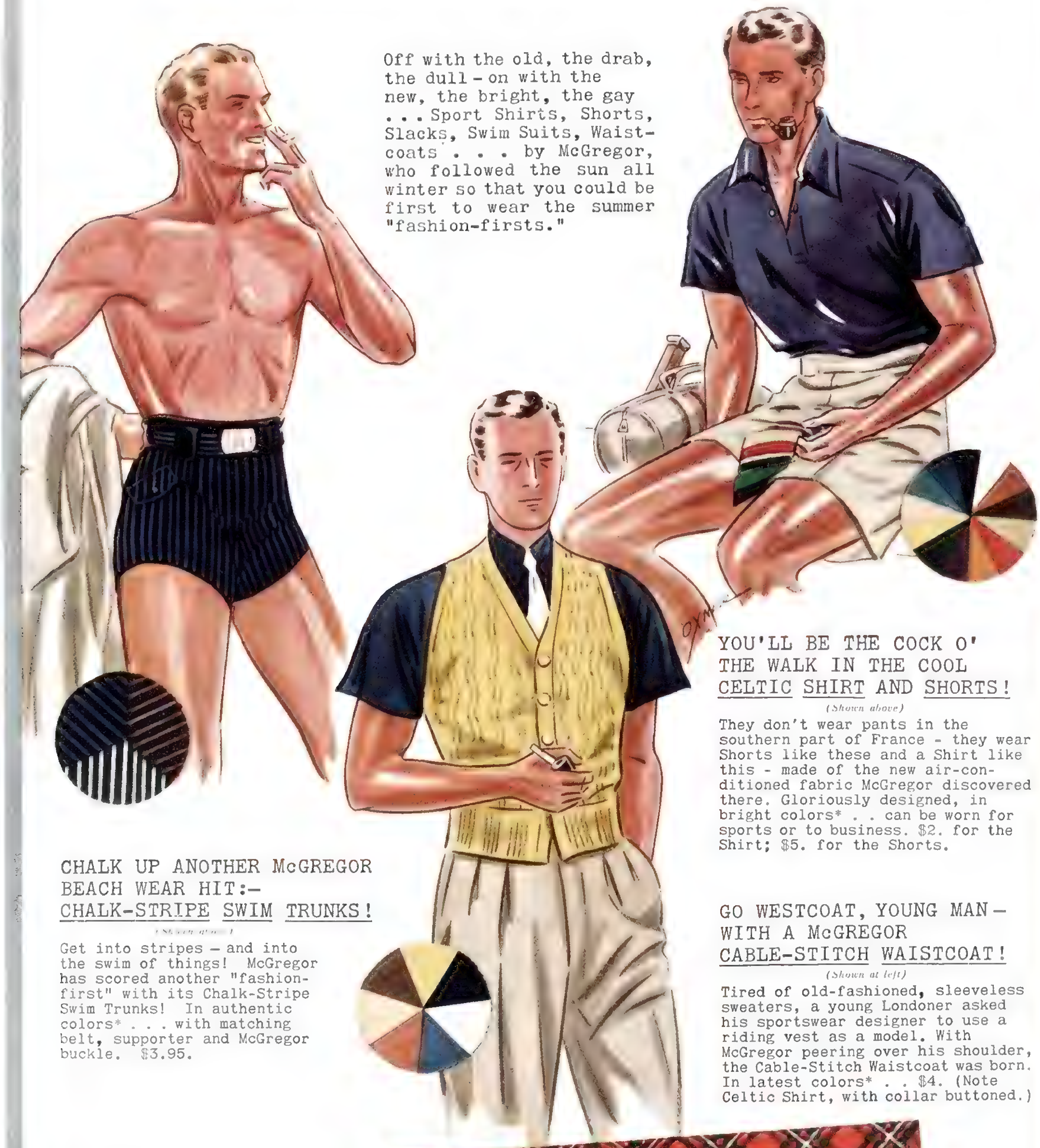

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Young Tarawara

Continued from page 53

and all day this house has been standing in the hot sun. Take a gourd, Ku Ku, and go down to the foot of the hill where the spring is, and bring me some fresh water."

Ku Ku sniggered, and Tarawara after a moment's silence raised his voice still louder.

"Wake up, Ku Ku," he said. "Wake up at once! Do you hear?"

Ku Ku gagged himself with his fingers to keep from laughing.

"Where are you?" cried Tarawara, "where are you, you wholly senile and half ossified old man?"

Silence.

Then once more, and this time even louder, Tarawara spoke.

"I am a stranger in this Pa. I have been given fern bread and preserved rats to eat, and I am grateful, but these have made me thirsty, and the water that has been given me to drink is so warm that I cannot drink it, and I have no one to send to the spring because my half ossified and wholly senile slave has abandoned me. Will some kind and hospitable heart take pity on the stranger and bring him a gourd of fresh water from the spring?"

Mototora who had been partially wakened by the beginning of Tarawara's complaints, was now wide awake.

"Daughter," he said, "the stranger is suffering from thirst. Take a gourd to the spring and fetch him a draught of cool water."

"Why should I be the one to do it?" asked Minui.

"For one reason," said Mototora, "because it is the custom. And for two reasons because I tell you to!"

Minui grumbled; but she went.

"She is on her way," Ku Ku whispered. "Let us be on ours."

They stole out of the guest house and to that side of the Pa which overlooked the sea. There were no sentries there, and but one stockade. They helped each other over this, and thereafter made such good speed that they reached the spring a few panting moments ahead of Minui, who had dawdled.

One of Tarawara's strong hands closed on the back of her neck and one over her mouth.

"One little scream out of you," he whispered, "and you die. . . . Are you going to scream?"

She shook her head as well as she could under the circumstances, and Tarawara loosed his hands, faced her about, clasped her closely to him, and rubbed his nose against hers. Ku Ku, who had retreated into a thicket, now spoke in a guarded voice.

"Need any help?" He asked.

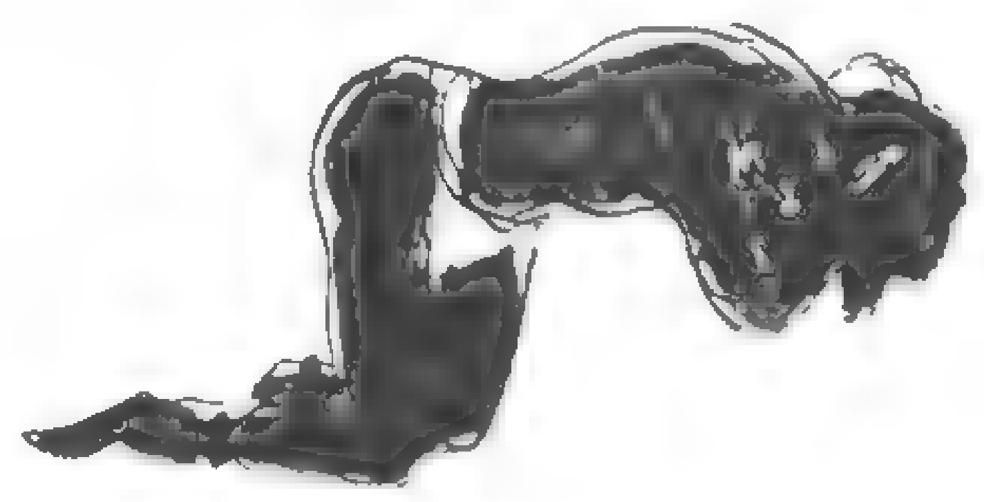
"No, you old fool!" growled Tarawara. "Get out!"

The growl waned almost at once into a kind of fatuous purring.

V.

Soon after that they fled and fled and fled. They fled inland through the Bush to the place where they had hidden the canoe, and down the river up which they had come to that place, and across a lake which was steaming hot here and icy cold there and down another river to the sea. Here because the wind was in their favor they set a broad peaked sail of long Phormium leaves neatly woven together and coasted along the coast to the cove where Tarawara had landed after his long swim from the island.

It had been a headlong, breathless, restless and almost foodless travel. When they reached the island where Tarawara had been born and where as a little child, hiding in a cleft of the rock in a bracken jungle he had seen the massacre of his entire tribe, and thereafter the cooking and eating thereof, Minui had lost some of her plumpness, and Tarawara's neck ached from continually turning his head to look behind him. So did Ku Ku's.



But it did not at once develop that they were being pursued. It did not develop until a lean moon had grown fat and to Neolithic eyes the sky at midnight looked as blue as the sky at noon, only darker and more subtle.

Tarawara and Minui lived in a cave near the top of a cliff and made love and were waited on by Ku Ku who lived in a much littler cave just around the corner.

From Ku Ku's cave a view could be had of the mainland. And one morning just amidships of this view he perceived the square topped sail of a canoe. She contained nine persons, and as she drew nearer Ku Ku perceived that they were members of the tribe from which the beautiful Minui had been stolen.

He hurried to the cave of Tarawara and Minui, clearing his throat very loudly as he approached it (as he had been taught to do) and told them what he had seen.

"It's a little war party," he repeated. "Eight big strong men with a woman to cook for them. A young woman."

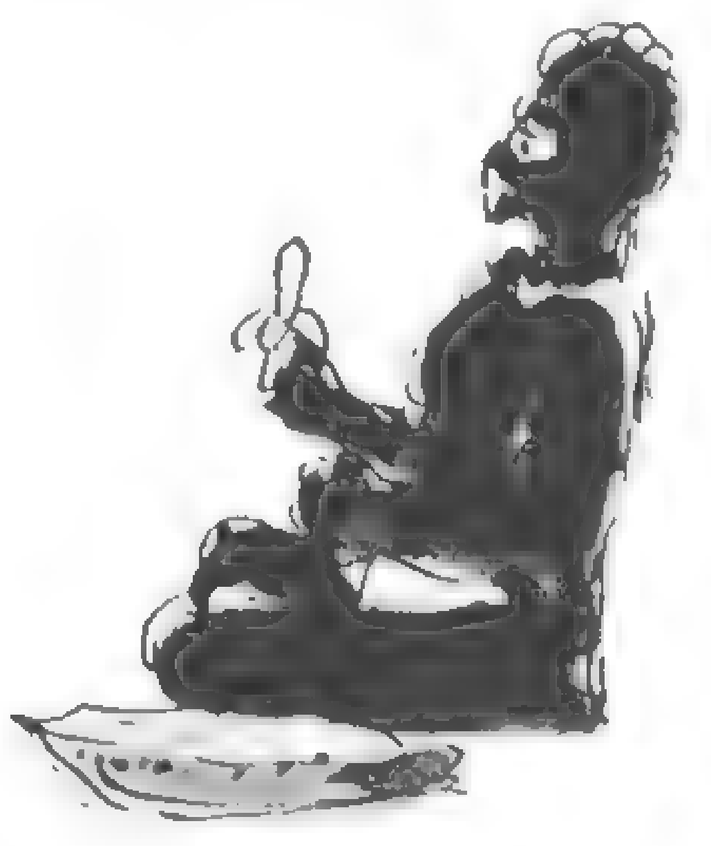
"I have only my spear," said Tarawara, "but I shall do what I may. What shall you do?"

"Much," said Ku Ku, "and between us three everything shall be done. When the army has landed Minui must show herself in the mouth of this cave and scream for help. At the foot of this little cliff is a narrow ledge along which the army must come to reach her. There are many clefts down there and in one of them you must hide yourself. I myself will begin a sudden and great pushing over of heavy stones upon the attackers. When these have been damaged and thrown into confusion, you must spring out upon them, making horrible faces, sticking out your tongue and shouting *Te Taua! Te Taua!*"

"But," objected Tarawara, "how do I know that you won't drop one of the heavy stones on me?"

"The moment I hear you shout," said Ku Ku, "the shower will cease."

Not without serious misgivings, Tarawara bade Minui farewell and descending to the foot of the little cliff withdrew himself into a deep cleft and sat down. The first sitting was somewhat sharp, and Tarawara began to grope about to find a smoother sitting. All of a sudden his heart seemed to stand still.



He lifted the thing that his right hand had found, and knew before he had even seen it, that it was the long lost sacred greenstone mere of his father.

He laid it across his knees and in the dim light looked reverently upon it. Tears welled up in his eyes and splashed down upon the satin smooth surface of the glorious weapon.

A mere is shaped like a beaver's tail. This one was nearly twenty inches long, by four across the widest point. It weighed about two pounds. The blade, because of the wonderful toughness of the green stone, was very thin, and the rounded end and the edges were as sharp as—well as sharp as a dull steel knife. But neither a dull steel knife nor a sharp one could have scratched the surface of this mere, because the jade out of which it had been fashioned by four generations of patient men was a little harder than steel. Fashioned I say, but not finished. They are never finished. They are the most beautiful, precious and perfect of all savage works of art, but they are never quite finished. The polish, high and exquisite though it is, could always stand the rubbings of one or two more generations of tribal thumbs.

Tarawara held up the mere and looked at the light through it. In the liquid incomparable green, black specks were imprisoned, and what appeared to be fragments of soft cool clouds.

His misgivings had all left him. With the mere clasped in his right hand, and his heart high with the feel and the balance and the history of it, he knew that no small body of men could stand against him. And when he heard Minui screaming for help, and saw that the stones dropped by Ku Ku had thrown the attackers into confusion and dropped two of them in their tracks so that there were only six left, he rushed upon them out of his hiding place, making such horrible faces, sticking out his tongue so far and shouting so loudly that two of the remaining six simply keeled over backward and fell off the cliff without even waiting to be hit. Of the four men with whom he had now only to deal, the first man turned his head a little sidewise, and Tarawara drove his mere endwise into the thin side bones of that head and twisting strongly almost pried off the top of it. Pulling the mere out of that ruined skull, he began to strike with the flat of it. And that was the end of that fight.

VI.

"Three of the men will live," said Ku Ku, "and of course the woman. That makes seven all told. The two women and us five men."

"Us four men," corrected Tarawara.

"Four?" queried Ku Ku.

"Four," said Tarawara, "because always after great victories it is customary to kill a slave and eat him. I'm sorry. But it's the custom. And I don't see how we can possibly get out of it."

"It is also the custom," said Ku Ku, "for a young chief to be intricately tatooed."

"True," said Tarawara.

"Well, you aren't."

"I know it."

"Well, then, having started one new custom, why not start another? Why be like everybody else? Be original! Branch out! You don't want to be a mere group. What you want to be is a whole tribe."

"Hum," said Tarawara.

"Minui is very beautiful," said Ku Ku, "but how do you know that she will have many children? Don't put too much trust in any woman. I myself should be the first to deplore the extinction of an old and superior family."

"There is something in what you say," said Tarawara.

"Minui," said Ku Ku, "is not the only chief's daughter in this world."

"I suppose not," mused Tarawara, "and once or twice lately she's shown symptoms of picking on me. Whom have you in mind?"

"It would be out of my power," said Ku Ku, "to arrange a meeting between you if I had been killed and eaten."

"Oh, forget it," said Tarawara. "The idea of being a whole tribe pleases me. What does she look like?" #

Peace with a Pipe

Continued from page 95

consecutively smoked without going strong.

Unfortunately, in one sense, briar is a natural growth, being the excrescence on the root of the male arborescent heath, so that briar blocks vary in their porosity, as do, for example, oranges under the numerous factors influencing their growth. But just as a housekeeper learns to detect a fine juicy orange, so the smoker can learn how to spot a porous briar.

Naturally a microscope tells the story, but who would venture to set up a miniature laboratory in a shop in order to buy a pipe? Others, though, in looking through microscopes carefully and leisurely in the laboratory have found that a grainy specimen is usually the more porous. And grain is something you can see with the naked eye.

The selection of a grainy bowl has several other advantages: It is not only apt to be more porous, but it is harder and more resistant to the burning tobacco. A grainy block tells quite a silent story of its own concerning the life of the briar bush of which it once was a part.

It must have been old, struggled for its existence in a dry, stony soil, and as a result contains less of the undesirable oils and saps which are found in all briar roots.

So far as the bowl itself is concerned, our selection becomes a very simple matter. No more blind picking, playing hunches, being high-pressured, or taking the first pipe that strikes our fancy; instead we select the bowl that has the most briar, is the heaviest, and the grainiest. Of course, the matter of "furniture," of appearance, while minor, deserves some attention:

The beauty of the grain, that is the way it curls and swirls, or doesn't, is purely a matter of personal preference and rarity and as a result affects the selling price. Likewise, while surface imperfections may ruin the fine appearance of a pipe, they have no influence, whatever, on the smoking qualities. The reader is informed of this not to discourage or encourage the buying of either low or high priced pipes, for the pleasure arising from the possession of a beautiful pipe of rare graining may be worth, to one man, ten times the price he paid, while to another man perhaps not so beauty conscious as he is price conscious, the fair price set by the manufacturer for this work of art appears to be nothing short of robbery.

Instead, the writer prefers to give the facts so that the reader may decide entirely for himself. For example, a perfect straight grain is priced high because most smokers prefer its appearance and because only one of several hundred roots will produce such a grain. But a straight grain will not smoke any better for its grain running vertical and parallel, though such grains being indicative of old, hard roots usually smoke better than the ordinary run of briar. Another bowl of briar as old and as hard, no matter which way the grain swirls about, will smoke as well as the straight grain. In other words beauty of grain is no certain indication of fine smoking quality.

Perhaps, as a final consideration in the selection of the bowl, and before considering the matter of bits, or mouthpieces, we should linger a moment or two on the various available finishes, of which there are three: oil, shellac friction, and lacquer. Perhaps the unstained pipe called the virgin briar should be added. The oil finish is considered by many to be best and is to be had in the most expensive pipes only. Shellac finish runs a close second, while lacquer has the highest and most attractive lustre of all, being almost glass-like in appearance. Lacquer, though, has a few disadvantages, the most important being the great susceptibility of burning from the flame of match while lighting the pipe, the fact that it feels hotter in the hand, and that it will not stand the wear and tear over the years as well as the shellac or oil finish. A virgin briar where no dye is used — though the dyes are harmless—is the choice of pipe lovers for very many reasons: You can inspect the grain more closely; the chances for picking a perfect bowl free of surface imperfections is much greater since the manufacturer can't patch and cover up with a dark stain; finally, because pipe lovers delight in coloring the pipe over long periods where the tobacco juice turns it from a straw color, through a golden brown, to a deep beautiful chestnut.

So much for bowls, now let's consider the selection of bits, mouthpieces, or "Vulcanites" as the British call them.

Amber, both cloudy and clear, the "classic" material for pipe bits that enjoyed such favor in the days of meerschaum glory, has gone down pretty much to defeat in favor of less costly and more practical materials. An amber bit is so expensive as to cost about as much as a complete fine briar, and really doesn't wear as well as several of the cast synthetic resins that admirably imitate it. The many amber-like bits on the market are a testament to human ingenuity and laboratory technique, for they are fully as beautiful, practically unbreakable, and wear very much better than the genuine.

And the cost is so small, well even fifty-cent pipes have such bits, in imitation of cloudy amber, and often baptized by the pipe manufacturer with a catchy name that bears some euphony to "amber." Bakelite, so well known for its thousand and one uses, is a moulded synthetic resin usually made in imitation of clear amber, is also very cheap, and for pipe purposes it certainly wears as well as the cast "cousin." But hard rubber seems to be the pipe smokers' choice judging from the preponderance of pipes so equipped. Smokers like its warmth, its rich black lustre, and its resiliency, where there's a "give" permitting a bite without wearing the teeth, unduly.

The costlier imported pipes have rubber bits cut from blocks of highest grade stock, and are the very best, not so much because of the handwork itself, as it is an indication of the best quality of rubber, for no manufacturer would be so foolish as to buy a cheap grade of rubber—when the difference in basic cost is relatively nothing—and then turn about by investing a relatively high sum of money for hand cutting, polishing, etc.

In America though, due principally to increased labor costs, manufacturers for the present purchase bits already moulded, which they subject to several finishing operations and polishings. There are several grades of moulded bits, as they come from the hard rubber fabricators to the pipe producers, with varying inherent wearing qualities.

By following the same logic we employed on the hand-cut bits, we may say with a fair degree of certainty that the finer the finish and the higher the polish, the better the quality, for the difference in price between the lowest grade moulded bit, in the raw, and the highest grade is very, very small as compared to the labor costs in finishing. Why should a manufacturer skimp a fraction of a penny on material costs and then spend several cents in finishing?

It's sound reasoning, and common sense—pick a rich black well-finished highly polished bit and you have one that will wear about as well as any rubber bit the market affords.

Most smokers who have trouble biting through their bits make the common and apparently logical error of picking thicker and heavier bits, believing that if there's more rubber to bite through it will take longer. A good tip to this army of the iron jaws is to select a very thin bit because it will conform to the natural bite and require less pressure to keep comfortably in place. Try it, and you may be surprised in finding that you won't tire as much from holding your pipe in your mouth, and your bit troubles will vanish. Of course there are some smokers who won't find these thin bits to completely satisfy them, in which event the corner druggist can—with a teething ring.

With the exception of one or two American manufacturers, and several British producers, the standard practice is to have the hole at the end of the bit. The exceptions are particularly enterprising manufacturers who supply mouthpieces with this smoke hole either at the top and/or sides so that the smoke will strike the roof or sides of the mouth, instead of the very sensitive tongue, and as a result give you a "cooler" tasting smoke since the taste buds of the roof and sides of the mouth are not as numerous as are those of the tongue.

This simple, ingenious, sensible idea showing considerable thought and experimentation is to be encouraged. Then, again, such mouthpieces usually obviate the use of inserts and "drinkless" attachments.

Assuming that you've selected a grainy, hard, heavy bowl of your favorite style, with a lustrous rich black hard rubber mouthpiece, the immediate problem is: How to break it in?

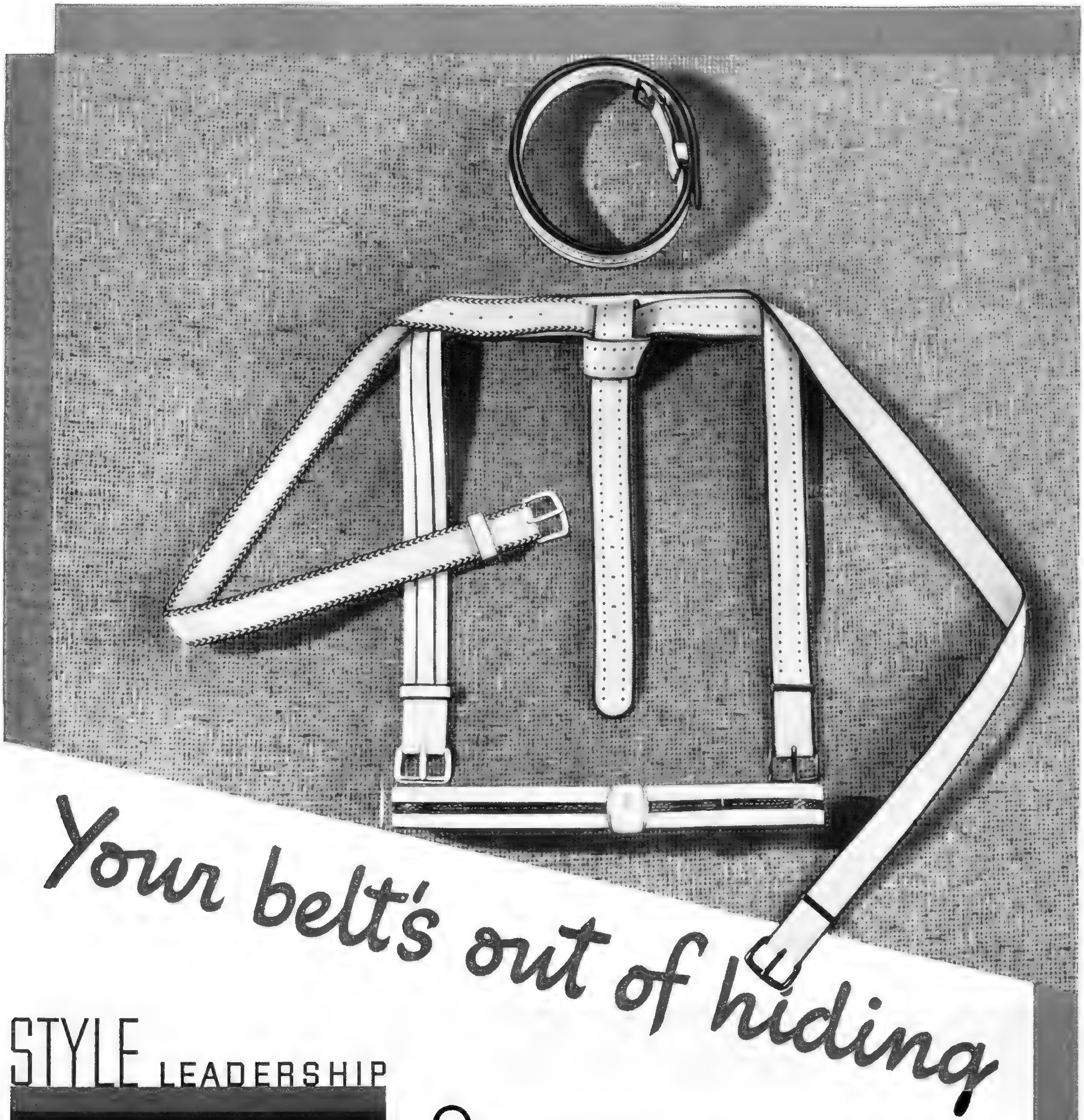
Here, again, let's not grope about like mice in the dark to blindly follow a set of rules, for no matter how correct they might be, there is a certain satisfaction gotten from knowing exactly why and what you're doing and then gingerly going about doing it. Knowing just what occurs and considering the most intelligent ways of breaking in a new briar pipe should reduce the otherwise intensely disagreeable ordeal to a comparative pleasure.

Anyone who ever saw a pipe, no less smoked one, knows that a carbon cake is formed. This consists mainly of the tobacco and serves the dual purpose of insulating and protecting the briar from the burning tobacco, making the smoke cooler, as well as to serve as an active porous body—far more porous than the briar itself—to absorb the juices of the tobacco.

But very few smokers, including many old-timers, realize that there are saps and natural oils in the briar, of a disagreeable nature, which are forced out of the pores by the heat during the breaking in period. Of course, the more saps and oils, the more disagreeable the task of breaking in the pipe, and the longer it takes. A hard grainy specimen, having the least of these saps and oils is the easiest to break in, with one exception—the processed pipe.

The most expensive, usually imported briars, are processed by heat and seasoning methods that accomplish just about what actual smoking will do to the saps and oils—chase them out. Because manufacturers select only the finest smoking specimens of briar before they will go to the time, trouble and expense of processing, such pipes are invariably among the best in smoking quality. Their general superiority is not to be explained away so much on the basis of the processing, for all this does is rid the briar of its oils and saps to a degree ordinarily accom-

Continued on page 118



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HICKOK

Peace with a Pipe

Continued from pages 95-116

plished by a hundred pipe loads of smoking, but on the basis of the select hard, grainy, old briars used.

But processed or unprocessed, the problem is how to form a carbon cake in the shortest possible time with the least possible injury to the briar, and in the most pleasant manner. For there is nothing you can do about getting the saps and oils out, but keep smoking away.

Unless your pipe is a 25-cent briar with a bowl as rough as an escaped convict's beard, don't scrape or monkey with it unless you want to succeed in destroying the high polish the manufacturer put there.

Since the formation of a cake depends upon the tobacco adhering to the side walls of the bowl, anything that will turn that trick is desirable. Water, honey, molasses, sugar-water, or any of a dozen syrups are therefore commonly used. Water is best from the standpoint that it provides good insurance against the briar needlessly burning. A good plan is to fill the bowl with water and let it soak for ten or twenty minutes.

If you will take the precaution of smoking just slow enough to keep the tobacco from going out, which burns the briar the least, honey may prove better for its sweetness flavors, perfumes and disguises the bad taste of the little briar that must in any event burn. Just smear a little around the entire inside of the bowl with your little finger. Pack your pipe half-full pressing it firmly against the side walls, and so tight all-around that there is just a little springiness to the tobacco. Light evenly, puff very slowly, until the last speck is burned. Don't make the mistake of not caking up the heel or very bottom of the pipe, for this is most important.

When you've finished this half-load, let it cool after which with a blunt instrument such as a pencil or toothpick loosen and remove the ashes.

Later, when the pipe is broken in, it's better to remove the ashes as soon after smoking as is convenient. Remove the mouthpiece and run a twenty-four-for-a-nickel cleaner through the shank, the mouthpiece and the "drinkless" attachment, if it has one.

For the first half dozen loads or so, it's better to continue this idea of only half filling the pipe because the lower part of a pipe doesn't cake as readily, and is more difficult to break in. Put your pipe away, for the day, and let it rest. Don't be a martyr and attempt to cake it up well in a single day, for invariably a pipe caked up over a week's time will be the better for it. The next day, repeat the honey or water operation, filling the pipe to within a quarter inch of the top, light evenly and carefully so as not to scorch the rim, and again smoke as slowly as possible right down to the very bottom. After a dozen loads, your pipe should be caked sufficiently to begin smoking fine, and to permit the ordinary treatment.

A word to those old-timers who go in for a variety of stunts in breaking in a pipe may very well be in order. The use of alcohol, in any form—an old-time trick—is definitely harmful. Save your fifty-year-old brandy for a better purpose.

The alcohol, you may be interested to know, chars and burns the briar needlessly, and does nothing that water couldn't do as well if not better. It is the flavoring matter in the beverage that perfumes the smoke so that if you have a particular yen for rum, Scotch or rye flavor, you would do far better to visit the local cordial shop or druggist for a small quantity of the essence of the flavor you like that contains very little if any alcohol.

Cleanliness and rest are the *alpha* and *omega* of a sweet smoking pipe at all times. It is pipe care. For by cleaning a pipe after each smoke you remove as much of the tars as is practicable; by resting it you allow the tars absorbed by the briar to evaporate and oxidize. Pipe cleaners are cheap, and once the great importance and many advantages of a clean pipe are realized, together with the necessity for resting a pipe, it just about leaves one question: How best to care for a briar pipe?

As the pores of the briar approach the saturation point from continued smoking, the purity and quality of the smoke falls, since a greater percentage of tars are carried into the smoke. While the pipe is never smoked to the point where the pores are simply full of tar, because such a pipe would just about kill the average smoker, the common error of smokers is to smoke until the pipe shows signs of becoming strong.

This is an indication that a certain amount of damage has already been done. The wise smoker *never* smokes his pipe so frequently, but anticipates this point by stopping short while the pipe is still smoking well. The wise smoker therefore has several fine briars, which he rotates, permitting each to rest a day or two during which time the tars evaporate.

This is not only absolutely essential for honest-to-goodness smoking pleasure but real economy for the man who has seven pipes which he smokes in rotation will find that his pipes last far longer than the man who buys an equal number of pipes, one at a time, smoking each one continuously to an early death. If the purse is small, it is better to buy seven fifty-cent pipes than one three-and-a-half dollar pipe, as any pipe manufacturer will candidly and unselfishly assure you. On the other hand, there are men who will smoke three or four different pipes in one day, and put them to rest for a full week—a fine procedure. Following the advice given in selecting a pipe should facilitate matters greatly, for it simplifies the task of collecting a half dozen or dozen pipes, all of which smoke beautifully—for the real trouble has been that smokers have never been able to collect six pipes at once that smoked finely.

Other than frequent cleaning, and no pipe ever went to the graveyard from being too clean, and systematic rotation, there is the matter of the most efficient ways of cleaning and caring for the pipe in everyday use. The best plan is to dump the ashes as soon as the pipe is finished, allow it to cool, remove the bit, run a cleaner very carefully through the shank—where the pipe is most likely to go sour—the mouthpiece and the insert. Depending upon the design of the pipe, the tobacco used, and your smoking habits, this may be necessary after each smoke or every several pipefuls. Only experience will show you how often to clean, but if you must err, do so on the side of over-cleanliness. A good plan, after cleaning the pipe with a cleaner, is to blow through the bit, forcing whatever juice and tar you have missed into the warm carbon-lined bowl, and then to put your pipe away with the bowl facing downward so that whatever juice may still remain will run into the bowl where it will do the least harm. Keep your pipes where they get plenty of air, for the air oxidizes and evaporates the undesirable tars. Don't keep them tightly shut up in a drawer.

It's a good plan to set a half hour aside once a month to carefully go over your collection. Remove the bits, and with a cleaner dipped in alcohol (or whatever liquor is handy) run it vigorously through the shank, using several cleaners if necessary, until all of the muck has been removed. Run some water, or some clean steam (not from the radiator, but from a kettle) through the bowl and into the shank to flush it. Or if you have a charged water bottle of the syphon variety, hold the spigot tightly against the shank, and "shoot" a few squirts through forcing the gooey out. Then, with a new cleaner dry the shank thoroughly, fold another cleaner in half and ram it into the shank, where you'll leave it overnight to dry.

Of course, never permit the cake on a pipe to exceed three-sixteenths of an inch, or you're running an unnecessary risk. The difference between the rate of expansion and contraction between the cake and the briar may cause your prize pipe to crack. Buy a carbon cutter for twenty-five or fifty cents. Not a dull dime reamer that rips, or a pocket-knife that may carve its way through the bottom at worst, or at best, produce an uneven cake leading to an uneven smoke, and a pipe that will frequently go out because of an uneven draught.

By following these simple rules, a pipe should be ever sweet, and never temperamental. It should make every smoker's pipe dreams come true. Remember, the pipe isn't human, it isn't temperamental. But you are. Your failure to keep your pipes clean, and over-smoking a pipe are entirely the cause of those fine briar pipes that smell to high heaven but which you nevertheless kept because of their beauty, their fond memories, and the faint hope that some day, perhaps, they would once more come back into their own.

In an attempt to bring those pipes which you smoked to death, back to life, these suggestions for revival are given:

Scrape out as much of the carbon as you can without tearing away any of the briar. Put some potash or washing soda in a dish of alcohol and dissolve it. Dip a pipe cleaner in this solution, and run it through the shank vigorously. Do the same with the inside of the bowl, being careful not to get any on the outside of the pipe or you'll ruin its fine finish. Don't be surprised if you use a dozen cleaners because a considerable amount of tar will be removed. Let steam, from a kettle, run through the bowl and shank; use the syphon stunt mentioned earlier, or go to the gas station and shoot some compressed air through the bowl and shank. Then put your pipe out on the window sill to rest for a few days so that the remaining tars may evaporate. Treat it like a new pipe that needs breaking in, and keep "babying" it along by very frequent cleanings. It may come back to life, and be its own sweet self, once more.

The very best way of removing the tars, and reviving the deadest pipe is by the use of either acetone or chloroform, following the same ritual as was last given. A certain degree of caution is necessary, because of the volatile nature of these chemicals, one or both of which may be purchased for a few cents at the corner drugstore.

When you've thoroughly cleaned the shank, after a dozen pipe cleaners are used in the course of removing the muck, put the pipe away to dry where it can get plenty of air. Let it rest for a few days so that the odor of the acetone or chloroform completely evaporates, and then after giving it some time to break in, if your pipe isn't as fresh as a new born babe, open the window and throw the blankety thing out, vowing you'll never under-clean or over-smoke a pipe again as long as you live.

Dutch Treat

from North America

"When I visited Rotterdam," writes L. E. Bates, "I expected to find dikes, silver skates, tulips and windmills. I certainly didn't expect to meet 'Canadian Club'—but there it was, and no old friend from home was ever more welcome."

In 87 lands, "Canadian Club" is prized. No other whiskey distilled on the American continent has ever become so popular. Whether you prefer rye or bourbon—bonded, blended or straight—you'll find a Hiram Walker whiskey to suit your purse and please your palate. At your favorite dealer's and at clubs, bars and hotels throughout the country.

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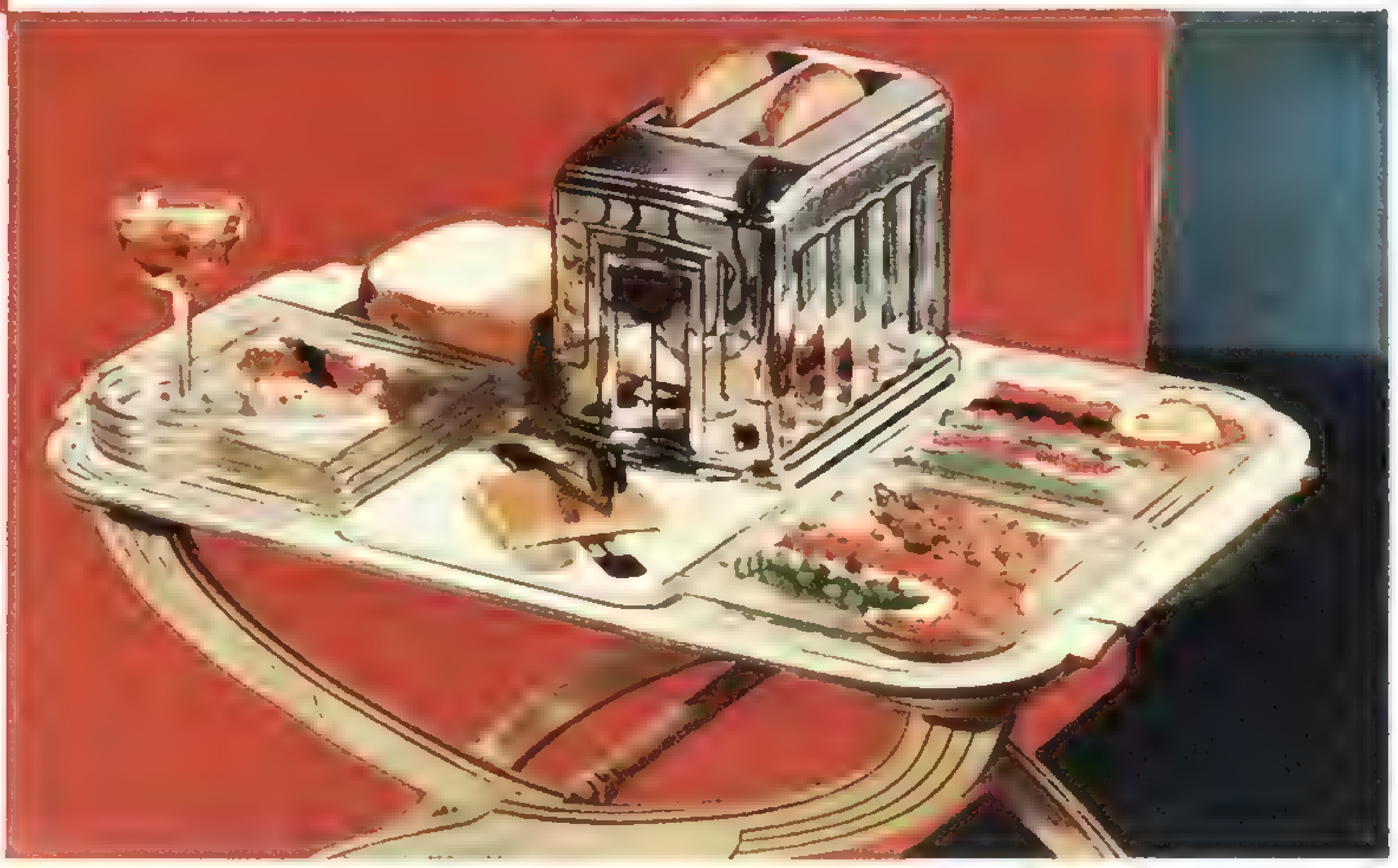
Toast to the Bride

and TOAST FOR THE GROOM

Here's to the bride! And how she'll thank you for your perfect gift—Toastmaster Toaster and its gorgeous new Hospitality Tray! She'll thank you mornings when young people forget to watch the toast—and the toaster *doesn't*. She'll thank you again during those busy weeks "at home," when friends drop in—and her Toastmaster Hospitality Tray rises to the occasion with a brilliant "Help-Yourself Party." . . . Her Toastmaster Toaster *can't* fail. Its Flexible Toast-Timer, exclusively Toastmaster's, times each slice automatically—longer when the toaster is cold, shorter when it's hot. Each slice is perfect—done to a turn, on both sides. . . . For weddings, anniversaries, and other gift days, send Toastmaster Toaster and the Hospitality Tray—with snack plates and appetizer dishes in sparkling Fostoria crystal. And that clever new folding stand, for just a little more. What an alluring package! . . . See Toastmaster products wherever quality appliances are sold. And write for "Help-Yourself Parties." *McGraw Electric Co., Waters-Genter Division, Dept. 6186, Minneapolis, Minn.*

Toastmaster TOASTER WITH Hospitality Tray

1-Slice Toastmaster Toaster, $11.50 ★ 2-Slice, $16.00 ★ 2-Slice, with Hospitality Tray, $21.50, $22.50 ★ Folding Stand, $5.00 ★ Toastmaster Waffle-Baker—another Toastmaster product—$12.50



The Music-Box Review

How a night at the opera may be appreciated without the aid of three or four Marx Brothers

by FRANK J. BLACK

• RECORDS •

For a long time I've waited for a chance to enlarge on the man who has left his imprint on all music written since—the supreme egoist, not only in the tonal world, but in all art, Richard Wagner. Wouldn't he have an uproarious time in his Fatherland today, were he alive?

Not so long ago, all that was needed for the S. R. O. sign at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York was an evening of *Faust*, *Carmen* or *Madame Butterfly*. Now the mere announcement of Melchior and Flagstad in *Tristan and Isolde* means that the mortgage will be that much nearer paid off. Wagner is the best seller today. But it was not ever thus. The critics of Wagner's time had a field day every time a new work by him appeared. Fiery words and phrases flew around. The Bronx cheer of the eighties was hurled back and forth and to and fro until even the critics were asphyxiated. People claimed that there was madness in his "method" but it turned out to be the reverse. He changed the course of music as surely as Napoleon altered the map of Europe.

Sure, he stole a lot of stuff from Liszt. But, composers, haven't you all? Haendel used to be known as the "Grand Old Thief." They called it taking. If Wagner pilfered ideas and melodies and harmonic schemes and made them live by running them through his sausage grinder, should we cavil?

Well, to make a long story longer, we have a part of *A Night at the Opera* from Victor. The Marx Brothers have nothing to do with this. This recording of the first act of *Die Walküre* (Valkyrie, if you must) is a great achievement. Let us hope Victor will complete the opera without cuts. That would be a real service to music and, incidentally, to themselves.

There is no need to go into the libretto, but Lauritz Melchior as Siegmund, Lotte Lehmann as Sieglinde, and Emanuel List as Hunding cover themselves with glory. Bruno Walter conducts with a trifle too much reverence which makes for a lack of virility at times. Also, could I register a glare at the cello players who decide to try out some new fingering while in the midst of a passage? My friends, it always comes out—out of tune.

One could go on and on and on, steeping one's self in Wagner's magic muse, but all you need to do to get the rest of the story is to clip the coupon at the bottom of the page. Wagner really was a god. Wasn't he?

Die Walküre (*Act One*) *by* Richard Wagner.
Performed by Lauritz Melchior—Siegmund.
Lotte Lehmann—Sieglinde.
Emanuel List—Hunding.
and the Vienne Philharmonic Orchestra,
conducted by Bruno Walter.

Musical Masterpiece Series—M-298.

Beethoven, in addition to everything else he did, wrote chamber music, and he tipped his hat to nobody when it came to writing string quartettes. This is the department of their art in which most composers show off. Quartettes are not one of those little things you dash off of an evening to amuse the children. It requires much knowledge of the technique of your art to do it successfully . . . or, even at all. Beethoven could, and did, write marvelous quartettes. His other things were good, too.

The Roth String Quartet (and here I've been spelling it the old fashioned way) has recorded his *Opus 95 in F Minor* for Columbia. I would like more verve, more zip, more "throw-it-away," but instead there are too many careful spots. Now, I didn't say I disliked it. Only, I would have gone for it in a great big way if it had been more carefree. It's a grand addition to your record library, so unbutton your "whatever-it-is-you-can't-make-from-a-sow's ear" and buy it.

Beethoven Quartette in F Minor, Opus 95
Played by the Roth String Quartet.

Columbia Masterworks Set—No. 251.

Franz Schubert also wrote chamber music, and Victor has recorded the Pro Arte Quartet plus another cello playing the *Quintet in C Major*. Here is a good old Schubert tossing away melody after melody. Some composers would give up whatever it is that composers have to give up if they could only write one-tenth as many or a tenth as good. I know some composers whose melodies aren't as good as the rests in Schubert's tunes.

This is a fine bit of playing, and the music contained in the *Quintet* is the greatest in any of Schubert's chamber music. The moods he evokes are myriad so you may play this whether you feel sad or gay. If you love music, acquire this piece of Schubertiana.

Schubert Quintet in C Major, Opus 163
Performed by the Pro Arte Quartet.

Musical Masterpiece Series—M-299.

Here is a contralto!!! Marian Anderson is a young colored girl with a voice from heaven. "Ev'rybody talkin' 'bout Hebben ain't goin' there." So says the spiritual, but if voice quality and opulence of tone count for anything, Miss Anderson is certainly headed in the right direction. Her voice is even in all the registers, and she is one of the most important additions to the vocal ranks in the last few years.

Don't think that she sings nothing but spirituals just because she is colored. Not so many months ago she sang under my conductorship and proved her musicianship by doing one of the most difficult of contralto arias. I hope Victor doesn't limit her to the songs of the Negro because that would be a distinct loss to record listeners. When you hear her I know you'll say, "What a lovely quality!", and you'll shiver a trifle at the dramatic power she projects in the *City Called Heaven*.

City Called Heaven
Lord, I Can't Stay Away
Heaven, Heaven
Sung by Marian Anderson (Contralto).

Victor Red Seal—8958.

Must I go on writing about chamber music? The Grand-daddy peeks slyly around the corner and says, "Yow-sir." Johann Sebastian Bach, the all-time high in music, wrote a series of what he called concertos, the given name being Brandenburg. They are really chamber-music works and on the grand scale. Columbia has recorded the first four in their entirety and it is a monument. The Busch Chamber Players are the executants. Adolf Busch, himself, plays the solo violin. If you want to hear some high French horn and trumpet notes just pay close attention. It is a grand pair of horns you have there, Adolf. The ensemble is really beautifully together, and the whole thing is a wonderful addition to anyone's record repertoire.

Bach: Brandenburg Concertos
Played by The Busch Chamber Players.

Columbia Masterworks Set—No. 249.

It had to happen. Now, not so many pianists will be happy. Mr. Tatum is with us on discs and with his superb technique he can't miss. He fantasizes on *I Ain't Got Nobody* and *When a Woman Loves a Man*. And, if you are a piano pooch or a pianist trying to be a pianist, listen in as Artie turns on the heat. He's got it.

I Ain't Got Nobody
When a Woman Loves a Man
Played by Art Tatum.

Decca—No. 741.

Frankie Trumbauer has recorded *Announcer's Blues* which takes its theme from the chimes rung on the NBC networks. Then the band goes to the village and all cleverly done. Reversely, there is *Flight of a Hay-Bag*, a rhythmic thesaurus. These are attractive things, both written by Frankie himself. I like the band and can't help but think what a far cry it is from the hot C Melody Sax in Ray Miller's Band to these recordings with his own gang. More, please.

Announcer's Blues
Flight of a Hay-Bag
Played by Frankie Trumbauer and his Orchestra.

Brunswick—No. 7629. #

The Tower of Weakness

Having a sickly wife, Lon met a splendid woman who worked on the farm with him like a man

by MURRAY GITLIN

• FICTION •

LON sat on the porch step scraping the dottle from his pipe and watched the woman up on the hill approach the house. She stood out like an enormous silhouette, tall and broad. Her walk was a side-sway. She bore down upon distance swinging one arm back and forth like a paddle.

All she asked for was a drink of water.

"That's cheap enough. Just help yourself. There's the pump and there's the dipper. You'll have to prime it a little first."

The woman drank like a man. Her head thrown back, the mouth open wide, she emptied the dipper in one swallow. The water spilled down the sides of her mouth on to her shirt, but she didn't mind it. Nor was she satisfied with one drink. She planted herself beside the pump and filled up the way a horse or a cow would fill up, until every line and gesture of thirst was removed from her body.

"That sure tasted good," she said. "That sure is good water."

Lon asked her to sit down and rest a bit. He noticed she was wearing a pair of men's work shoes and he thought how fine it would be to have a woman like that out in the field with him, pitching up the hay or loading, hoeing alongside of him down the potato rows, getting up at five in the morning with him to help milk the cows and in the evening sitting with him out on the porch steps, her strong heavy legs stretched out as they were now, her body slumped down tired and positive.

Everybody called her Phil, she said, but her name was really Philomena. She was from Massachusetts—Brockton. Hadn't been back there for over six years. Left when her husband was killed by a cornice which had got loose from a building. Since then she'd been leaving one town and going to another; cook in lunch rooms, housekeeper, cranberry picker, tended looms in textile mills. She was headed now for Mystic where a second cousin of hers ran a bakery. "There's something nice about a bakery. It's all clean and white. There's always a clean fresh smell in a bakery."

In this house, thought Lon, there is always a sharp smell of lysol. Even he with all the opposing smells he brought in—cow manure, milk dried hard, layer upon layer, on pant legs, wet earth—capitulated before this. It was Hattie's smell. It belonged to her as much as the farm did. It came wrapped up in her tradition, in her chronic illness; her thin body was draped in it.

"There's a clean fresh smell on a farm too," said Lon in defense. "I guess you've worked on a farm and you ought to know it. How about the smell o' cut grass? And a clean flank of a clean cow ain't so bad neither. And how about some nice black wet garden dirt steamin' in the sun after a rain, eh? A bakery's all right, but I guess it gets sort of hot there in the summer time, don't it?"

She appreciated this description, he noticed. There weren't many people you could talk to like this and get a response from, least of all a hired man.

Philomena stayed. She was general house- and farm-hand all in one. Up in the northeast corner, facing the apple orchard, was her room.

These summer days there wasn't much to do inside. Meals came more or less ready-made—smoked shoulder, sausages, vegetables and greens, cereals—prepared in a few minutes; hardly any cleaning. But she preferred doing any number of chores outdoors rather than get the coffee and grits ready under the supervision of Hattie's wheezing and racking cough. Right after breakfast she'd go out and help Lon with his work. When the dishes were done in the evening she'd take herself off to the river and get rid of the sweat and dirt that were her day's share of the toil.

Her presence brought a new order of things to the farm. It was a pleasure to see that untiring, solid, onward movement of her body as she worked. Lon was freshened by it. All that blue New England blood of his, thinned out by generations of inbreeding, by an aimless flowing on, started to thicken. All these years he'd been like a Southern hillbilly. Even the eyes were numb to the disintegration. Fences fallen over on their sides, cows wandering about—he hardly noticed. Across the yard the barn leaked and rotted. Out on the lots was last year's hay, the year's before that, accumulating as dead gray refuse in windrows, or uncut altogether.

Nobody spurred him on. Hattie was a drab, ailing woman. At 36 she looked like 50. Her brand of criticism had become too monotonous to have any meaning for him. And most of the farm she saw from a window. There was always too much of a breeze for her outside. She'd come out in a sweater and woolen stockings—summer or winter—throw a few scraps to the hens and hurry back again. She bought bottles of medicine in pairs, one for downstairs, one for the bedroom. There was an old model T Ford that sometimes ran.

Hattie saw the two of them close together. She heard the new woman laugh; saw them looking at each other; saw Lon strutting about with his thumbs stuck under his belt. Now it was: "Come first rain, Phil, you'll give me a hand with that chicken coop; we'll put it on rollers and move it away from the barn." Or: "You'd better rest up for that hoein' tomorrow." She carried this jealousy with her day and night; let it make a fool of her; stood at the window upstairs to see what the two of them were doing together on the lot; awoke at night and threw an arm across the bed—deliberately—to make sure . . . saw to it that Lon did not stray too far from the house when the new woman went off for her evening bath in the river.

For Lon the nights were also restless. Often he woke up and imagined he heard a noise off in the northeast corner; feet going down the stairs. He listened. Seemed like a door was opened and shut to; that these same feet were now hurrying along the road down to Mystic where there was a bakery that smelled clean and fresh. And if, as it happened several times, Philomena did not go up to bed when they did, he'd lie there waiting for those footsteps to make the boards creak, unable to fall asleep.

Lon said: "Seems to me, Hattie, you could find more to do than keep yer eye on me and she. I don't need no lookin' after, she don't neither. This woman don't mean that sort o' fol-de-rol to me. She's a man, Hattie, not a woman. She's a man who don't go drunk on you whenever there's hay to be made, who don't complain that he's not gettin' the right kind o' meal, like all the rest o' the hired hands, because she's the one to fix the food herself. Don't you go startin' any rumpus, Hattie, because she don't mean a thing to me along that line."

Hattie did not believe him. When Philomena returned from the river that evening, sat down on the porch beside Lon, she stuck her head through the door and said: "There's some nice church singin' on the radio, Philomena. Don't you want to come in and hear it? And you, settin' out there, Lon, not even smokin' yer pipe. Upon my word! Must be your flesh has turned bitter—the mosquitoes don't seem to want to touch it no longer."

He went in that time—because he wanted to, not out of any sense of guilt which he did not have and which could not be evoked. Lon pleaded with Phil not to listen to his wife: "Seems like nowadays whenever a man and woman's together there's always somebody's tongue awaggin' like a cow's tail. Only a cow's tail does some good. It chases flies. Damn it, Phil! if you get mad or somethin' because of Hattie I'll put a whip to you, honest I will."

But seldom did she have anything to say. What she could be thinking about he never knew, nor did he try to find out. He wanted her to tell him that she was satisfied here, but beyond that he was afraid to go prying, not because of what he might discover there in her mind, but simply because you never could be sure with a woman —sometimes for no reason at all they got peeved and angry, sometimes they imagined that a man got close to a woman and asked questions of her only because she was a woman, not because he might be interested in her as a friend.

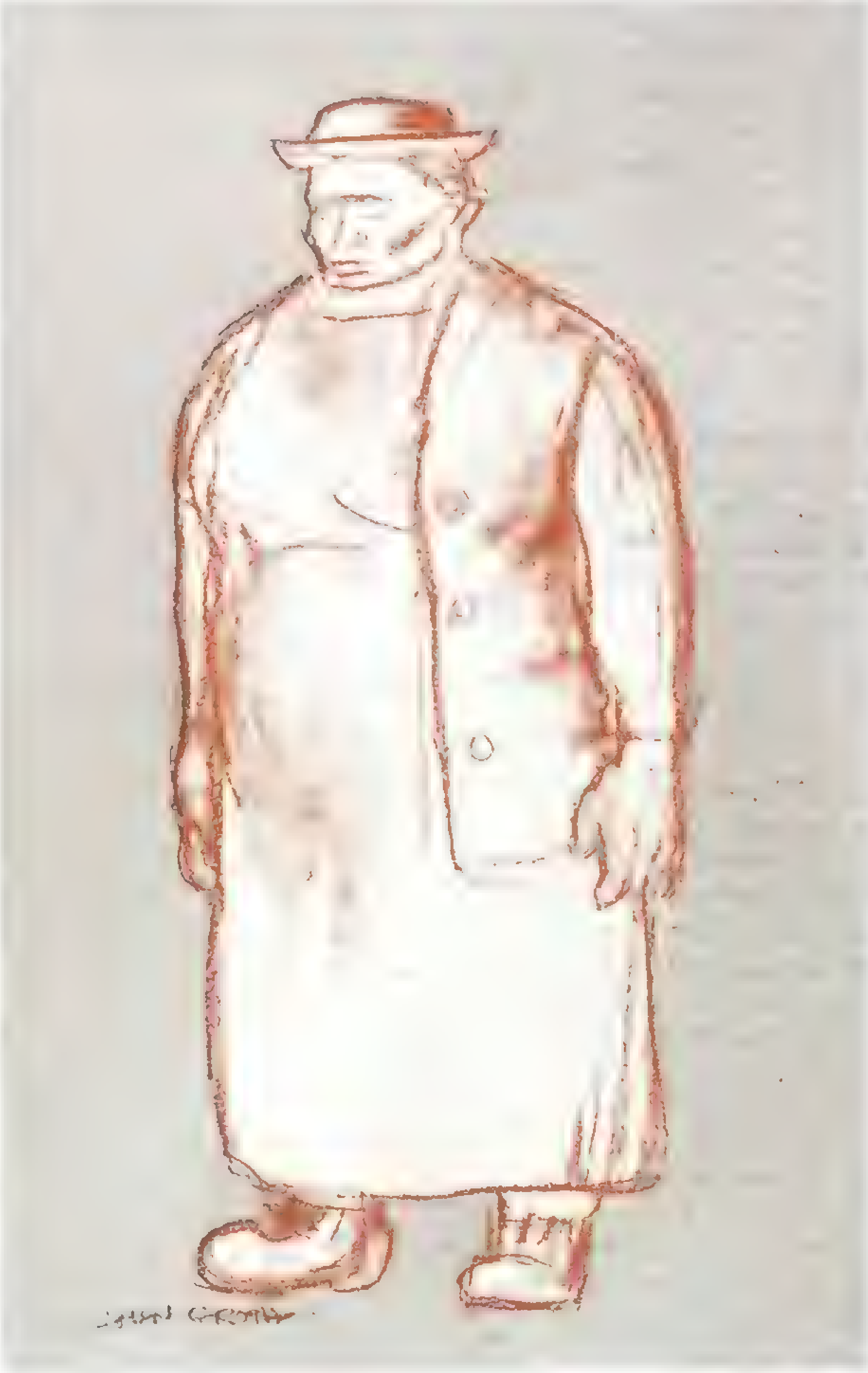
"When I first seen you walkin' down that road you looked to me like—well, like a woman we used to call Helen Fat in my home town. I thinks to myself: somebody from a circus maybe. But that was because of the sun hittin' you in the back while you was on the hill. But you came closer and I seen you wore work shoes and, by George, I says to myself right there and then—she's the woman for me. I mean for us, for the farm. That's how it all come about."

On the field there wasn't much talk between them. Nothing more than an occasional few words out there, mostly about that which they saw right before their eyes—smut on a corn stalk, a ground hog scampering toward a stone fence, a hawk circling the sky, hot weather, wind shifting, rain before night. They'd laugh when Lon, sticking a pitchfork square through the middle of a haycock, found he couldn't lift it; when a jolt of the wagon sent her sprawling down toward the horses' tails. Once she got off the hayload on the opposite side "to fix something" on her "that got broke." It had got wound around her knees, this something. Lon wanted to put it in his pocket for safekeeping. There was the color of a blush showing through her dark browned skin. Lon laughed. She laughed too. They couldn't stop laughing.

Hattie heard their guffawing then; it carried right across the muggy, sodden air to the window upstairs. She put a shawl across her shoulders and walked to the meadow. But they were already coming back. Philomena pulled up the team. Lon stared at his wife who for the first time in six years had ventured out further than the barnyard. He started to slide off the load in order to walk back with her, but she said she hadn't come to meet them at all; she was out to pick herself some cowslips near the spring.

They drove on. Philomena's face did not change its expression. There wasn't a hint of embarrassment on it. She just sat there at the front end of the wagon, atop the hay, as stationary as a house you expect to find when you turn the bend. Yet he knew she must be thinking. This was the time to talk to her, but he was afraid. The vision of a conversation with her now terrified him. Suddenly she might turn toward him, this oak might suddenly start to sway and shake with anger, in one leap she'd be off the wagon, and he, running after her down the road, would have dust to eat.

The next day when they were stooping over weeding in the garden he noticed she tried to be behind him always. She had let the hem out of her dress so that it came down almost to the ankles. In the morning when he went to the creamery with the milk he bought her a pair of overalls, thinking to himself: "Now maybe both of 'em 'll feel a little more easy." But it worked just the other way round. The overalls made Philomena more conscious of her size (they were a little small) and of her sex. "So he's already started buyin' her things," thought Hattie. Suddenly, despite the clear-skyed haying days, she insisted that Philomena spend more time about the house. Philomena's laughs came less often. Now when he sat on the porch, cleaning out his pipe, smoking, just looking across at the apples filling out in the orchard, she'd be in her room somewhere, as if hiding from him.



Lon went about like a man who has seen two ghosts. Fear dug into him from two sides. At any moment now Philomena might leave and with her leaving would return that period in his life when even to sit and do nothing was a burden. Everything that he had found in these few weeks would flow out with her. There was Hattie—the other fear. An explosion—hysterics—a doctor sent for every day—weeping—the two women coming together, tearing at each other with words and fingers over a misunderstanding which somehow he could not get cleared away.

"What's she say to you when you're in the house washin' up and cleanin'? Does she speak about you and me?"

Philomena shook her head.

"You mustn't pay no attention to her," he said. "Jest forget about her. Jest don't mind her talkin'. You see, she's thinkin' to herself that—well, where there's a man and woman alone there's got to somethin' happen, she figures. Damn it! I swear to you I ain't never thought o' you in that way. We're jest two good old pals, that's all, ain't we Phil? Have you got a notion what you done to me since you come here? You jest about made a new man out o' me. And how you done it? Jest by bein' here—that's all."

Philomena went along, chopping at the weeds.

"Me and Hattie don't get along good. Of course we don't. An ailin' woman ain't nothin' to brag about. But once in a while she kind o' perks up, kind o' forgets she's got nothin' the matter with her, and it ain't so bad then. It ain't all dogfightin' between us. She and me's got nothin' against each other."

Her hoe did not stop its rhythm for one moment. Lon felt that he hadn't explained himself properly to her. He began his own rhythm, but it wasn't as smooth as hers, nor as fast.

Lagging along behind he noticed her broad back, the overalls a little too short for her, her bare feet, her body filling up the entire space between the two rows of late sweet corn. The string remained just as taut. Not once did she turn her head to look at him. He couldn't catch one glimpse of her eyes to guess how she felt about it. Suddenly he began to strike at the weeds with short swift strokes, each propelled by a rising torrent of anger. The hoe handle bent under it. The weeds fell like matchsticks.

"Once and for all I'm goin' to put an end to this business!" he muttered. "I've had my bellyful of it! I'm goin' to settle it once and for all!"

He threw down the hoe and without a word to Philomena started across the lot toward the house. His movements were just as uneven as they had been on the cornfield. Part of the cowpath he took on a run, jumping from one stone to another—a headlong dash to a goal which he could not reach fast enough—then, as he got closer, his feet picked out the softer spots, tufts of grass, little havens of dark green moss which tried to break the tenseness of his body.

"I stood it for three months! I put up with all this nonsense for three months! I been sufferin' for no reason at all and, by God, I aim to end it right here and now if it's the last thing I ever do!"

Hattie was on the second floor. He could hear her move about, descend the stairs. In one hand she was holding a bottle of medicine, in the other a spoon. Somehow the odor of the room did not oppress him. He noticed the color of her skin, a yellow tint like the shadow of buttercups held under the chin, the sunlight spreading its circumference over the entire face.

He hadn't seemed to realize how frail a woman she was. Her eyes were blurred-looking. On her neck the sinews stood out sharp. The hands, the elbows, the arms, they were so thin and fragile. He had come prepared to hurl curses at her; now he

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Fear Into Phobia

Continued from page 81

flesh creeps, if your hair stands on end and the perspiration starts at the very thought of going into a garden after dark, if you find it absolutely impossible to do so no matter how urgent the necessity, and in spite of all your reasoning power, then you are a phobiac.

A man of my acquaintance, well-to-do, with an accepted position in the world of affairs, lives in a good-sized home in a suburban district. Every room in that house from top to bottom is brightly lit from the first hint of twilight until daybreak. Flood lights are at every door ready to be switched on should he find it necessary to step outside. There is not a fireplace in the house that is not plugged solid with cement—he can not bear to see the dark hole from which something may emerge to harm him. He has an unreasoning and terrific aversion to any illustrations that picture dark rooms or night scenes; he dislikes intensely women dressed in black and clergymen.

On the rare occasions when he visits a friend's house, it is impossible for him to pass the open door of an unlighted room; he will turn back, find his host or a servant and on some trumped-up excuse or perhaps a fairly plausible reason, ask that the room be lit. Never will he sleep in a dark room.

This man is a victim of nichtophobia. Yet I doubt if even his closest friends realize there is anything abnormal in his exaggerated fear of the dark. But he pursues his daily life haunted by a spectre at his side—the lights may go out in the elevator, something may reach out and grab him from a dark hallway and as it becomes increasingly impossible for him to hide his obsession, as his fear becomes stronger than his power of reason, it will gradually become apparent that he is a demented person.

This particular phobia has been analyzed in many cases as a punishment complex. The sufferer believes in his subconscious that he has sinned and that which awaits him in the dark to hurt him, is the punishment for his sin.

We are brought up to believe that sexual enjoyment is wicked. Outwardly the majority of us discard this idea when we come to reasoning age. But it cannot be discarded from our subconscious so readily—there our reason does not reach. The nichtophobiac suffers from a feeling of guilt, either real or fancied; he may have had adulterous connection with a woman, though even such a simple and presumably sinless act as enjoyment of his own marriage bed may set up in his subconscious the feeling of guilt.

We are taught from our infancy that our sins will find us out—if we ourselves were not taught this, our fathers were. And the vestiges of this teaching still linger.

The nichtophobiac has enjoyed the pleasures of the flesh — ergo, punishment inevitably awaits him. When he can no longer control that fear of punishment, but when the fear controls him, then he is on the borderland of dementia.

A phobia is not an irrational development of a rational fear. Rather the exaggerated rational fear of the phobiac is the symbol of an underlying disturbance that bears no actual relationship to the form the fear takes. For five sufferers from nichtophobia, there might and undoubtedly would be an entirely distinct and different reason for the condition of each one. How often do we hear such remarks as, "A dog attacked him when he was a child and he has had an abnormal fear and dislike of dogs ever since." Though the person to whom this applies would appear slightly weak-minded, he is not a phobiac, nor ever would be from that cause. But a well-known and successful psychiatrist of my acquaintance who finds it impossible to see a cat on the street without making every effort to run over it with his automobile, who keeps a loaded shot gun in his doorway to shoot any dog that happens on his premises, is a zoophobiac.

We know and have always known fear. There are too many things that can hurt us in the physical world not to know it. But in addition to fear, we now have phobias, as our life becomes increasingly complex and our code of living farther and farther from the natural. We have discarded the superstitions of the middle ages; vampires and werewolves no longer disturb our sleep. But in their stead we do private homage to irrational terrors where once there was awe of the supernatural. #

The Greek and the Gael

Continued from page 79

literal translation from the Irish Texts Society's Translations of the regulations that Finn MacCool, himself a Tailteann champion, who lived 250 B. C., laid down for all competitors. The victors of the Games were received into his Fian or Fianna, which is alleged to have been the first order of chivalry organized in western Europe:

"The following are the conditions which Fionn, son of Cumhal, attached to the degrees in courage which each one was bound to obtain before being received. First condition: no man received into the Festival of Tailte (*i.e.* the Tailteann Games) until his father and mother and clan and relatives gave guarantees they would never demand any retribution from anyone for an injury to him or his death; 2nd:—no one admitted until he had become a *filé* (*i.e.* able to read and understand the bardic poetry of the country); 3rd:—no one admitted until a large pit reaching above his knees had been made for him and he was put in it with his shield and a hazel staff as long as an athlete's arm in his hand, and nine men with nine spears were to approach him leaving the space of nine furrows between them and him, and they threw nine spears together at him and if he were wounded he could not be admitted to enter; 4th:—no man admitted until having his hair plaited he was sent through several woods with all the Fian pursuing him, who if they overtook him could then wound him slightly; 5th:—no man admitted whose weapon trembled in his hand; 6th:—no man admitted if a branch of a tree in the woods unloosed his hair, or from its plait a single braid of his hair; 7th:—no man admitted if he broke a withered bough beneath his feet (*i.e.* he must show himself capable of running not only fleetly but lightly, picking his steps noiselessly); 8th:—no man admitted unless he could leap over a tree cleanly as high as his forehead and unless he could stoop beneath a tree as low as his knees; 9th:—no man admitted to Tailteann unless he could pluck a thorn from his foot with his hand without stopping in the race."

The greatest Tailteann champion of all time is said to have been Cuhullain, the "Irish Achilles," who lived in the time of Faradach, the 102nd High-King of Ireland, who ruled at the time of Christ. Cuhullain won virtually every contest he entered, and afterwards became a great hero. Legend has conferred on him the aura of divinity, and to this day stories are told of his prowess, around many an Irish fireside. One Conal Carnach is ranked in folklore as the next greatest champion in the Tailteann tradition. Both men's records are stated to have been written down in a manuscript called *The Book of the Champions of Eirinn*, which also is said to have recorded other athletes and which, according to Celtic savants, was lost or destroyed in the 9th Century during the ruthless Danish invasions. Tradition has however handed down the tales of these men, and Cuhullain and Conal remain heroes as real to the Irish as Achilles is to the Greek or Caesar to the Romans. Further references are now being found about them in other extant manuscripts.

Conal's greatest achievement is said to have been his journey to Rome where he competed in the Arena with the chosen champions of the Roman Empire, "to surpass them all." His final appearance was as a wrestler against one Ottho, the Latin Champion, whom he is alleged to have thrown so hard with a sudden *hype* throw that he broke the Roman's neck. The *hype* was the ace throw in the Celtic system of wrestling, which seemed to have been a different system than the Graeco-Roman style. Danno O'Mahoney, the young Irish wrestler, uses a variation of the *hype* throw, the *Irish whip* it is called. There are quite a few centuries behind that throw; it is in the blood. Conal however was not a professional pachyderm; it is told that he spurned a purse of monies offered him by the great Tiberius Caesar himself.

The tale is still told in parts of Munster that of certain nights in the months of autumn, which was the season of the Tailteann Games, the chickens when going to sleep on their roosts talk among themselves of the old-time champions of the games, and that could one but understand the secret of their cackling he would have the great story to tell indeed.

Thus the Irish claim their due meed of recognition in preserving also the amateur ideal in modern athletics and in helping to integrate that ideal into the concept of modern sport. One of the epics of modern amateur sport is that of the America Cup, for which since 1893 two great Irish sportsmen contended, the Earl of Dunraven with his *Valkyrie* and later Sir Thomas Lipton with his *Shamrock*.

They never lifted the Cup, but they kept on trying. They played the game. Again the Irish claim to have given America a game which became the greatest professional pastime to date, namely baseball. The Germans claim the origin of this game, the English also claim it. The Irish say that the game came from their sport called rounders; and it is significant that the great American pastime is still played according to a code which is scarcely modified from that seen in force any summer or autumn day on an Irish school field or village green.

So let us give a long-belated bow to the Irish who helped keep the amateur athletic ideal in the mind of the world, and save a splendid human institution. Like the champions of Hellas, the champions of Tailteann were also giants of the elder time. The modern scientific answer seems to include the Irish. For the Greek and the Gael were brothers under the bay-leaves. The Irish had a hand in it too. #

● Fixing the net for a furious set of mixed doubles. Mr. J. W. Y. Martin is working, while Mr. Jack Potter conserves his strength for the real business in hand, a snapshot of the winners.

● (Above) Mr. Charles Sewall Barrell (left) and Mr. Thomas Shevlin talking it over after a turn at the clay pigeons. The snapshot was made in a leisurely moment by Mr. Potter.

● (Below) Miss Emily Davie following the drag at a brisk trot, in hopes of seeing the last jump. Snapped by Mr. Charles Sewall Barrell.

SNAPSHOTS *from a sportsman's journal*

HORSES AND DOGS, tennis, golf, shooting, and polo—and you have a twelve-hour day in the life of a country gentleman down South.

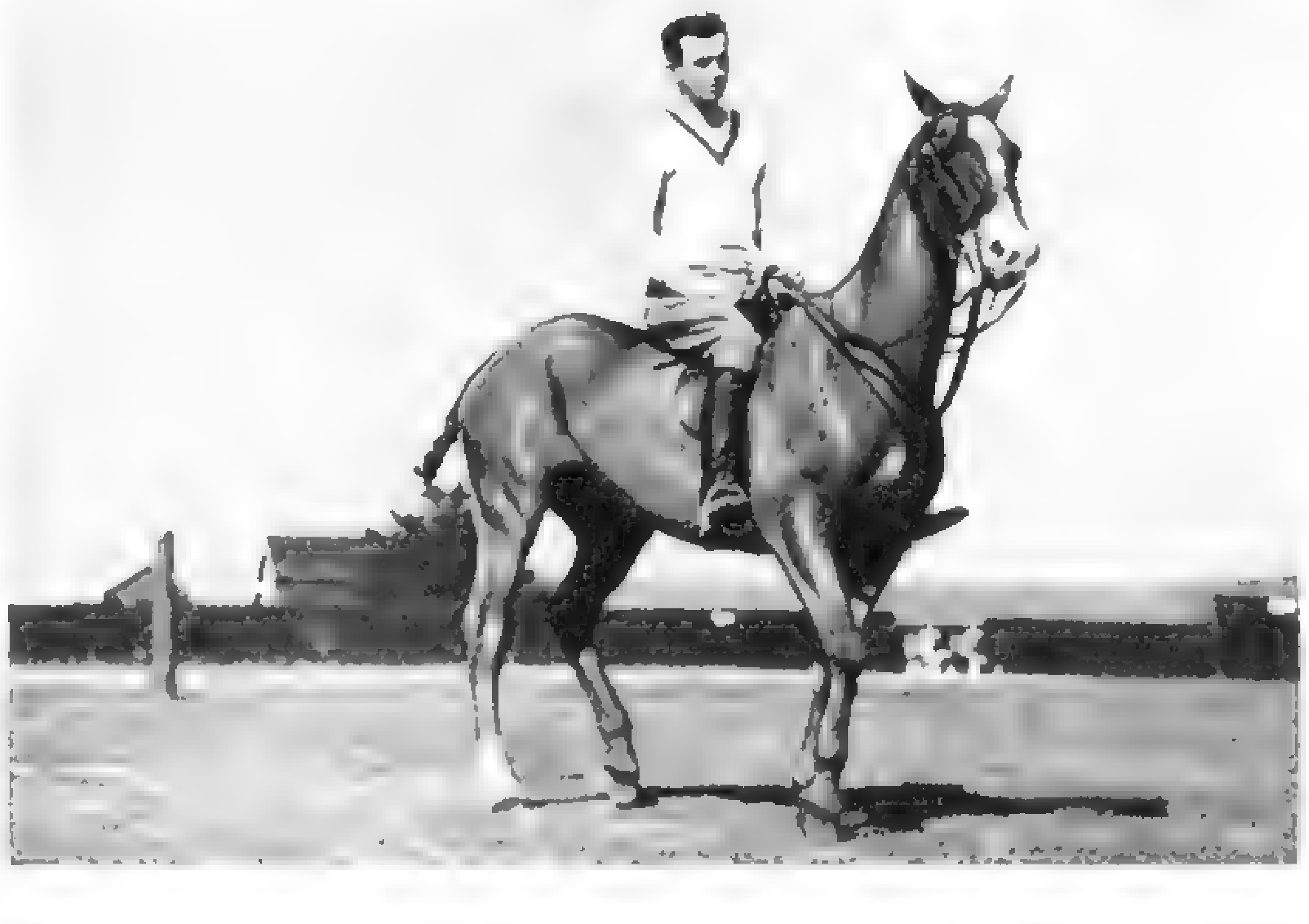
Up at the crack of dawn—he is generally in the saddle by six A. M., riding for several hours in the cool of the morning, and getting in 18 holes of golf and a plunge in the swimming pool before lunch.

Horse shows, dog shows, polo matches, and hunting fixtures of both drag and foxhounds help to keep time from hanging heavy on his hands. On bye days he does a bit of quail or skeet shooting.

To take up any slack, there's the exhilarating sport of snapshooting one's friends in action; getting them riding to the drag, schooling a hunter over difficult jumps, or putting a polo pony through his paces. A group of friends, taking snapshots at characteristic moments, produced the unique collection on this page.

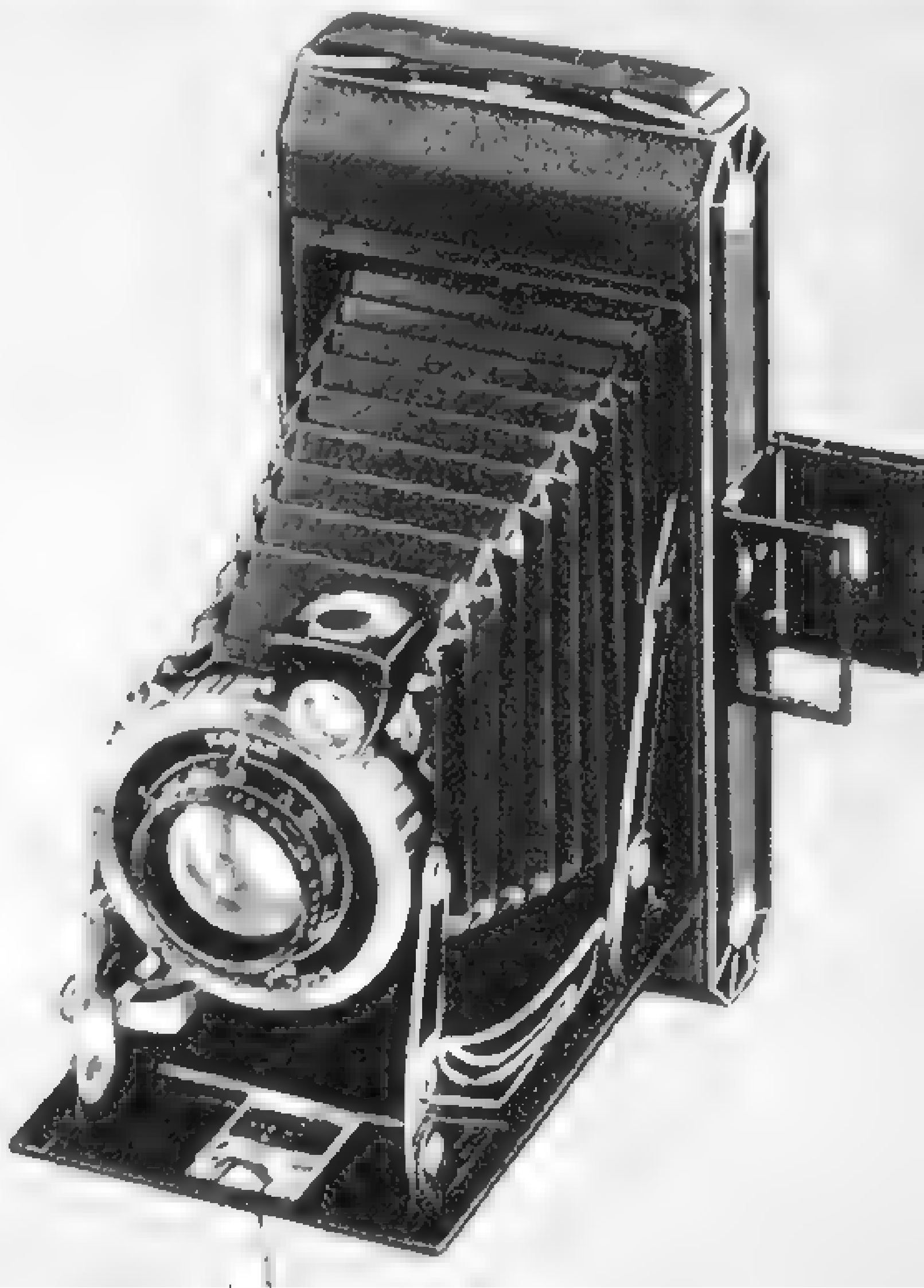
● (Right) This picture shows Mr. Edward S. Voss riding Desert Thorn, Mrs. Voss' steeplechaser, who for the last two years has won the Mannetto steeplechase at West Hills, L. I. With him is Mrs. Joseph Woods. Snapped by Mr. William Post II.

● (Below) Harry Hollins III (left) and William Jay Iselin approach-putting in a little private match. Snapped by Mrs. Harry Hollins III.



● Mr. William Post II giving his pony a workout before starting for the polo field. Snapped by Mr. Thomas Shevlin.

KODAK SIX-16 (f.4.5)—A marvelously versatile camera, the favorite Kodak of Mr. Thomas Shevlin and Mr. Charles Sewall Barrell. Takes action photos—close-ups—even indoor snapshots at night, with Kodak "SS" Film and Mazda Photoflood bulbs. The fast *f*.4.5 lens and 1/250-second shutter give wide scope for varying light conditions. Pictures $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Price $40—at convenient camera counters ... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.



The Art of Old Giulio

For once in his lifelong career the organ-grinder proved he had the true feelings of an artist

by R. H. M. GOLDMAN

• FICTION •

Old Giulio had just finished grinding out the *Marseillaise* when a well-dressed young man came up to him and dropped a quarter into his venerable hat.

"Mucha t'anks, young fella," said Giulio. "Wotta you want I play now?"

"Nothing special," said the young man. "That's a fine machine you've got there."

"Soun's-a fine," admitted Giulio. "Just-a wait. I play somet'ing for you. Opera. You like opera?"

"Sure," said the young man absently.

"Notta many people like-a you," said Giulio unhappily. He looked worriedly at the young man. "Wotta dey wan'? Easta Side, Westa Side! Notta good!" He shook his head vigorously, and indulged in a vast Latin gesture.

The young man grinned. "How long have you been playing this thing anyhow?"

"All-a my life," said Giulio. "Wotta you t'ink? I am arteest. In da soul. I *mus'* make-a da moosic!"

"Listen," said the young man. "Can you play the *Wedding March* on that—er—instrument?"

Giulio looked dubious. "Notta now . . . no; maybe tomorrow. You like?"

"Sure I like," said the young man. "I'll give you five bucks if you get that and come around tomorrow. I'm getting married at four o'clock: sort of a garden wedding. I'll give you the address. Do you want it?"

"You mean I come play at a real wedding?" Giulio's eyes opened wide. "Give-a me da address! I come-a dere, you betta my life!"

"Fine!" The young man took out a card and gave it to the old organ-grinder. "There's my name, James Stevenson. You go to this address, 11 Oak Road." He wrote the address on the card.

"Pleeza ta meetcha, Jems." The old man wiped his right hand on his trousers and grabbed the hand of the young man. "We shake-a da han'. You calla me Giulio."

"Mighty glad I met you, Giulio," said the young man, very seriously, as befitted the nature of the occasion. "We'll expect you tomorrow. Don't forget!"

"I notta forget," said Giulio. "You fine fella. So long!"

Jim walked away, whistling light-heartedly. He was very happy because he was going to be married the next day, and he thought it was a fine idea to have the wedding march played by an organ-grinder. They hadn't counted on having any music, but Edith would love this; they were always amused by the same things. Maybe that was why they were getting married.

Giulio walked away in the other direction, pushing his heavy cart as if it weighed two ounces. He felt the way a poor young violinist might feel if he were suddenly told that he was to be soloist with the Philharmonic.

He was engaged to provide the music at a real social function. His ambition had never reached to such dizzy heights. But at last, he felt, he had met someone who appreciated his art. Giulio glowed.

The next day came around bright and sunny as it should be for a June wedding. The garden of the bride's house was a model of suburban beauty. Guests were already buzzing about when Giulio, a trifle out of breath, came along hauling his specially polished organ. An expression of bliss lighted his face, but it changed when a policeman came charging out at him, waving his stick.

"Hey you!" shouted the cop. "Yuh can't come around here with that thing. There's a wedding goin' on here. Move along."

"You tella me!" said Giulio indignantly. "I make-a da music." The cop was about to enforce his commands when a servant ran out from the house and informed him that Giulio was expected. Giulio was led to an inconspicuous spot and told to wait. The cop scratched his head; there was no telling what these crazy people with money would do.

Giulio had a wonderful time. When his great moment came, he cranked passionately. Afterwards, someone gave him a glass of champagne. In the years that followed he never tired of telling his grandchildren about the great day.

When the ceremony was over, he waited for his chance to speak to Jim. But Jim anticipated him, and came over to greet Giulio, bringing Edith with him.

"Thank you, Giulio," said the young man. "You played beautifully!" He held out his hand, with a crisp new banknote folded in his palm. He was having a hard time repressing the grin which he felt coming over him.

Giulio shook hands with deep feeling. "I wisha you happiness all your life," he said. He reached behind his organ and brought out a little posy. "For Missus Jems," he explained.

"Oh, Giulio, how nice!" exclaimed the bride. "Thank you ever so much."

"You take-a good care of Jems," said Giulio. "He fine fella. I wisha you bot' good luck. Lotsa kids."

"Thanks, Giulio," said Jim. "You come around and play for them."

"You betta my life!" said Giulio.

A month or so later, Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson were sitting at home of an evening when they heard the sound of a barrel-organ outside. James lifted the shade and looked out. It was Giulio, all dressed in the Sunday clothes he had worn at the wedding. Jim went out to say hello.

"Ah, Jems!" exclaimed Giulio, upon sighting him. "It's-a me, Giulio!"

"Hello! How are you?" said Jim. He began to wonder whether Giulio intended to come around every day now. He might become a nuisance.

"I have a great troubla to finda your new address," said Giulio. "I bring you a presen'."

"That was nice, Giulio."

"Waita you see. You gotta phonograph?"

"Yes . . ."

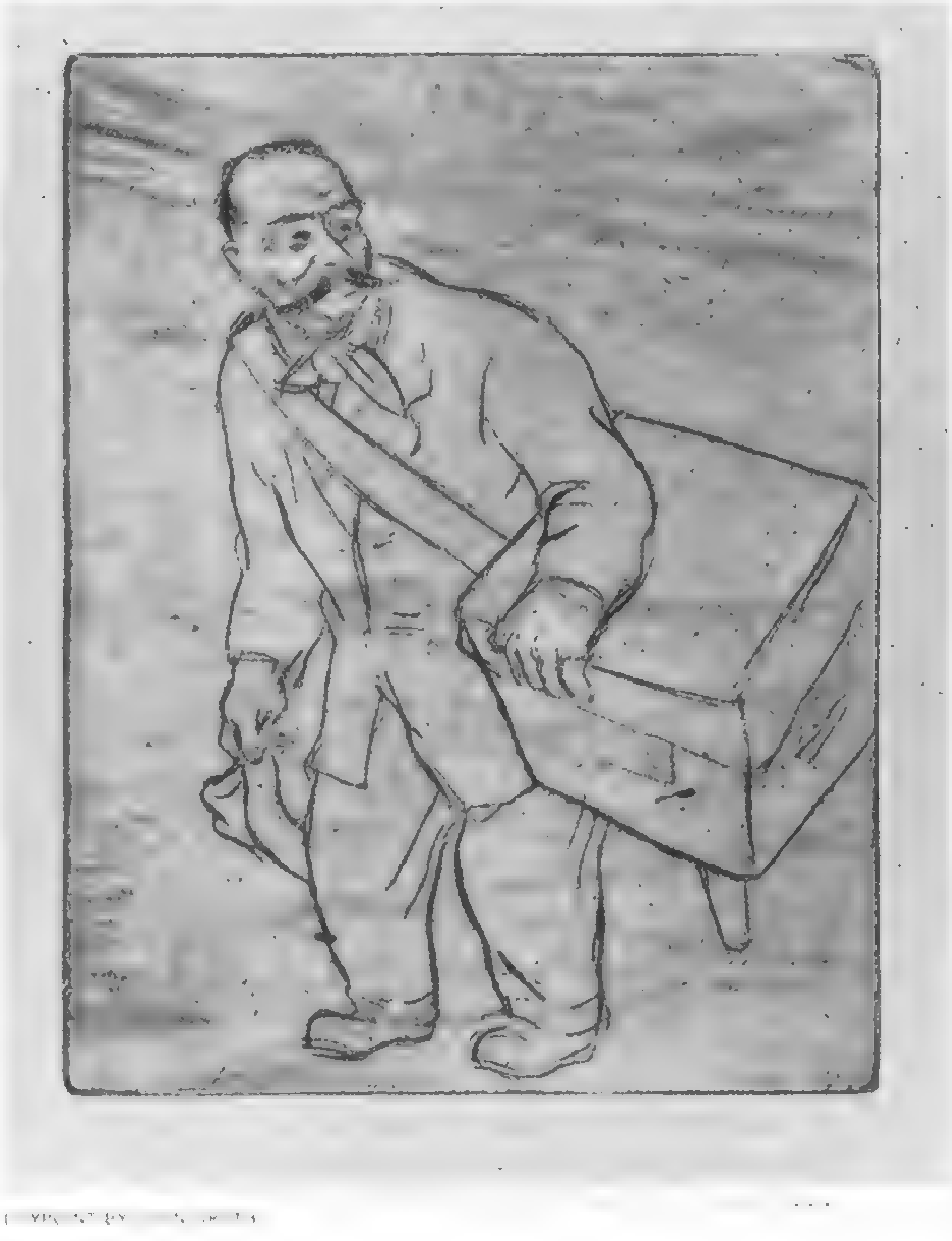
"Good!" Giulio held out a flat square package. "Is a fine record!" he declared proudly. "Play him."

Jim smiled in spite of himself. "Would you like to come in and hear it?" he asked.

Giulio looked at his clothes. "You don' mind?" he asked timidly.

"Come along," said Jim.

Giulio took off his venerable hat



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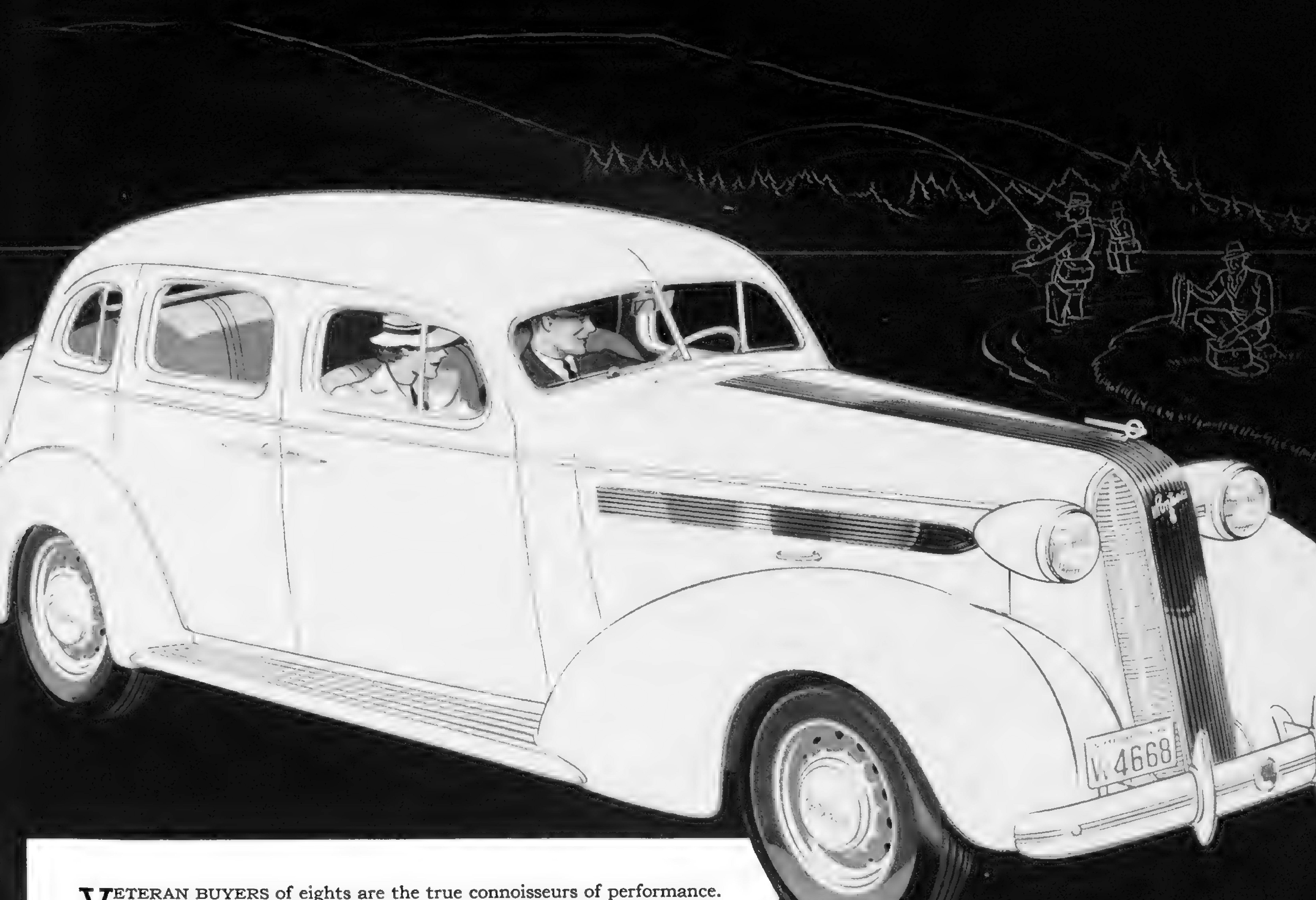
LEARN WHY OWNERS CALL IT THE *Smoothest* EIGHT IN THE WORLD!



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That's why owners call it the world's *smoothest* eight. Here's why they call it the *greatest*. It comes of a family renowned for long life—200,000 miles is often reported by owners. Under official supervision it has averaged *22 miles to the gallon* on a 352-mile run. It has the big-car weight and length you must have for steadiness and safety, and all the advancements it takes to make a *modern* car. What's more, you have America's word that Pontiac is the most beautiful thing on wheels!

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THE BIG ECONOMY

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$730

Record Turn-Over

Continued from page 97

As a result, the Kiefer arms swinging up from the water to reach back into the next stroke are as limp as a pair of socks on a wash line. And from that concentration on relaxation in his arms the boy has been able to acquire a noticeable ease in his whole body as he skims along to any record he chooses to seek. In the Lake Shore A.C. pool one day of the 1934 national women's indoor championships where Adolph was engaged only in exhibition swimming for records, spectators were amazed to notice the steady working of the kid's chin as he chewed gum throughout his 1,500-meter journey. He scarcely varied his chin rhythm as he stepped up his swimming pace for a sprint that carried him home three minutes and sixteen seconds under the former world record.

The relaxation is not merely a mental control stunt. Most impressive unit of Kiefer's large-shouldered, tapering, otherwise slim body is his big chest that scores 38¾ inches on a tape measure when relaxed; four more than that when expanded. On that extremely adequate pontoon he bases his easy posture in the water, the complete absence of strained, fighting muscle-action.

If Adolph's competitive accomplishments are phenomenal, his attachment to Stanley Brauninger is not. Rather it is another unit in a series of combinations that have long formed an interesting sidelight of American amateur sport. Brauninger, swimming coach for twenty years, had been without a super-star until the blond kid arrived one day to swim at the Lake Shore. Walter Laufer, Lake Shore ace of the 1920's and winner of three all-around national point-scoring titles in five years, had been almost that. But it is in Kiefer that Brauninger has found a record-breaking, easily handled, acquiescent kid in whose amazing accomplishments he can express the top ambitions of every sports coach. Together, they move in now on that list already bright with such coach-player teams as Bob Zuppke and Red Grange, Bill Hargiss and Glenn Cunningham, Clark Shaughnessy and Jay Berwanger, Con Jennings and Ralph Metcalfe, Doc Carlson and Charley Hyatt, Bill Bachrach and Johnny Weissmuller.

Kiefer had been swimming in junior high school meets with his natural, untrained backstroke for a couple of years before he took his unanalyzed new style to Brauninger's pool one day in the spring of 1934. "Tex" Robertson, University of Michigan free style sprinter, had contributed some friendly help to the Roosevelt high school sophomore in those early years. To him Kiefer attributes much credit for his continued interest in backstroking as a racing medium, as well as for early work at perfecting the novel, wide-sweeping arm action. Finally Robertson advised his pupil to try swimming under Brauninger.

In that manner, without warning or announcement, there fell to the burly head of a metropolitan athletic club's sports activities the rôle of adviser, father-confessor, trainer, coach and No. 1 hero-worshipper to a growing, grinning high school kid who, as recently as this spring, still scaled a run-in with the district truant officer over a mis-aimed snowball as more vital in his conversational scheme than fifteen world swimming records.

Brauninger has never let Kiefer be anything but a big, normal high schooler. From the first he tagged him "Sonny Boy," and even now the incongruous name identifies the impressive looking Kiefer to every member of the Lake Shore A.C. Brauninger, in private, has consistently held that his kid marvel was the greatest of all. Even before he had broken a record, or entered a championship race, Adolph was the beginning and the end of master backstroking to Brauninger. And that in spite of the fact that the veteran coach has never convinced himself that the Kiefer's backstroke was "right." In more than a small way a realist, however, Brauninger exchanged his pride in theory for a pride in Kiefer's speed.

In 1934, when he entered his first big race at the World's Fair lagoon in Chicago to battle for the national A.A.U. 100-meter championship, Kiefer was beaten. He led for half the distance but nervously fumbled a turn and trailed home third, behind Albert Vande Weghe of Newark and Robert Daniel Zehr of Fort Wayne. But that night at the Lake Shore grill room Brauninger was glowing, excited.

"If," he announced, "I am not a grandmother, Sonny Boy is going to swim that funny backstroke of his around the world." Never, since that statement, has any opponent led Adolph to the finish of a race.

Within eighteen months honor had come to the prophet. The very next day the first of it arrived. For Kiefer, as first man on the Lake Shore medley relay team, covered 100 meters almost two seconds faster than Vande Weghe had done in winning from him the previous afternoon. His nervousness gone, he began in that relay race to produce the sort of sensational swimming that was to carry him, by the end of 1935, almost halfway around the world, and to assure him, if he chooses to accept the invitations he has already been tendered and others he will surely receive, the rest of the trip needed to save Stan Brauninger from hearing "Grandma!"

Even after the smashing success of his relay sprint, however, Brauninger paced the schoolboy wonder carefully. No more headlines carried his name in 1934. Then, early in January the next year, Adolph was primed for his real debut. On January 25, with characteristic confidence, Brauninger sent his Sonny Boy after what was held to be one of the toughest of backstroke records. Al Vande Weghe had once raced 150-yards in 1:36.9. Kiefer breezed home, grinning and at ease, in 1:35.6. The campaign was on.

Within the next six weeks nine more world marks were sunk in the bubbling wake astern the size 11 feet that had not yet stopped growing. He won his first national title, the 150-yard indoor championship, at New York in April. He came home to swim his exhibitions for records in the Lake Shore pool at the national girls' meet. Through the four nights of that carnival Adolph put in intermittent appearances, chewing gum and grinning as he looked up at familiar faces around the balcony, and sweeping away a total of eleven world speed standards, some of them shattered by as much as four minutes. Included in the record ruins were some standards of his own making, so new that aquatic enthusiasts had scarcely come to realize that they indicated the presence of a new swimming master on the scene.

Throughout the summer he continued his drive. The national outdoor title was his for the asking and he asked. More records were broken and rebroken, until finally he had them all in his keeping, ample proof for the excellence of his frowned-upon, unorthodox sweeping back-stroke. From Europe came invitations by letter and by cable, pleading for the appearance of this incredible American boy in the major competitions on the Continent. With Stan Brauninger shepherding the all-star trio, Art Highland, Max Brydenthal and Kiefer, the Lake Shore's championship medley relay team went abroad in the fall of 1935.

For thirty-nine days their trek through the most important of European and international championships went on. Thirty-two times in that span of weeks Adolph Kiefer plunged into the water to oppose Europe's best backstrokers. Thirty-two times his was the first hand on the finish board. German swimming leaders watched him, amazed, as he turned back ten challenges by Hans Schwartz, holder of the European title and record, then conceded that the gold medal for Olympic backstroking this summer "will probably be won by Kiefer." When they looked at him again, swimming the 100-meter distance at Breslau in 1:04.6, they compared that effort with the all-time Olympic record of 1:08.2. The revision of their prophecy eliminated the "probably."

He returned to America for Christmas. For more meets, more grinning, incredible sprints to records. Finally, before the indoor national championships this spring, a lightning calculator caught Adolph out of the water for a day and came up with an accurate report of his record razing. The document was complete without footnotes, barring the obvious one that indicated the extremely temporary nature of the status quo. The list read:

Distance	Pre-Kiefer Record	Kiefer's Best
50 yards	:28.2	:27.6
75 yards	:46.6	:42.3
100 yards	1:01	:57.8
100 meters	1:08.2	1:04.6
150 yards	1:36.9	1:32.7
200 meters	2:27.8	2:24
220 yards	2:28.9	2:25.1
400 meters	5:30.4	5:17.8
440 yards	6:10	5:29.2
500 yards	6:47.2	6:01.5
880 yards	12:33.5	11:31.2
1,000 yards	14:30	13:07.4
1,320 yards	21:35.2	17:19.2
1,500 yards	22:44.2	19:28
1,500 meters	24:36.6	21:20.1

Proof of the pudding of unorthodoxy lies in those figures. Against the composite best efforts of all previous generations of backstrokers Kiefer has won by unbelievable margins. No other man ever combined the short sprinting ability and the rare staying power of the kid who swims a comfortable backstroke.

If there is, in the Kiefer saga, room for a bit of skepticism, it exists only because of the popular favor directed toward free style swimming as the natural type of marine locomotion. The catch-as-catch-can atmosphere of the races where it is every man for himself with any stroke he chooses has given rise to a generally accepted notion that all other styles, including backstroking, are close to the borderline of trick events.

Young Mr. Kiefer has almost completed the rescue of his favorite event from that limbo of public indifference. Even unwilling eyes in the general admission seats near the ceilings of the world's natatoriums are recognizing that the baffling, unmatched speed of the grinning, big-footed boy cannot be arising from an unnatural style of swimming.

Eventually complete conviction must come to them that Adolph's backstroking is as normal an expression of his desire to swim fast as his "Aw, Stan! Not even one more steak?" is a natural complaint of his championship appetite. When he has finished his spreading of that gospel, Adolph will have scored his greatest triumph: the establishment of backstroking on even terms of absolute importance with free styling as a major division of competitive swimming. After what he has done to orthodoxy and to the record books, public opinion hardly stands a chance. ##

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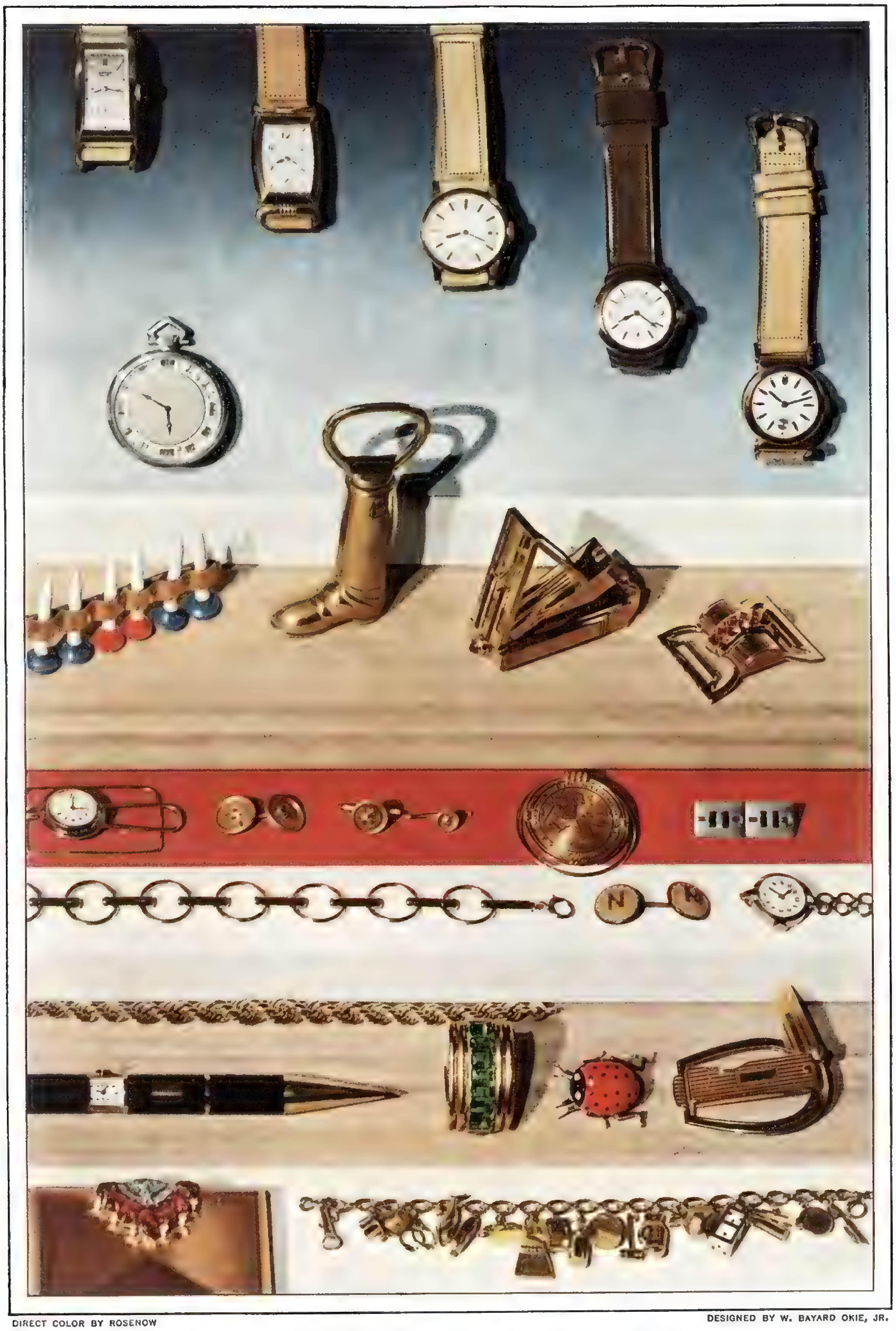

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CELEBRATING the end of the monthly allowance and the inauguration of the job hunt, here are gifts to go from the family with love and/or relief to the boy or girl graduate. Top row: wrist watches. Second row: diamond and platinum evening watch, gold tee holder, gold bottle opener and corkscrew, gold lipstick and mirror set with rubies and ruby-set red and yellow gold bracelet top. Third row: gold watch bill clip, two color gold link and stud set designed by James Amster, gold St. Christopher bill clip and diamond platinum and sapphire cuff links. Fourth row: Two-color gold bracelet, leather cuff links with gold initial, and girl's gold wrist watch. Fifth row: two-color twisted gold bracelet, gold and enamel watch pencil, two-color gold double clip set with tourmalines, gold and enamel lady-bug pen and gold key and bill clip. Bottom row: gold vanity set with rubies and gold charm bracelet.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Music After Midnight

Continued from page 92

tinguish between *hot* and *jazz*. Whiteman and Company made an honest woman of jazz but, as is frequently the case with harlots, once they have married and gone straight they are quite liable to become insufferable bores.

Jazz is, fundamentally, a sluttish, rakish wench and to do right by our Nell is to spoil many of her most attractive qualities.

Even though Whiteman had done right by jazz there were, praise be to Euterpe, a good many clever young men and women in the country intent on seducing her back into her original ungodly state.

Up in staid Boston, in the squalid, out-of-the-way Railroad Club, "Fats" Waller, colored pianist of the lightning fingers and a still unsurpassed left hand, was a frequent guest. He couldn't keep away from the den's piano and far into the night his right heel beat a resounding tattoo as he improvised and composed those pieces that were soon to occupy a permanent place in the hot player's repertoire (*Ain't Misbehavin'*,*Blue Turning Gray Over You* and *Sweet Savannah Sue* among many others). It was at the Railroad Club one night that a stranger complained about the noise made by Fats' heel as it beat time against the polished floor. Fats gave him a full-toothed smile and said, "Take off my shoe if it bothers you, brother, but my old heel goes beatin' on." And when Fats grew tired there was a young colored piano player always eager to take his place—a boy marked for greatness, Benny Baskette. Fats went on to fame but, since *Connie's Hot Chocolates*, Benny has vanished from my ken. Benny, won't you please come home?

Barnstorming over the country was a white orchestra known as The Wolverines which featured an Iowa cornetist, Bix Beiderbecke. Tempo, lyric grace and a technical virtuosity that has never been surpassed featured Bix's playing and he came to be recognized by the members of his profession as one of the greatest hot men of all time. Bix also played a good piano and composed noteworthy piano solos. He died in 1931, too soon in life, and today records featuring Bix's plaintive cornet, and particularly those featuring Bix and His Gang, are among the most sought after by collectors.

It wasn't a great many years ago that a locomotive used to pull out of St. Louis carrying a fireman who brought his saxophone with him so that he might practice during the dull sections of the run. Just what the engineer's reactions were has never been recorded but Frankie Trumbauer soon left railroading to become one of the greatest of all saxophone players.

Up in Harlem Blind Artie Tatum was playing, with incredible speed and technic, his sizzling piano. Even now his finger work is the despair of many better known performers.

On the South Side of Chicago, Louis (Satchel Mouth) Armstrong was shouting his, "I'm ready, so help me, I'm ready!" and playing a raucous trumpet with a swing that drove his colored brethren into a frenzy. He patterned himself after "King" Oliver but soon surpassed even that master. Many "students" believe that hot and Louis are synonymous and that one couldn't exist without the other.

Down in Washington, Edward Kennedy Ellington had just come off tour with that gigantic early bandmaster Wilbur Sweatman, who thought nothing of playing three clarinets at once, and was forming his own five piece band. Those original five men are still with the "Duke." After a local success he moved on in 1926 to New York, the Kentucky Club, and bankruptcy. Irving Mills, an experienced showman who had "caught" the band, augmented it, moved it into the Cotton Club, and today Duke Ellington and his band can name their own price the world over.

Also in Manhattan was a very young horn player and band director who was organizing and bringing to a high peak of perfection a band known as Red Nichols and His Five Pennies. This outfit was originally the hot section of Don Voorhees' Rain or Shine Band. The men went out on their own and first became famous as a recording band with Lennie Hayton's superb arrangement of *Ida*. A list of the men who have played with Red sounds like a roll-call of hot immortals: Clarinetists Jimmie Dorsey (who today has his own band) and Bennie Goodman (who also now has his own outfit); Pianist Arthur Shutt; Violinist Joe Venuti, who can play four strings at once or make one sound like a half a dozen; Trombonist Miff Mole and Jack Teagarden; Bass Saxophonist Adrian Rollini; Drummers Gene Krupa and Vic Burton; and Guitarists Carl Kress and Eddie Lang.

All names that have made hot history but, a list that is far from complete. To mention only a few; the late Frank Teschmaker, The Rhythm Boys, Fletcher Henderson, Henry Allen, Jr., Ethel Waters, Cab Calloway, Coleman Hawkins, Don Redman, the perennial Sophie Tucker, the Dixie Stompers, (early Fletcher Henderson), The Memphis Five, The Cotton Pickers, The Mound City Blue Blowers and The New Orleans Rhythm Kings are among the many who have labored valiantly to preserve the original character and quality of jazz.

Pieces, like musicians, are deified and given immortality by the followers of the hot cult. Your trite, popular tunes have a period of life only slightly more ephemeral than the design of automobile models. But an authentic blue number goes on forever. Take a list of some of the most popular and you will find that many are already decades old (do you remember any of 1933's tunes of the month?): *Tiger Rag, St. Louis Blues, Beale Street Blues, Farewell Blues, Washboard Blues, Dinah, Sweet Sue, Nagasaki, I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues, Rockin' Chair, Mood Indigo, St. James Infirmary, It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing, Memphis Blues, Minnie the Moocher, Limehouse Blues* and *Saturday Night Function*. And I don't have to be a seer to forecast that the above tunes and many others will still be being played after I've answered Gabriel's horn. (I hope it's hot).

What type of people get a thrill out of an orchestra that knows its way to town, out of listening to an expert bass player like Wellman Braud "slap the doghouse," out of hearing the greatest clarinet player of them all, Bennie Goodman, get off on an inspired, improvised riff? The answer is, practically no one is immune. Once you are exposed to the informal, intoxicating, honky-tonk spirit of hot music you are quite likely to find that it has taken.

I remember being in Harlem several years ago when closing time at the Cotton Club found us still in the mood for going places. In the party was Jack Wiggin, a leading expert and devotee of the hot cult. He'd heard vague rumors of a joint called the Clam House that went on all night. We found a taxi driver acquainted with the place, and soon found ourselves there. It really was a joint. We were the only white people in a low, tawdry, crowded basement room. Harlem was still cherishing the Clam House as its own and we weren't any too well received. Wise Harlemites. They knew only too well what to expect if the place was discovered.

At the far end of the room was a squat figure seated at a piano. Her hair was short and heavily pomaded and her clothes were cut on a severely mannish bias. Soon after we entered she went to work on the piano. She played and she sang. Her playing was low-down and her singing was lower down. She opened with Harlem's lewd and ever-popular *Military Man* and followed it up with the equally popular and suggestive *Radio Papa*. Then, after *My Handy Man*, she sang her own parodies of popular hot songs. None of them would pass successfully through the U. S. mails. It was Gladys Bentley.

Three months later the Clam House was enlarged. White ties were a commonplace, wide-eyed dowagers studied Gladys through lorgnettes and debutantes tried to get their ears free of their hampering orchid shoulder bouquets so that they might hear and memorize her, to say the least, risque lyrics. Two years or so later Gladys, with slightly laundered lyrics, was on Broadway, a smash hit in a large club.

Yes, once they hear it they all go for it.

In the days before repeal a group of musicians got the idea of having their own speakeasy, a place dedicated to hot music, a spot where all who gathered would speak the same language. They took over the now historic Onyx Club.

For many moons the Onyx was a place to delight the heart. Music, and what music, was the soul of the place—with an alcohol chaser, it must be admitted. Every night, any night, you could find gathered there a group of jazz immortals; composers, singers, arrangers, musicians. And every night was "jam night" at the Onyx. Bennie Goodman might come in from work and unlimber his clarinet; or Dick McDonough might get out his guitar and play to the piano accompaniment of the ever-present Charlie Bourne and his pink drink; or Hoagy Carmichael might decide to try out a piece which he had just written and which was soon to sweep the country; or—name any hot notable and he might at one time or another have been found at the Onyx doing his stuff. Then came the Six Spirits of Rhythm; six colored boys from St. Louis who used five assorted string instruments, six voices, two whisk brooms and an upended suitcase to produce music that excited even the blase professionals who peopled the place.

And then the columnists discovered the Onyx. It may be good for business but as far as the character of a place is concerned—once the columnists discover it they write its obituary.

It wasn't long until you were lucky even to get standing room at the Onyx. Then came repeal. The Onyx moved to larger quarters—and an assortment of visiting firemen from Canarsie, debutantes and out-of-town buyers could be had for a dime a dozen. It had become a popular spot, but as far as its character was concerned, and as far as the musicians were concerned, it was dead. Dead because the authentic hot music it dished out drew the crowds and reduced it to the level of any ordinary Broadway night spot.

It was then that Jack Colton, manager for Lennie Hayton and his orchestra, decided that the time was ripe to open a new place dedicated, as was the old Onyx, to the higher things of life —good food, good liquor, and only the hottest music, for those who really appreciated it.

Jack got the backing of several musicians and The Famous Door came into being. It was opened, appropriately enough, on the site of the old Onyx.

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Music After Midnight

Continued from pages 92-131

The featured attraction was a newcomer, cornetist Louis Prima, from the mother town of hot horn players, New Orleans, and his jam band the Swingettes; a bass, guitar (ex-Harvard, by the way), a piano and Pee-Wee Russell, second only to Bennie Goodman as a hot clarinetist. Soon those in the know were talking and the sole subject of conversation was the cornet-clarinet duels being staged by Louis and Pee-Wee.

Those duels were something to hear. The dark, Latin type Prima playing a gang o' horn—sometimes high and piercing, now low and flutter-tongued, then raucous and frenzied—in a way to recall Nick La Rocca and the other famous Louis, "Satchel Mouth" Armstrong. The gangling Pee-Wee with his sad, comedian's face, solemnly warming up his instrument before launching out into those strikingly weird and sombre notes he draws from the chalumeau register, those amazingly clear and full notes he draws from the second scale. When those two duel it is something to lend ear to. To hear Louis draw to the end of a brilliantly improvised cadenza only to be picked up and carried on by Pee-Wee's equally brilliant variation, and then to hear Louis launch into another variation of the melody just as Pee-Wee is ready to finish; to hear them duel musically until one or the other throws up his hands in surrender is to hear hot music at it purest and best.

It was too good to last. The columnists discovered The Famous Door; I think Louis Sobol was the first offender. Anyway, Park Avenue and the Bronx moved in and those for whom the place was conceived were squeezed out. History repeats itself—and someday I shall lead a pogrom against columnists.

Certainly these three isolated instances, The Onyx, Gladys Bentley and The Famous Door, go to show that, like the man with the mouse-trap, once it is discovered hot music will draw the world to its door. The Cult has its fanatics, at present a small and probably none too select group, and the only reason there aren't many, many more is undoubtedly because authentic hot music can not be produced mechanically or in quantity and is as a result hard to find. And so only a few come under its sway.

It appeals to something, deep-rooted in all of us, I believe. I don't put much faith in that old chestnut about jazz appealing to the beast in us. Nuts. One of the few genuine hot spots in New York is the Savoy Ballroom, a colored dance hall. And it is one of the few places in New York where the dancing is completely joyous and *completely sexless.*

With all that has been written on the subject of syncopation nothing that I have ever seen has yet explained to me just what it is about hot music that is so intoxicating, so exciting and so conducive to that warm glowing feeling that life *is* a helluva lot of fun, after all. I don't know what causes it. All I know is that hot music does that to me and I like it. #

Saturday Night's Painter

Continued from page 105

have been painted yesterday. The fun of being a New York painter, says Mr. Sloan, even today, is that landmarks are torn down so rapidly that your canvasses become historical records almost before the paint on them is dry. Certainly his own *Sunday in Union Square* has such a Gramercy Park look that no one could possibly recognize the setting as that of New York's Trafalgar Square in a previous incarnation. Even his *Dust Storm, Fifth Avenue*, is as jolly in treatment as it is ominous in subject matter. The Haymarket was a notorious dive but Mr. Sloan can't help but make it seem a rather inviting den that Saturday night. Nothing paintable seems to scare him. He combined the assurance of a native with the zest of a tourist. He was particularly fond of putting on canvas the Bohemian restaurants which he frequented, again Saturday night being his favorite time. There is Renganeschi's and Petipas', with John Butler Yeats, the Irish painter, poet and general holder-forth at the head of the table and a youthful Sloan at the opposite end. Only the other day Mr. Sloan took time off from his nudes to set down on copper plate an etched record of another well-known Greenwich Village resort, Romany Marie's, of whom also he had painted a portrait.

The rebel and reformer in John Sloan put his indignation and protest in his drawings and perhaps there was a little satire in his etchings, too, but as painter Mr. Sloan seemed to feel that the *Scrubwomen at the Old Astor Library* (another vanished or converted landmark) were jolly rather than oppressed, almost picturesque even, while his *Hair Dresser's Window* is full of neighborliness. Perhaps all this only shows that Mr. Sloan's digestion was first-rate, but even good digestion may be significant in an artist's development. On a wall of the Detroit Institute of Arts hangs one of Mr. Sloan's masterpieces, *McSorley's Bar*, a glowing, yet subdued, paean to the old-time saloon. To Mr. Sloan the finest attribute of McSorley's, still doing business at the old stand, is that no woman has ever crossed its threshold. Another painting, *McSorley's Back Room*, companion piece to the bar, is a contrast in tone, for it is steeped in Rembrandtian shadow.

Mr. Sloan was born in a small Pennsylvania town and has never crossed either of our oceans. His painting is American purely (intended as a statement of fact and not as an expression of chauvinism) except for a touch of Hals, communicated through Robert Henri. Sloan has spent most of his life in the cities of Philadelphia and New York. During 1914-18 he vacationed at Gloucester, where he painted his first landscape. He has never painted, drawn or etched a still-life. From 1919 on his summer home has been in Santa Fe, the Sloans' pink adobe being the center of much talk and a little drinking. In the Southwest also Sloan reported the smiling, and social, aspects mainly. There is his gaily crowded *Travelling Carnival*, *The Evening Crowd in the Santa Fe Plaza*, *The Hotel Dance, Santa Fe*, and *The Dance at Cochiti Pueblo.* There are other than smiling aspects, however, and *Little Ranch House*, with its potent suggestion of man's utter negligibility against the grandeur of rock and the vastness of sand is a picture which reaches for an epic note, while *Wake of the Ferry*, a New York theme, is played on muted strings. Sloan knows shadow as well as light.

For every one person who regards John Sloan as a fine painter there are three who consider him a greater etcher. "He was for many years," writes Guy Pène du Bois, no slouch in art himself, "the only one of our etchers to do figures in their natural environments as people rather than as lay dummies used to show the scale of a much more handsomely treated building." In his etchings Sloan caught people in their casual unbuttoned moods and moments —a woman turning out the light, a man reading the paper on a hot morning, lovers on the roof, a woman hanging out the wash at night, a girl on the subway stairs, boys playing in the park, rag-pickers, disreputable females, carriage ladies and bloated connoisseurs of art. He is not ashamed to tell stories in his plates and it is consistent with his early career that he should have made fun of the cubists. Among other prints are *The Barber Shop*, *The Bonfire*, *Boys Sledding*, *Calf Love*, *Christmas Dinners*, *Buses in the Square*, *Fashions of the Past*, *Tammany Hall*, *Sixth Avenue*, *Snowstorm*, *The Showcase*, *The Sidewalk*, *Spring*, *Summer Night.* One of his etchings, *The Conspirators*, celebrates a most notorious escapade of the old Village. One New Year's Eve, a group of six, including Mr. Sloan and Marcel Duchamp, painter of the *Nude Descending a Staircase*, made their way to the top of Washington Arch through a secret staircase in the belly of the monument. They built a bonfire, sat on hot water bottles, kept lanterns alight, ate and drank and floated balloons in the winter air, the while applauding an especially prepared declaration that Greenwich Village was a free and independent republic.

Mr. Sloan's prints already have the charm of historical, antiquarian record. In etching Mr. Sloan cultivated a smaller garden than in painting, but cultivated it more richly. It may be accident, or it may be design, but the Whitney Museum, for example, has three Sloan paintings and something like 110 etchings. The Metropolitan Museum of Art also has three of his canvasses, one of them contributed by the PWA, from the art section of which Mr. Sloan accepted a weekly stipend at the time he was occupying a $250-a-month studio. He was severely criticized for this at the time but happened to be entirely within bounds, as the fund was then being expended primarily on behalf of good painters rather than of bad and indifferent painters in distress.

John Sloan was born in Lock Haven, Pa., in 1871. When he was six the Sloans moved to Philadelphia, where Dad went into the stationery business and where, shortly afterwards, son John had to go to work for a time, spending Saturdays in the public library discovering literature. At Central High School, Will Glackens, painter, and Albert Barnes, whom Argerol was to make wealthy, were fellow-students, and now there are Glackens and Sloan paintings in the Barnes collection. Father's failure in business terminated John's general education at 16, when he went to work for booksellers, attending classes at night in drawing at Spring Garden Institute. His father had hoped he would become a dentist and make a living. Later young Sloan attended night classes at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts under Thomas Anschutz, who carried on the Eakins' emphasis on the study of anatomy. By day he was working for the A. Edward Newton Company and before he was 20 he had done his first etching and his first commercial work. At twenty he savored the joy of opening his own studio and trying to make his living as a free-lance illustrator. It was no go and he took a $20-a-week job with the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, where he worked for three years. During 1894-98 he was on the staff of the *Philadelphia Press*, then went to *The New York Herald*, returning to Philadelphia, it appears, with his

Continued on page 134

VAT 69

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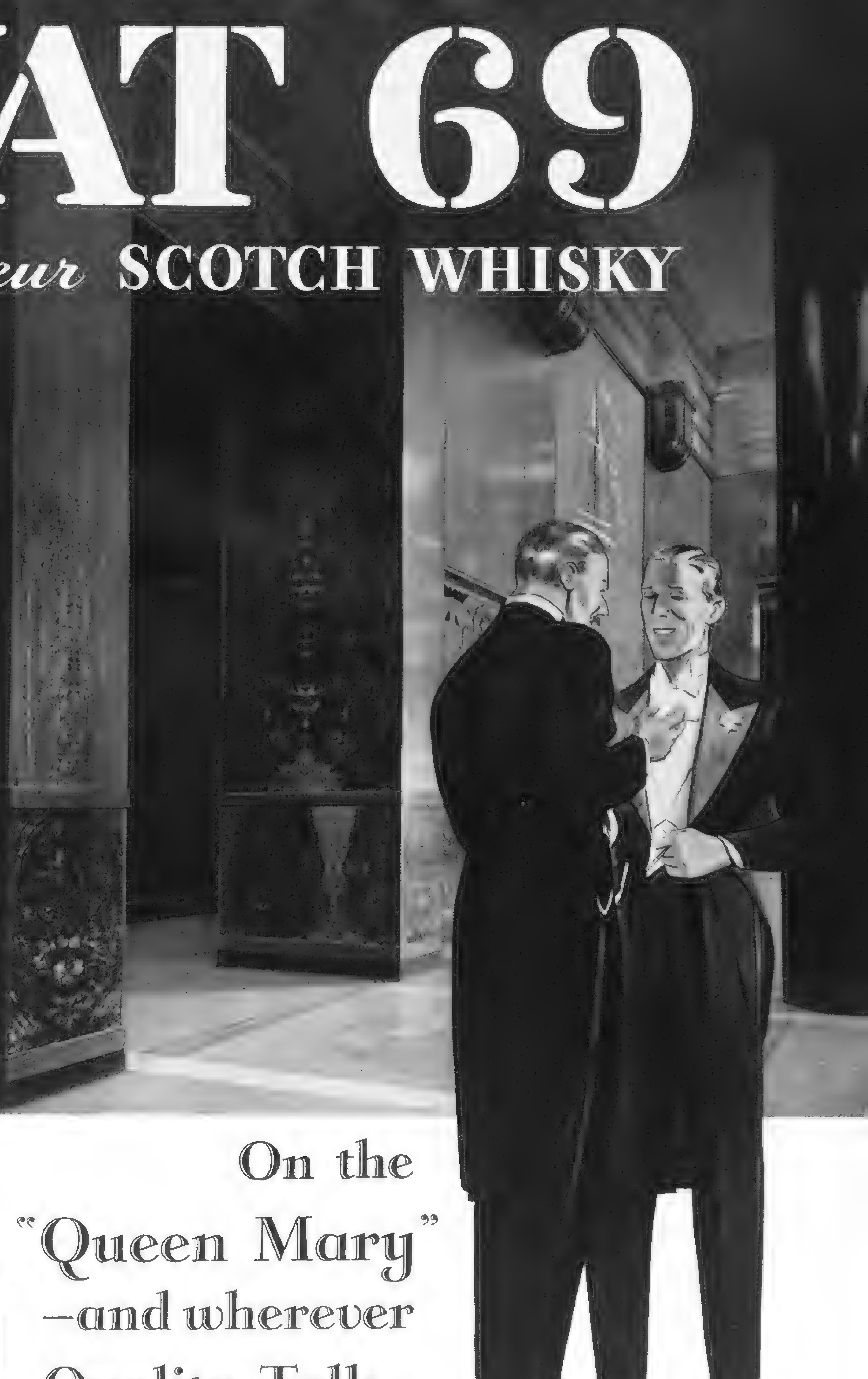
BY APPOINTMENT



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Saturday Night's Painter

Continued from pages 105-132

tail between his legs. He did not leave Philadelphia, or its *Press*, until 1904. Fellow-workers on the *Press* were Glackens, Luks, Shinn, Preston and Gruger, with Robert Henri the leading spirit of the group and the most pervasive and profound influence on Sloan's life. Painters of Sloan's generation all talk about Henri as if they were offering votive tribute to the patron saint of American artists.

In 1905 Sloan came to New York to stay and things began to hum for Sloan and for art of the non-studio and anti-academic variety. He came as an illustrator and stayed as an artist. His first customer was the *Century Magazine* which had him do sketches for an Irish yarn by Ellis Parker Butler. After that the *Century* wouldn't let him do anything but amusing Irishmen. Other magazines classified him for stories of the slum proletariat. He drew posters for books, posters which showed the influence of Beardsley and the Japanese print. For an edition of the novels of Paul de Kock he did a series of fifty etchings and as many wash drawings. He had already begun his series of New York etchings. Had his services as an illustrator been in greater demand he might never have become a painter, like his Philadelphia pal, Fred R. Gruger, who once itched to paint but who now grosses an annual $40,000 from the magazines (the figure is Sloan's), an income to make even the most eminent painter sigh with envy. The youthful Sloan rarely saw more than $250 ahead of him and he painted his first pictures between magazine checks, in this manner: *McClure's*, or *Collier's*, or *Everybody's* wanted such and such a story illustrated. Sloan shoved the script into a drawer and painted a picture with his mind at rest for he knew some money was coming in. The painting completed, he turned to the illustrations, but when the check arrived he was ill at ease again and could not paint until another magazine commission came along, and so on. Mr. Sloan is a Bohemian only when the wind is southerly.

He did not begin to paint seriously until he was thirty. His first exhibited picture, *Independence Square, Philadelphia*, was shown at the Carnegie International at the beginning of the century. He was in his forty-third year when he sold his first painting, *Nude, Green Scarf*, to Dr. Barnes. Besides the Metropolitan, Whitney and Detroit museums, he has sold canvasses to the Brooklyn and Newark museums, the Art Institute of Chicago, the San Diego and Cincinnati museums, the Carnegie Institute, the Phillips Memorial Gallery and the private collections of such as Adolph Lewisohn. He has received up to $4,000 for one canvas. His etchings are of course in numerous collections, public and private. He has received prizes for them at the Sesquicentennial and Panama expositions and mentions and medals for paintings.

There is pathos in the record of Mr. Sloan's salesmanship. Way back in 1906 he made up a portfolio of thirteen New York etchings, which he offered for $35. He went through every page of *Who's Who in America*—try it some time—and compiled a list of 1,600 prospects, who were circularized. One portfolio was sold. On a spring day of 1929 there called at his studio one Carl Hamilton, who had a stack of Old Masters and was going to buy living Americans for a change. He selected something like 30 paintings which were valued at $42,000. Up and down the Village and east and west on 57th Street flashed the news that Sloan had made a killing. Nor were the newspapers kept in ignorance. A contract was entered into whereby the pictures were to be stored and insured at the buyer's expense for a year, at the end of which half of the purchase price was to be paid, the other half to be paid at the end of the second year. Out West a friend in need heard of Sloan's great luck and touched him for a depression loan of $7,500, which sum Sloan raised on a bank loan on the basis of the written contract. But Mr. Hamilton couldn't buy and didn't buy. Sloan had to make good the $7,500 loan, which is being repaid him at the rate of something like $15 every few months, while the denial has not yet caught up with the error. More recently Mr. Sloan wrote to 30 museums pointing out, in the third person, that John Sloan, the well-known American painter, is no Spring chicken and must die within the next few years, in which contingency the prices of his pictures would be raised. Buy Now at Bargain Rates, he wrote, offering immediate purchasers a 50 per cent discount from the prices at which the paintings have been held the past ten years. Five curators sent acknowledgements and regrets and a year later the successor to a sixth bought a picture.

Mr. Sloan has made more money from his paintings than from his prints, but he has made his living by teaching, as have most celebrated American artists. He has raised up generations of painters, now famous on their own, who swear by him, as teacher, as influence. He was an instructor at the Art Students' League during 1914-30 and president of the League the following year. Following the death of George Luks, he carried on, as a memorial to him, the independent art school which the tempestuous Luks had founded, and then returned to teach at the League. He has a gift for making the thought as lucid as words can make it and the knack of instructing John Jones by pretending to hector Tom Brown for the fault Jones has, and vice versa. He believes also that with the world becoming more and more regimented, the artist has the right and the privilege to declare and to fight for independence and individuality.

Because John Sloan has painted and taught, propagandized and publicized, the life of art in America has been a little different from what it was before he came on the scene. Even his enemies will concede that he has had an effect. To be sure he was not alone and was powerfully aided and abetted by time and the tides of thought, not to mention individuals. Three years after he had come to New York, he was one of a group of eight—the others, Glackens, Luks, Shinn, Henri, Lawson, Davies and Prendergast—which was devoted officially and unofficially to the liberation of art from the shackles of Academism. These eight made quite a plop in the art puddle in their first group exhibition in 1908 at the Macbeth Gallery and the four survivors still recall it. Two years later the same group took over an old loft building on 36th Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues and organized a no-jury free-for-all which brought such crowds that the reserves were called out and there was reason to fear that the rickety staircase would give way under the clomp of visitors' feet. Out of this exhibition developed the first great show of modern art in America, at the 69th Regiment Armory in 1913, where and when the public had its first hilarious view of Cubism and, specifically, of the *Nude Descending a Staircase*. Out of this developed in turn the no-prize, no-jury Society of Independent Artists of which Mr. Sloan has been the fighting president since 1918.

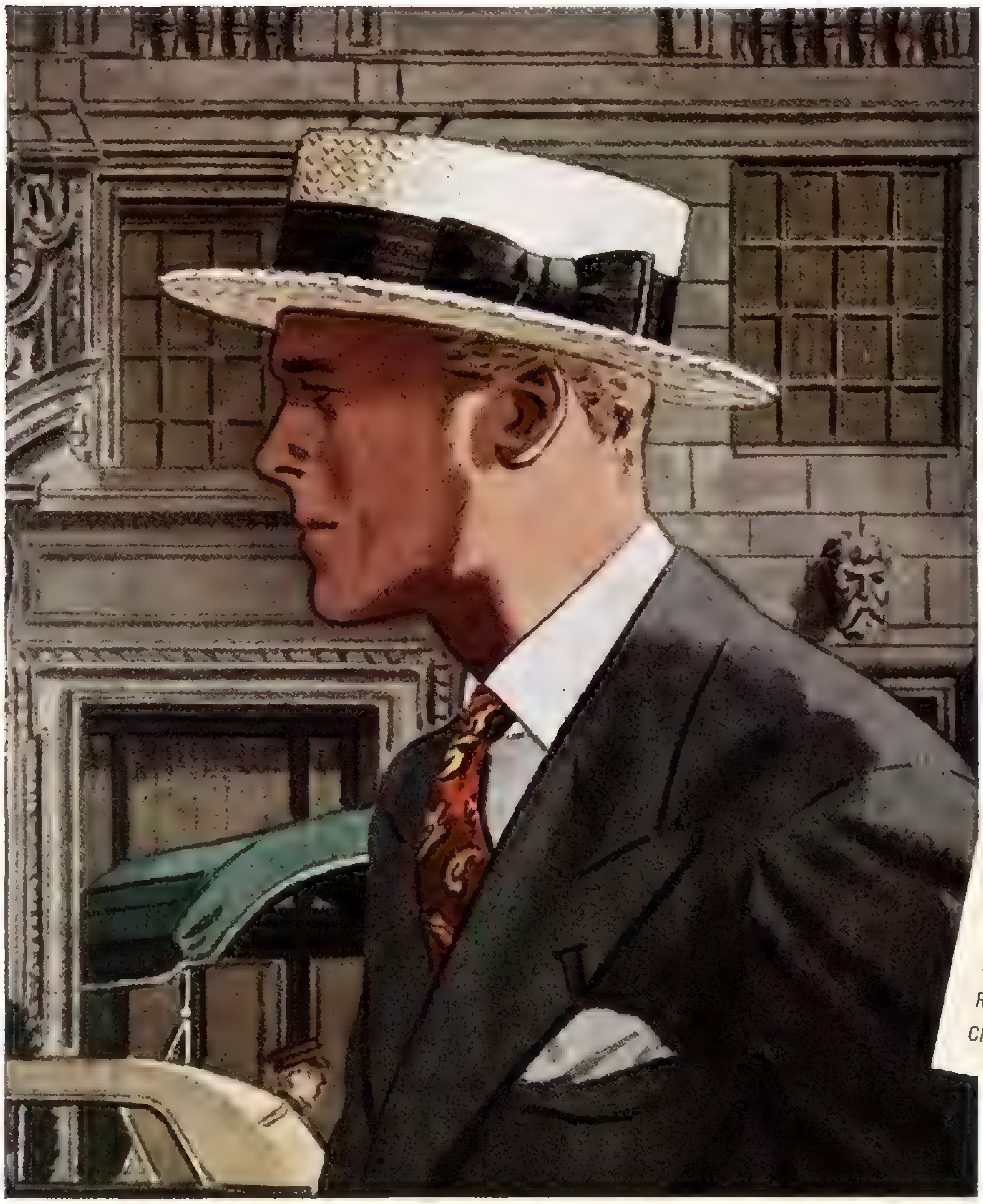
Today Mr. Sloan reports regretfully that painters seem to be becoming dependent but the truth of the matter is that the Society's exhibitions, year after year, have taught not only the public but the dealers themselves and there is now gallery hospitality to more kinds of art than anyone a generation ago could have dreamed existed. The prophet Sloan with the taste of locusts and wild honey on his tongue continues to repeat his generation-old cry in the wilderness that the Independents is a necessity if the free artist is to have a place to show, but even the free (and capable) artist is demanding rent for the exhibition use of his pictures and is a little less than eager to pay for the privilege of showing the public his things.

The early career of Sloan is involved also with the history of the Socialist anti-war *Masses*, in the early days of which he was the art editor and Mrs. Sloan the business manager. He drew cartoons for nothing, gave his etchings as subscription premiums and wasn't too proud to take a stackful of the first issue under his arm and sell copies on the street. It was a lark. His wife, Anna, better known as Dolly, has been a consistent ally in rebellion. She has thrown herself into movements ranging from Socialism to Anarchism, not out of enthusiasm for the idea but merely to be helpful to the nice people who were devoted to the idea, whatever it happened to be. Call it bourgeois sentimentalism. It is she, rather than Mr. Sloan, who has been the chief promoter of exhibitions of art work produced by convicts, chiefly of Dannemora Prison, in New York state. Sloan, however, was one of the first to call attention to the art produced by the Indians of the Southwest and to propagandize for its exhibition. His most recent battle in the cause of liberty of art was his championing the invitation to George Grosz, the German artist (now an American citizen) to teach at the Art Students' League. The faction in the League headed by Jonas Lie, the Academician, was opposed. Mr. Sloan threw down the gauge by resigning from the League, statements were issued, the students met in indignation and even talked strike, and Mr. Grosz was invited and has been teaching quietly ever since. Nor need you suppose there is the slightest resemblance between the art of the championed and of the champion. But that's John Sloan.

Today that name connotes chiefly cross-hatched nudes. Sloan believes he is en route to a revolution on canvas. He is trying to put down not the superficial, eyesight aspect of the thing seen, but the thing itself, as grasped from within. The cross-hatched nude is not the surface of the human body but the human body as perceived and encompassed by the mind. He is carrying on an exploration from the point at which, he says, Renoir left off. He describes cross-hatching as an imposition of the linear significance on the under-painting. "The eye sees nothing but color; it is the mind that gets the whole thing. It is the mind that takes the data of the eye and organizes and realizes the whole—the Thing—with it." To those who inform him that they are not pleased with his latest nudes, he replies that if he were he'd have stopped. You cannot read about John Sloan as contemporary and leave out cross-hatched nudes. Without them he is only the historical John Sloan, whom surface aspects always delighted. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Sloan is on the trail of a discovery of major consequence or whether he has been taken in by sterile studio aestheticism, this time his own. #

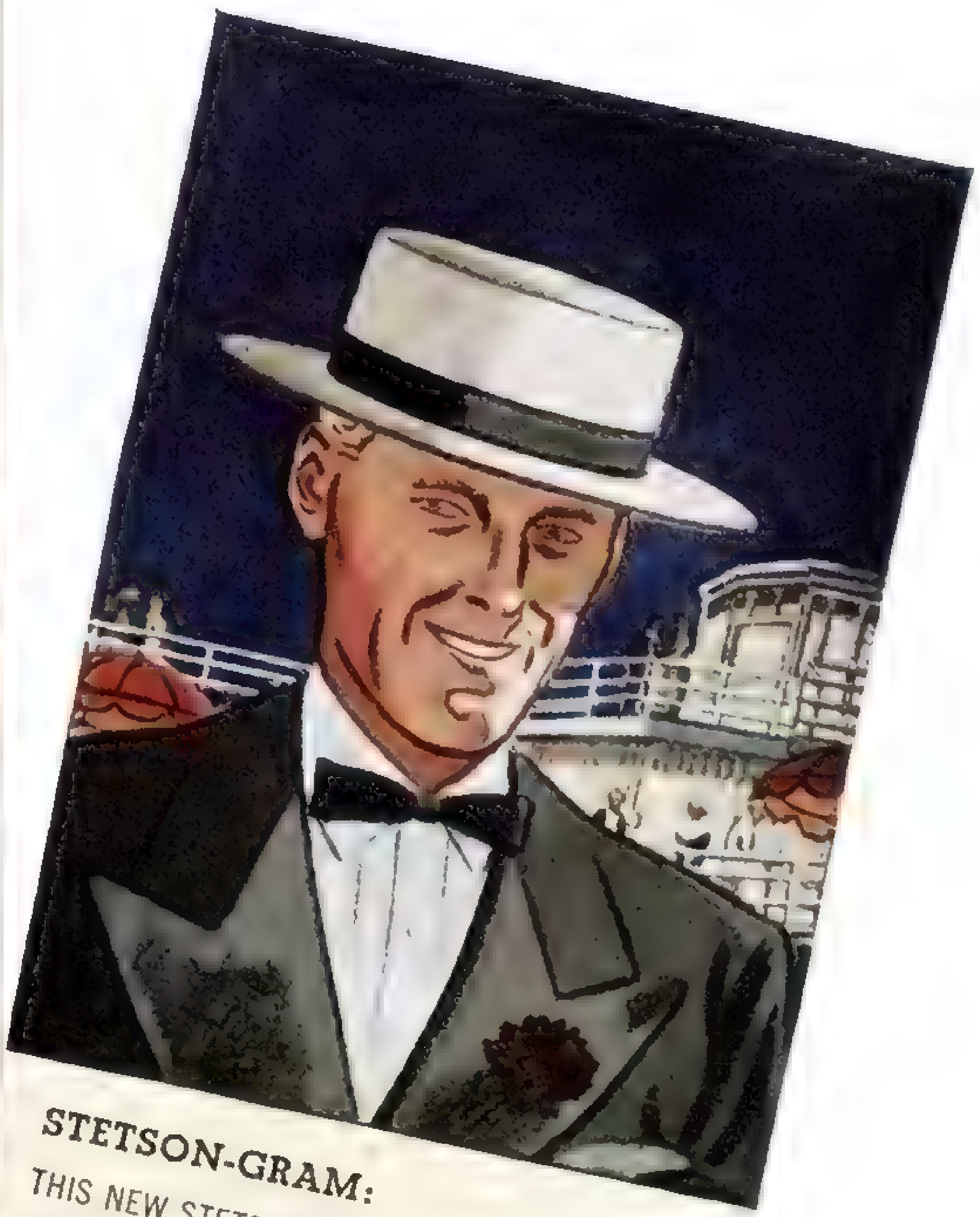
STETSON-GRAMS:

Three style-flashes for sunny days



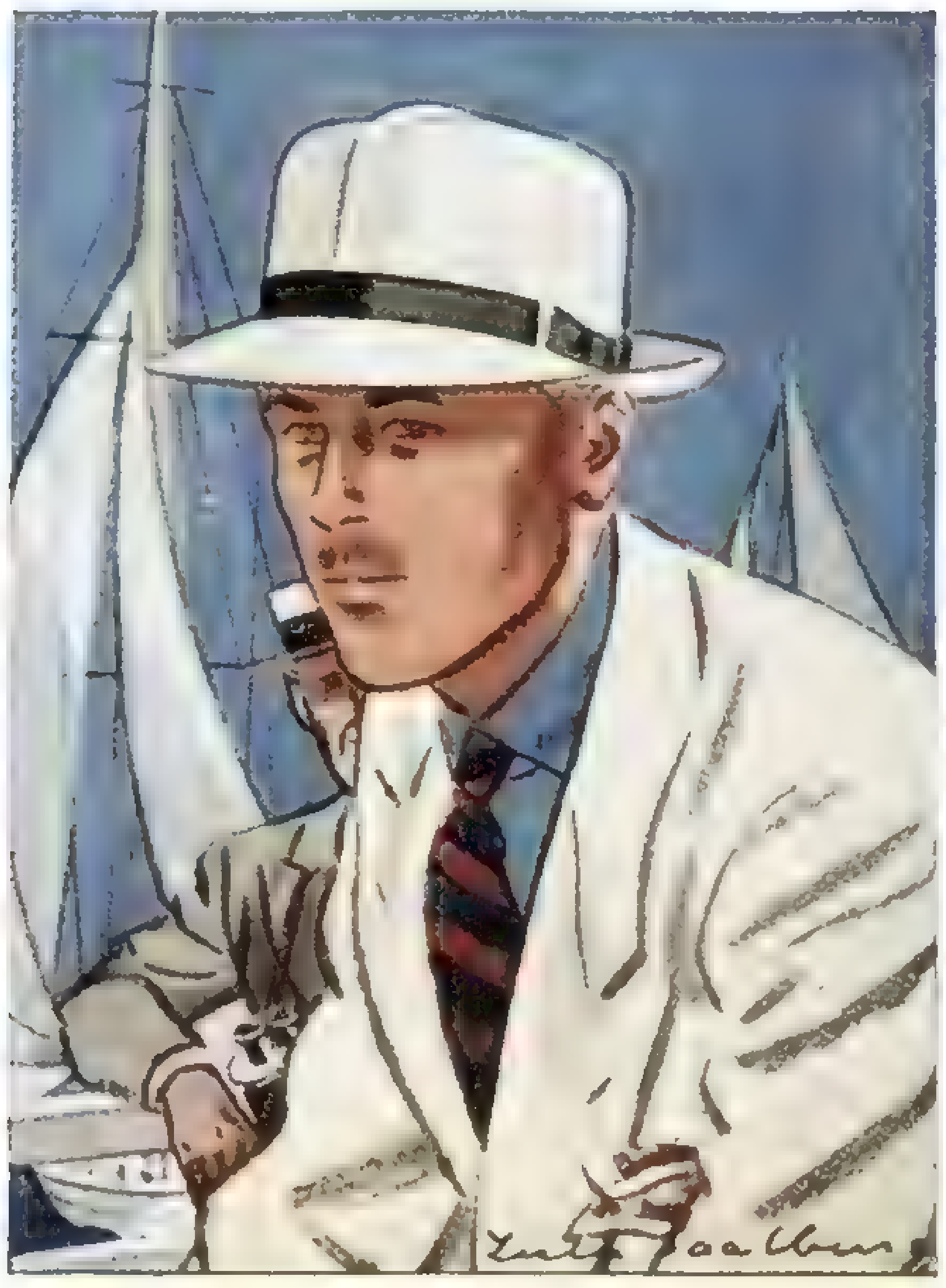
STETSON-GRAM:

HERE'S THE NEW "AIR-CONDITIONED" STETSON SENNIT. SMART AS EVER, PARTICULARLY WITH THE NEW COLORFUL RIBBONS. AND COOL! THE HIDDEN VENTS IN THE STRAW UNDER THE RIBBON AND THE PERFORATED SWEAT-BAND ARE AN OPEN INVITATION TO A SUMMER BREEZE.



STETSON-GRAM:

THIS NEW STETSON GOES WITH YOUR SUMMER DINNER JACKET. OF VERY FINE, ALMOST WHITE SPLIT STRAW WITH A LOW BLACK GROSGRAIN RIBBON AND WHITE SWEAT-BAND COOL, CRISP AND LIGHT AS A WHISPER.



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"HANDSOME IS AS HANDSOME FEELS" WILL BE THE NEW NOTE IN SUMMER HEAD-GEAR. STETSON LEADS THE PARADE WITH HIDDEN AIR-COOLING VENTS AND AIR-COOLED SWEAT-BAND IN THE ROYAL STETSON PANAMAS.

● A good hat, like a custom shoe, should never lose its style with wearing. That's why Stetsons are slowly and skilfully made—by hours of patient hand-work. You buy two things when you buy a Stetson. Style, as fresh as a new sheet on the calendar. And craftsmanship that is seventy years old. John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia, New York, London, Paris.

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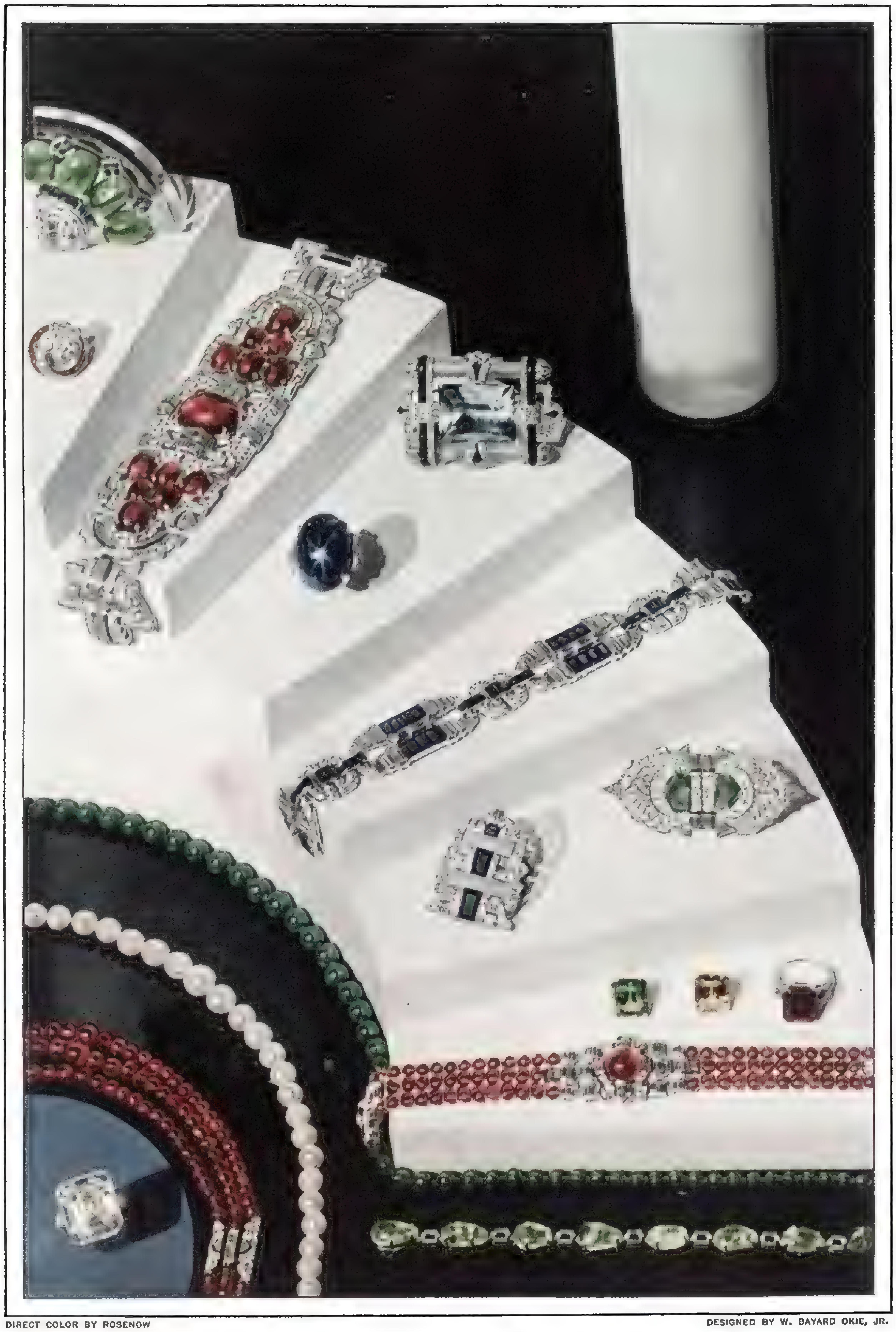


DIRECT COLOR BY ROSENOW

DESIGNED BY W. BAYARD OKIE, JR.

PART OF THE PROCESS OF MAKING A MRS.

THE beauty and utility of this page of suggested gifts for the bride are admittedly somewhat off balance, the slight drawback being that these things are at least as expensive as they look. They are, in clockwise order, a crystal diamond sapphire and cabachon emerald clip; ruby and diamond clip earring, ruby and diamond bracelet; aquamarine, crystal, diamond and black enamel pin; "Star of Bombay" star sapphire ring set in diamonds; diamond and sapphire bracelet, diamond and emerald clip pin; sapphire, diamond and crystal clip, ring with changeable stones, paredot, yellow sapphire and beryl; ruby and diamond bracelet; jade necklace; carved emerald and diamond bracelet; and in the left-hand corner, large graduated pearl necklace; three strand diamond and ruby necklace and diamond ring of which the stone is the microscopically perfect "Star of Kimberly." (The license is $2.)

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

This Wedding Racket

Continued from page 82

be on SOMETHING in that House of Hymeneal Horrors—but No! The bride had already selected a Dresden shepherdess motif—a lady with looped-up skirts and a crook in her hand with which to catch the poor devils that tried to get away from her. The bride was appropriate, anyway: she wanted HER picture on the dinner set. And she got it!

So we bought some innocent looking plates garlanded with roses red and roses blue, surrounding a dainty maiden *a la Watteau* and a gang of frightened sheep in the background, all looking furtively at the shepherdess and calculating her niftiness with the pastoral crosier. The third sheep from the end in the front row is a dead ringer for me!

Having approached one step nearer receivership through the imbroglio with china, we sank into a soporific stupor at the base of the telephone breathlessly waiting to hear the wild alarm sound once more. We weren't disappointed—marching orders came on a Thursday evening that a greater orgy was yet to follow—a silver shower! At first I thanked Heaven we were off the gold standard, but I soon found that bar-silver and soup ladles are two very different commodities when you buy one by the ounce and the other by the cubic millimeter.

I still had hopes, however, that we could pick up a salt-spoon or two at a dollar and twenty cents apiece and make the deadline before they fired the gun for the opening race of bridesmaids to spring down the Highway of Involuntary Tribute at the Silverware Sacrifice. As a "hoper" I am Optimism's golden-haired laddie —and am I always wrong?

It seems that everything has to *match* in these bridesmaids' saturnalias of tribute-bestowals—and by the time the victim has been introduced to designs of Francis the First, Henry the Eighth and the Grand Spanish Inquisition, two salt spoons at $1.20 each became mere lagniappe, cumshaw and chickenfeed. This particular bride had conspired with the Aztecs of Yucatan to supply the silver foundries with raw material for six months out of which her table-service would be rough-hewn!

When the bridesmaid in charge of the Precious Metals Extortion Party said "Normandie or nothing" for the House of a Thousand Purse-strings, I pictured myself trying to wheedle the French liner out of the House of Deputies in Paris.

Although I recovered partially when I learned this was merely the name of the pattern, I had a relapse when I found they both cost about the same.

Then came the sixth *pronunciamento* from the Committee on Predatory Spoliation. We were sentenced to a trip through a furniture hades run by the Dalton Boys with strict instructions that any attempt to pass up genuine Chippendale antiques would result in being shot at sunrise.

Knowing the lavish spirit in which all bridal showers are willingly financed by bridesmaids' fathers, the Frankenstein Monster who presided over the massacre had set all the prices on Tommy Chippendale's progeny by the simple expedient of picking out numbers from the telephone directory and adding one cipher.

I was being supported in front of an ear-tipped, strap-work-backed, claw-footed rocking chair with inlays of ivory and mother-of-pearl. Some one double-crossed Tommy by not showing him how to inject platinum into the pedimented crowns. Lugubriously I consented to the purchase of this grim triclinium of swaying pendulosity, and fervently blessed a beneficent providence that out of the six bridesmaids, I was the father of just one! The "Ole Rocking Chair" got me!

The standard textbook on *How to be Chippendaled* says that this Master Mechanic of Bodacious Buccaneering was "an incessant seeker after the original"—it doesn't say the "original" *what,* but I venture to assert that if his biographer meant the "original sucker," he was successful — he found *me!*

There will be a later description of the taxes collected at the wedding itself, if the keepers will let me have a pencil and paper, and loosen my strait-jacket. #

Ethiopia: Enter Madame

Continued from page 64

gowns in Eritrea. Except for the bare wooden walls that make you feel you are paying a social call to a miners' camp, the officers' end is a most respectable affair. The laborers are furnished with a big bare waiting room, with benches all around, and the rush is such that they don't have to choose. They wait for their turn, whatever it may offer, and grab their opportunity before it's too late.

There is a slight caste distinction as far as the girls in the two ends of the house are concerned. Madame Mira decided to keep new boarders, just landed from Europe, in the officers' section until they should become accustomed to the climate and the speed of the work. Then they are passed on to the other side for a few months. Later they might be placed in an emergency branch house set up at Adi Ugri, a few miles back of the lines, to take care of the more urgent cases. Only the prices differ: 10 liras for laborers and privates during the day, 20 at night; 30 liras for officers at all times.

The girls get up late in the morning, dressed as for a *grand prix* at the Longchamps race course, and ride around the streets of Asmara in shabby horse cabs driven by Arabs. They stop to shop, here and there, and eventually take an apéritif at Merlo's, just before noon when the crowd of officers is thickest. The men try saluting, smiling, nodding to no avail. Madame Mira's chorus has strict orders not to recognize anybody outside working hours. Men sometimes desperately wonder whether the charming young lady they were winking at, and who looked at them in a defiant and outraged manner, could not possibly be the wife of some important personage or other, just landed, who strangely resembles one of the hotel's *pensionnaires.* It's neat, provocative advertising. The girls' lives go on without adventures until one a. m. when they officially go to bed—to sleep. "How do you like it?" someone asked one of them. "It's all right except for those damned steps. I get tired walking up and downstairs all day."

The men get to know every girl after a while. They begin by making experimental tryouts of most of them, and eventually choose one as their regular companion. There is something strangely pathetic about dust-covered lieutenants, coming from the front with a week's growth of beard on their cheeks, asking for Yvonne, and waiting in a corner for her to be free. What do they tell her? A lot of things. The mail has not brought letters from home for a long time, the enemy shot down three soldiers while they were watering mules a few miles from camp, there are no Tre Stelle cigarettes in Adowa, the Fiat machine guns are the greatest friends a man can have in this war. They feel the need of telling these things to somebody who smiles pleasantly, and who doesn't spit and tell them to go chase themselves. They must have a girl, any girl, to let her know how brave they were the time the Ethiopians were shooting down the ravine with a machine gun and the orders were to attack them with bayonets.

The girls listen. It's their job. But they also have a few things to say, which they dare to say only to the officers they know best. They show pictures of their child (they all seem to have them), they read a bit from one of the letters they just received, they show photographs of themselves in Venice, all dressed up, with a fur coat and everything. The time passes and it costs money to the young man, but it doesn't matter. The girl cleans a few grease spots from the man's tunic, while he smokes a cigarette and listens to the Victrola playing *Amore, amore, portami tante rose!* which is *La Madelon* of the Ethiopian war. They shake hands downstairs like good friends just before she goes off with another man.

In a country where there never were many white women, in a war without Red Cross nurses (they must have been kept out by people who remembered the last World War), Madame Mira's *pensionnaires* become very important persons. They are women, they are agreeable, they do not speak much. For a few minutes they give a man a chance to shut his eyes and be no longer a brave soldier of the King, but just a boy.

The women are the cream of a great crop. Thousands of them wanted to come. Eritrea was the spot to be, the romantic, adventurous place, right next to the brave boys who were risking their lives for their country. Thousands wrote to Madame Mira, inclosing photographs, references and measurements. But only a few sailed, the ones that would do honor to Madame's establishment and good name. Well-mannered, good looking, patient. They were selected mostly of two types: the experienced trooper, well-known in professional circles, with a renown of her own, and other girls, who had only vague connections with the exercise of the trade, but who entered it just to come to Africa—the amateurs turning professional, so to speak. The last were mostly lonely women who inhabited solitary flats paid for by elderly bankers and brokers, and who suddenly got tired of their lives and wanted to do something about it.

It wasn't all love of romance and adventure, of course. The money to be made in Asmara is equivalent to the earnings of a lottery ticket. The contract is for six months and with tips, gifts of one kind or another, a girl's net earnings may amount to 200 or 300,000 liras. For most of them it was the one chance to become independent, to buy a little place in the country, or to lure a country shopkeeper to the altar with the promise of a rich dowry.

There was a girl, a platinum blonde, whose pen name was Tatiana, who went into the little church facing the Immacolatella dock (I think it's San Giacomo dei Nobili Spagnuoli), at Naples, just before the boat sailed. She kneeled and made a vow. It was late afternoon and the church was empty. She said: "Great God, if I can only come back with three hundred thousand liras, I shan't work any more, I swear." The poor girl will probably spend that much money in fur coats, perfume and drinks when she goes back. They all do. Still, they all hope. #

The Brothers Jiminez

Continued from page 91

Jiminez stopped in the doorway of the house and turned around. He was a tall man with a clear Spanish complexion. He wore a khaki riding outfit and smooth yellow boots like an American. His face always seemed pale and drawn, but he was a brave man. He rubbed his hands on the cloth of his breeches and looked at me with melancholy eyes.

"The Chief should have told me about this fellow when I just saw him. There's something funny about this and his not telling me. Maybe you're right. But why are *you* telling me?"

"The fellow who told me didn't tell me not to. Though I guess he meant to. So don't let anybody know it was I who spilled it to you. Pretend you don't know anything about it until you hear about the prisoner from the Chief. That will be safest for everybody concerned."

Jiminez' eyes had taken on a vacant stare. He was thinking about something.

"Sure," he said. "Thanks. Now beat it."

I went back to my table. The shade had shifted around the corner of the hut to the other side, and the four *dorados* had gone. I moved the table and saddles to the shady side, sat down again and felt lonely for the thousandth time since I had left home and gone running around all over Mexico with a revolution.

Time passed. That old lady, the sun, got herself together to make a final dive into the purple sierra in the west. The shadows grew longer and less noise came from the village. Downwards and downwards went the sun, gathering speed. It was still hot, but suddenly the wind that had been dead all day came through the place in a sad reawakening gust. It carried smells. Out in the square and in the houses they had begun to cook supper. I found out I was hungry.

I got up and went into the hut next to mine, where several of the men were cooking over an open hearth. Without being asked they gave me a handful of *tortillas*, and I sat down in the doorway and ate them. I looked out towards the square and saw the smoke of the cooking fires rise in smudgy pennants against the pure evening sky. I also saw Guzman coming. Guzman was the only staff officer besides myself, and as he was my direct superior I went around with him when we travelled. Now he had his jacket on and was carrying a new saddlebag.

"Here," he said, "shove the proclamations into this and take it along. We'll have to get them printed somewhere on the other side of the mountains. And meet me in front of the *alcalde's* house. We're going to clear out of here."

"Right now?"

"As soon as it gets dark. Be there as soon as it gets dark. Where's my saddle?"

I showed him where it was behind the table, and he lugged it off towards the square, calling back over his shoulder, "As soon as it gets dark."

After he had gone I went around to the farthest side of the hut, where there were no more houses and the plain began. Clouds of red dust hung in the air, and I saw some of our men already mounted and riding off to the west across the red plain. The wind had fallen dead again, and the fat, ripe sun hung carelessly over the sierra. My mare was feeding on the village's fodder with some other horses in one of the corrals, and she lifted her brown head and, motionless, watched me as I came towards her. I put her bridle on and led her back to the hut where I fed her half a *tortilla* I'd saved and saddled her.

Then I sat on the table and watched from around the corner of the hut the sun's rim tickle the mountains in the west. Pretty soon they began to eat big pieces of it, bigger and bigger pieces, and then all of a sudden they swallowed it altogether, and night toppled down on me like a wall. The wind came up. It got chilly, and I put on my jacket, strapped the bagful of proclamations behind the mare's saddle and was ready to travel.

In the square the fires flared up against the darkness. I led the mare across to the side the *alcalde's* house was on. Horses were being brought into the village and saddled. Everybody was getting ready to move. Near the saloon the generals and colonels were busy trying to pack their loot on overloaded horses, and some women were standing around crying.

I tied the mare to the doorknob of the next house and went over to the *alcalde's*. Four men—Hernandez' I thought they were—stood there with guns. Some yellow light came through the crack of the closed door of the house.

"Who's inside?" I asked one of the men.

He shoved a sour face at me and shook his head. I started for the door, but he put the barrel of his gun across my stomach and shoved me back.

"Hey," I said, "I'm a lieutenant. I'm on the Chief's staff."

He didn't say a word, but just stood there holding his gun in front of me. I shrugged my shoulders, stepped back and went to the corner of the house where I leaned against the wall and began to wait for Guzman.

Nobody else came by. The four guards moved around and whispered to each other. Where we were it became real dark, but out in the square the fires were brightly burning. They were being left there to make the Federals believe if they came up in the night, we were still in the place. Meanwhile everybody was moving out, and column after column of riders left the village for the west, tossing big black shadows and ghost clouds of dust. Everywhere except in front of the *alcalde's* house there was activity and motion. I felt as though I were being left behind, and lonelier than ever.

I heard the mare stamp and went over to her and let her snuffle my hand. Her muzzle felt warm, and I pressed myself against her warm, cozy side until my shivering left. Then I felt better, and I lit a cigarette and thinking about other things, played with her mane and whispered into her ear.

Once the whole world used to know when we were on our way. I thought of the long trains and the artillery on the flat cars, and my heart got sad in me. Those were the days.

I felt awfully lonely. I patted and patted the mare's smooth neck and scratched her behind the ears and ran my hand lovingly along her barrel. I pulled her head up and kissed her on her flabby lips. They tasted like beer.

Suddenly out of the silence came footsteps and the slow hoofs of walking horses. I saw the glowing ends of cigarettes and then nine or ten men coming towards the *alcalde's* house, and behind them other men leading horses. Finally I made out Guzman and Jiminez and Sifuentes and several others, mostly under-officers. There was enough light from the fires in the square to see their faces. They must have come from near Jiminez' house and kept along the edge of the square, otherwise I would have seen them before I heard them.

I heard Jiminez saying, "What the hell are we stalling for?"

"For the last time I tell you that the Chief wants to see you," Guzman answered.

"He can see me while we're riding as good as at any other time."

I went towards them.

"Hey, where were you?" Guzman said. "I thought you'd gone off and left us flat."

"You told me to wait for you here. I've been here all the time."

"Oh I forgot. That's right. You'll forgive me I hope. Come on in with us."

Guzman laughed. He always went into a good mood when the sun went down. He was a real bat, made to live in the dark.

Meanwhile Jiminez was chewing the end of the bandana around his neck.

"God knows where the hell my bunch is by this time. I probably won't find them again before Sonora. They always get into trouble without me."

"Don't worry," Guzman said. "Nervo will take care of them. You gave him orders to wait for you in the sierra, didn't you?"

We came to the *alcalde's* house, and Hernandez' four men stepped away from the front of the door and stood, two on each side, holding their Mausers stiffly at attention. The baboons thought it was a special occasion, a meeting of the War Council or something. Guzman laughed and dropped his cigarette. One of the guards came all apart and quickly bent down, picked it up and stuck it in his mouth. Then he went back to standing at attention.

Somebody opened the door, and a square of yellow light fell out on the street like a yellow cat landing on all four paws. We walked up the two steps and crowded in through the doorway, leaving outside the men with the horses. I stuck close to Guzman's heels.

Inside there were already about ten or twelve officers, and I smelled leather and heavy sweat. Three big kerosene lamps hung from the ceiling and lit up a pretty large room. In the back the Chief sat on a table with his Texas hat pushed back on his head. A lock of reddish hair hung over his cast iron forehead, and his face needed a shave. He was looking at each of us as we came in. Without seeing the Chief, you could tell by the feeling in the place that he was there.

We sat around the sides of the room, leaving an empty space in the middle. Guzman and I sat on the floor near the doorway.

As soon as he came in Jiminez opened his mouth as if he were beginning a speech and cried, "Where's the one who says he's my brother?"

My stomach turned over inside of me. That was no way to start it off.

"Sit down and shut up," the Chief said. "Nobody said anything yet."

Somebody shoved a box towards Jiminez and he sat down on it. But he didn't shut up.

"I heard all about it. A Federal we captured this morning says he's my brother. My General, why did you try to hide it from me?"

The Chief put his hands on the edge of the table between his thighs and leaned forward.

"How did you find out about this man?"

My bowels twinged. Suddenly my eyes fell on Hernandez who was sitting on a chair next to the table the Chief sat on. He was looking at me with calm expressionless eyes.

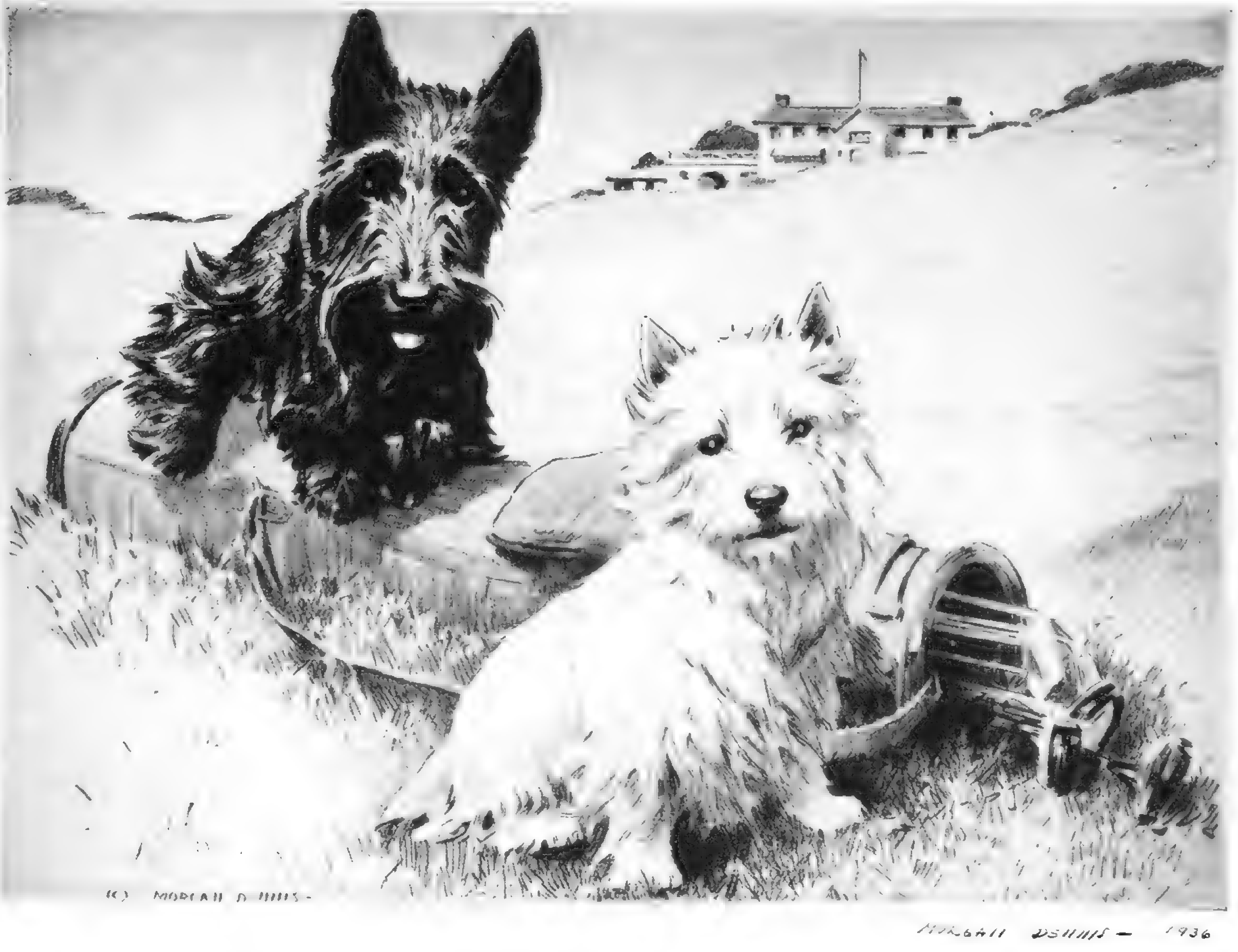
"Why, Christ," said Jiminez, "everybody in the army knows about him! How could I help hearing about it? But I'm not worrying about that. I want to know why you kept it from me. It makes me think you haven't any more confidence in me."

"We kept it from you, my colonel," the Chief said, gesturing with his big hand, "because we didn't want you to think about it too much. We would do the same with anybody else. You know how when people think about something too much they let go of the truth. Everybody does. Anyhow I was busy all afternoon after you came back, otherwise it would be

Continued on page 140

"Old Friends to Trust"

Francis Bacon 1561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Morgan Dennis — 1936

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An original drypoint etching (size 9" x 7") of the picture above, signed by Morgan Dennis, may be obtained for $1.00 by writing to Alex D. Shaw & Co., Dept. A, 120 Broadway, N. Y. C.

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The Brothers Jiminez

Continued from pages 91-138

all settled by now. We would know whether the man is your brother or not, and it would be finished."

Busy all afternoon. Busy fooling around with two women in the back all afternoon, plenty busy all right.

Jiminez wouldn't keep quiet. "What difference will it make whether the man's my brother or not?" he said.

But he had talked too much. The Chief sat up straight suddenly and put his hand on the revolver at his hip. His face swelled and got red, and his big forehead ruffled into a hundred wrinkles. "Difference!" he yelled. Everybody sat up. "Difference! Who in Jesus' name is talking about difference? Who's asking questions?"

Jiminez looked at the floor and kept quiet. We all kept quiet. The Chief's eyes, boiling, jerked from one to another of us. His hands ran along the cartridge belt around his middle. Then he began to cool down.

"Now we'll make an end to this," he said finally. There was a closed door in the wall behind him, and he leaned back across the table and opening it, called out to someone:

"Bring him in!"

Everybody was quiet. We heard feet scraping in the rear, and then in through the door the prisoner came. He was tall and thin with a pale face and wore the khaki uniform of a Federal major. He was worried.

"What did you say your name was?" the Chief asked the prisoner.

"Ramon Maria Jiminez, major in the Federal Army, from San Luis Potosi."

The prisoner stood up straight with his heels together.

"Who did you say was your brother?"

"I have a brother by the name of Marcial Jiminez, who I hear is a general with your forces."

"You are sure he's your brother?"

"One can't be sure of anything in this world, you know, general, but I think your General Jiminez is my brother."

I looked at Jiminez. He was staring at the man with a bland expression on his face.

"Look around the room," said the Chief, "and see if you recognize your brother here."

"It's almost ten years since I last saw my brother Marcial. I might not recognize him immediately."

"Look around anyhow."

The prisoner turned and began to look at each one of us in turn. His eyes went all the way around the smoky room without seeming to hesitate particularly on anyone. Then suddenly, when they had finished the circle, they came back to where Jiminez was sitting. The man pointed to him.

"He looks something like my family. If his name is Jiminez, I'd say he was my brother."

Jiminez shook his head slowly and said in a low voice, "You're a liar," staring at him blandly all the while. The prisoner shrugged his shoulders.

"Jiminez," the Chief said, "is this man your brother?"

"I never saw the man before."

The Chief slid down from the table.

"Good. Now let's make an end to it. We have to get out of here in a hurry!"

The prisoner crossed himself and said, "Mother of God be with me." He was one of those devout soldiers, of which kind Mexico had too many.

"Pajaro!" the Chief said, going across the floor, "bring him around to the back."

Everybody got to their feet and followed the Chief out through the front door. It was dark outside, almost all dark except for palish sky and the dying fires in the square. The Chief started for the back of the house, going through the bean garden alongside it, and we followed him. Hernandez' four guards came with us.

I walked next to Guzman. "We shouldn't go around killing people like this," I said.

"You don't know what it is to have a man's life on your hands," Guzman answered. "It's a serious thing. It's no joke. You don't know what to do with him! The best thing is to get rid of the responsibility as soon as you can, rub him out and get it off your mind. As quick as you can, otherwise if you let him live he'll blame you for everything that happens to him the rest of his life. Jesus, what else can you do except get rid of him?"

Guzman stopped to let the others go by. He held me by my sleeve.

"Let me tell you something else, Clemente. I saw you having quite a talk with General Jiminez this afternoon. If I were you I would not go around talking so much—and about things that are none of your business either."

"I didn't know I wasn't supposed to tell him about the prisoner."

"That makes no difference. You should have known."

He let go of my sleeve, and I humbly followed him into the back yard. They had taken the prisoner inside the corral there and stood him against the fence nearest the house. Hernandez' four men built a small fire in front of him out of dung and kerosene to have better light to shoot by. When the flames leaped up I saw him standing there with his chalk-white face and shivering a little as if he were cold. To himself he was saying a *pater noster* or something and every once in a while crossing himself.

Back where the Chief and the others were standing in the darkness, Hernandez drew up his four men. Guzman and I ran to get near them. We didn't want to meet any stray bullet.

Then it became as quiet as Mexico, and the stars turned their faces away. All I could see was the man standing against the whitewashed fence rails and the firelight dancing on him. The wind blew cold and I felt awfully lonely and all I wanted to do was go back and kiss my mare again. Nobody said a word.

Suddenly, without receiving an order, Hernandez' four murderers brought their guns up to their shoulders and fired, and that part of the night we were standing in blazed all of a sudden and cracked wide open. The man fell on his face in the fire. Then softly, softly the night came together again and the stars came out once more and everything was as it had been. Only the man lying on his face in the fire. Someone ran over and pushed him out of the fire with his foot.

"Sure I come from San Luis Potosi," Jiminez was saying to the Chief. "But write there, as a favor to me, and find out whether my father has two sons and if one of them is named Ramon Maria. Besides our family is not religious. Please write there."

"I will," said the Chief.

Leaving the body where it was and the fire still burning, we walked back to the front of the house.

A line of horses was waiting for us there, held by the men we had left with them, and everybody began looking for his own horse and mounting. I went next door to get the mare. I was unhitching her reins from the door when all of a sudden—bang! the crack of a revolver shot sounded out in the chattering night. Two shots—and I turned to see in the darkness and all a man falling from a horse. There wasn't even a yell. Nobody said a word in the sudden quiet. They all just got quietly on their horses and rode quietly off into the darkness beyond the fires in the square.

I ran over and looked at the man on the ground. I had to bend down close to see his face in the darkness. He was as dead as yesterday, as dead as—frightened sick, I jumped on the mare and rode galloping after the others.

They were still in the village when I caught up with them. I pulled over next to Guzman, riding near the tail end of the bunch. We rode out on the plain westwards towards the sierra. The hard ground crackled under our hoofs, and once in a while a coyote howled. Everybody was silent.

We rode all that night. Guzman, who usually when we rode together at night would while away the time telling me about his adventures with women, was silent as everything else.

Only once he began to sing. He had a good baritone. He sang:

"Every mechanical piano
From here to Juarez town
Can play it for a nickel,
It's a song that gets around.

Why the little girls know it
By the time they're ten or twelve.
My own sister she keeps it
With the souvenirs on her shelf.

It's an old and very popular song
And it has a lovely tune.
You ought to hear my honey sing it
Out in the full of the moon."

He fell silent again, and the noise of the hoofs came back.

After a while I asked Guzman, "What's the name of the song you were singing about?"

"It has no name. It's a hunting song," he said.

We rode all night and came close to the mountains. Guzman said not another word. The ground got a little rougher, and soon the sky behind us grew pale. I turned around and watched the newborn sun bounce up from the horizon like a rubber ball, a real Mexican sunrise.

Guzman rode with a sour expression on his plump face. He was always grouchy in the morning. He was like a ghost or the fairies I heard about when I was a baby. He hated the sun and light. He was a regular bat.

We reached the sierra around noon and went up into it. It was hot again that day, and we had slow going through the winding rocky canyon into which the trail had taken us. Towards three o'clock we came on a little flat upland where some trees and alfalfa grew and decided to camp there until dark instead of trying to catch up with the main force during the day.

Guzman and I lay down under a tree, took our boots off and went to sleep. Guzman woke up before I did, just as the sun was setting. He shook me awake. He was feeling good because night was coming.

"Nino," I said, "do you feel good?"

"Sure."

"Then tell me why Jiminez was shot."

"Because he lied, and when a man lies the Chief doesn't trust him any more."

"How did he lie?"

"The Chief said he looked too much like the fellow we shot not to be his brother. He said the resemblance was too close to be an accident—or even a cousin. And the Chief, you know, thinks he's a—what the hell do you call it?"

"A physiognomist?"

"That's it."

Night began to climb the laughing mountains of Chihuahua, and I got up and went to look for my mare, speculating on the many new reasons men had found lately for killing each other.

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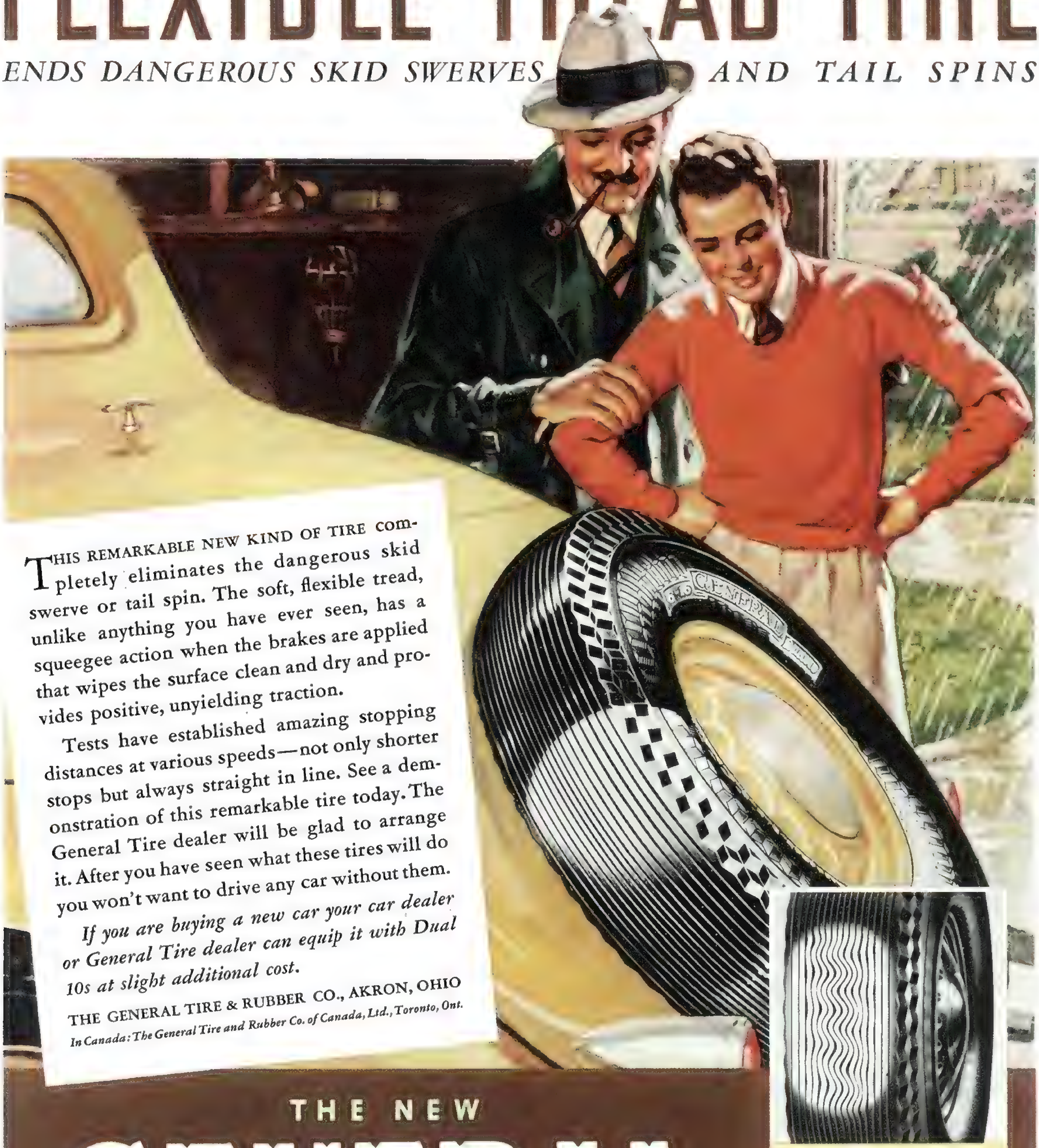

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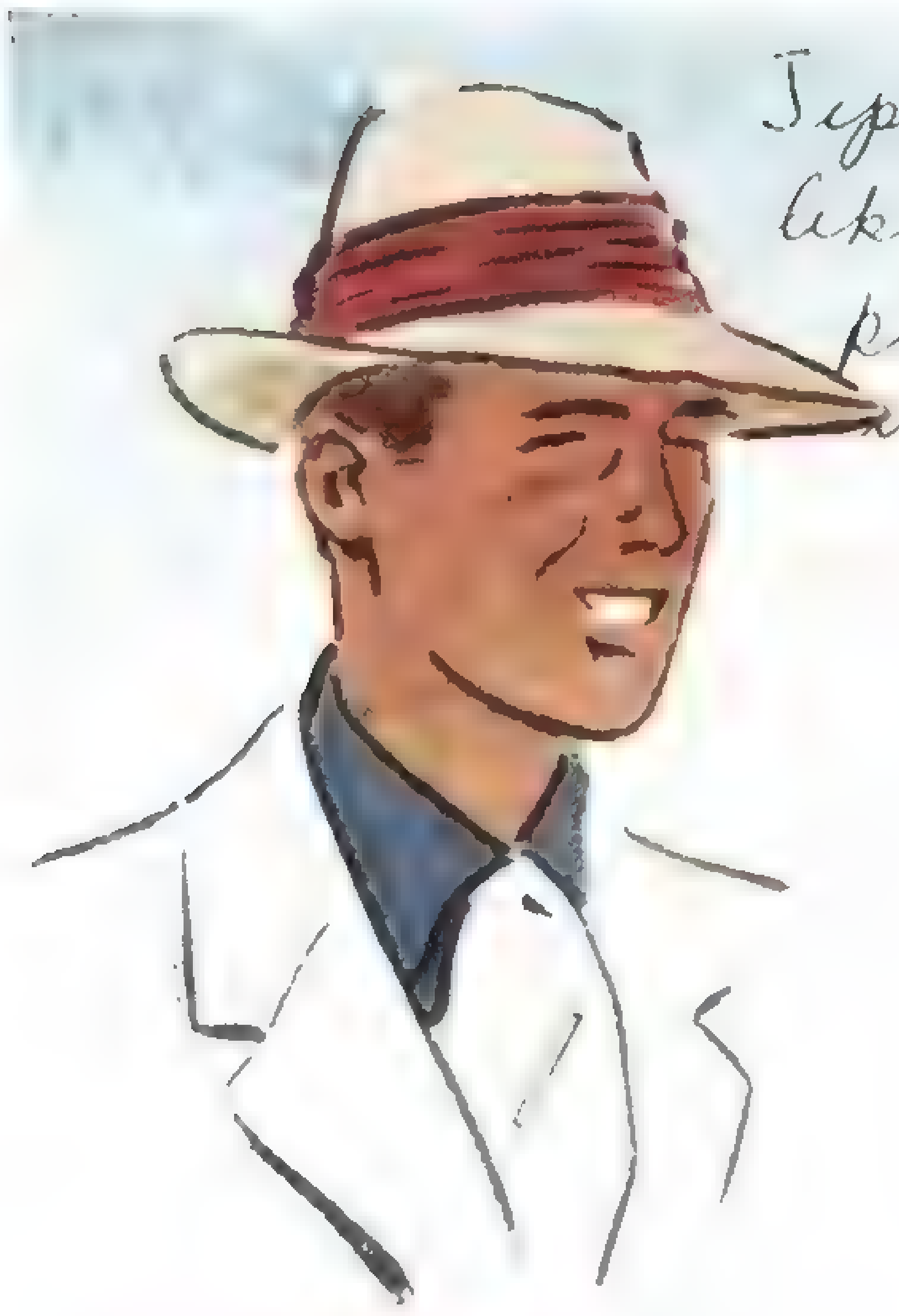
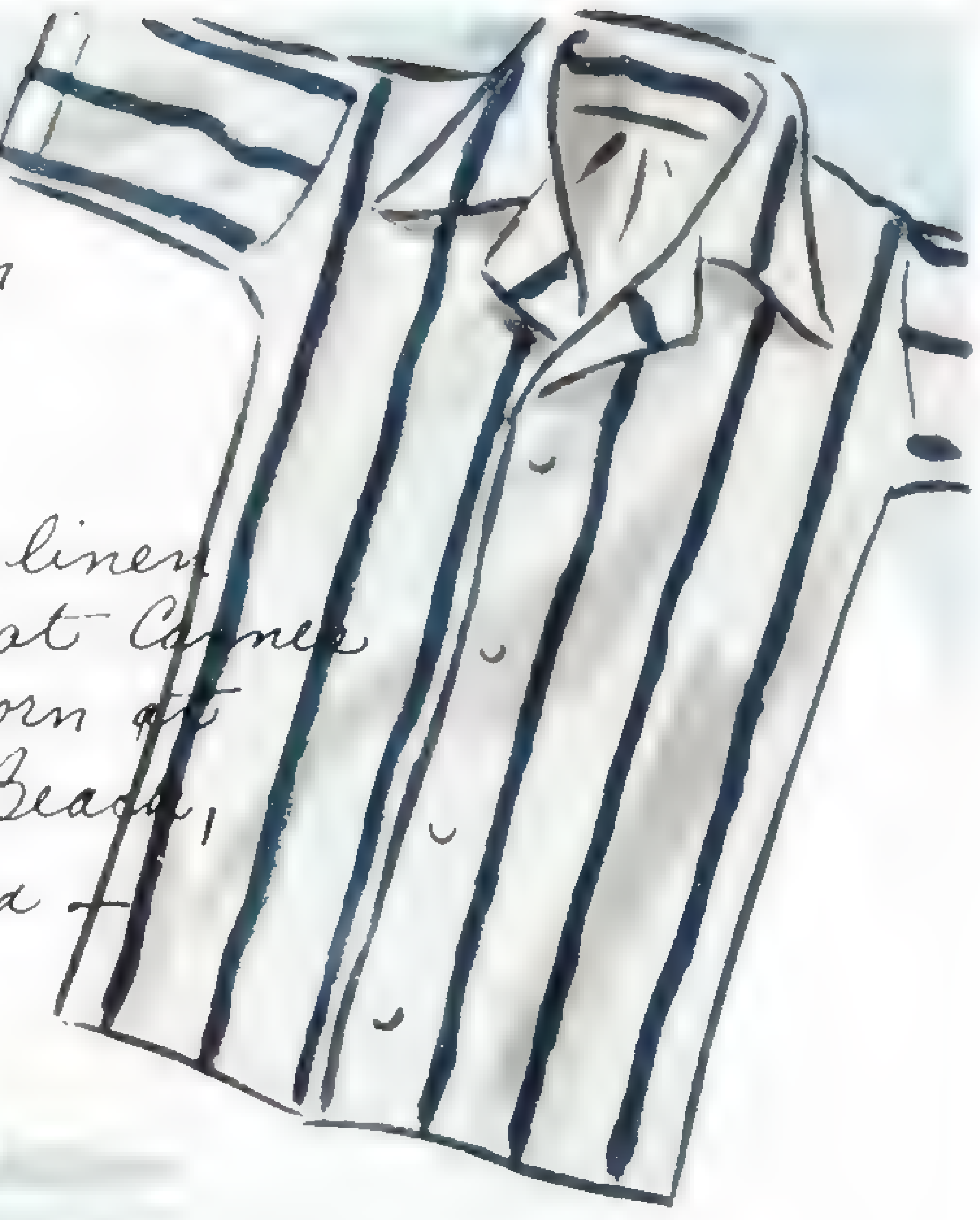
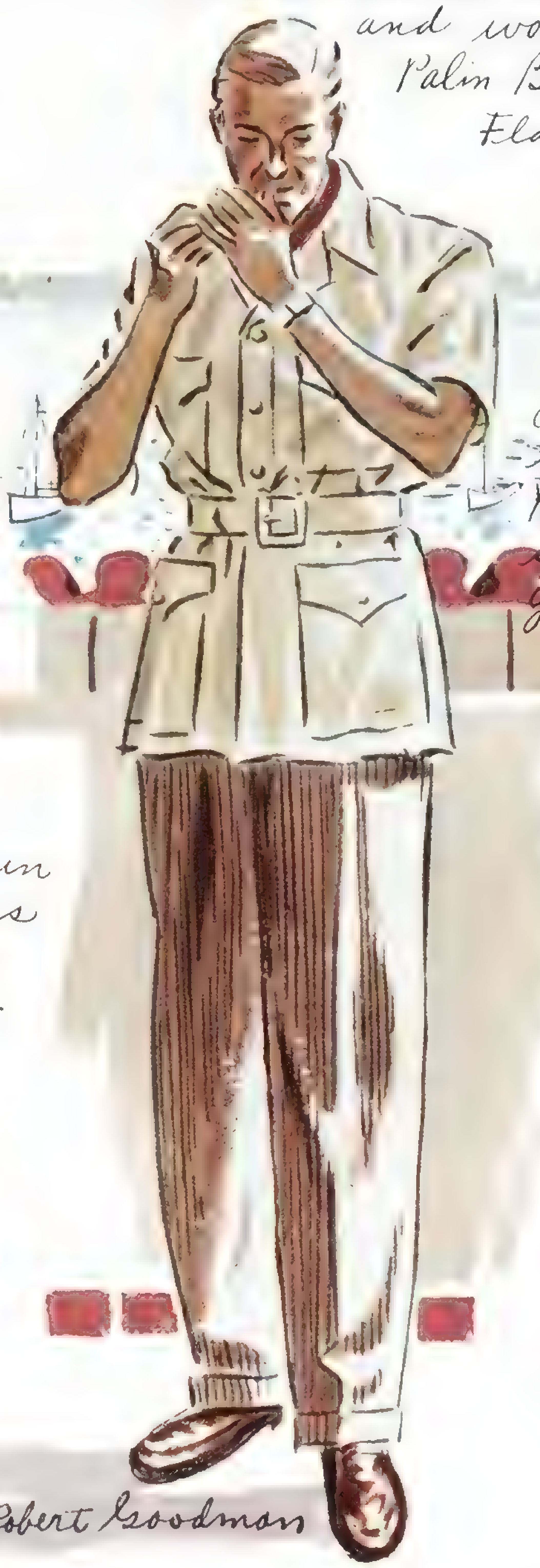


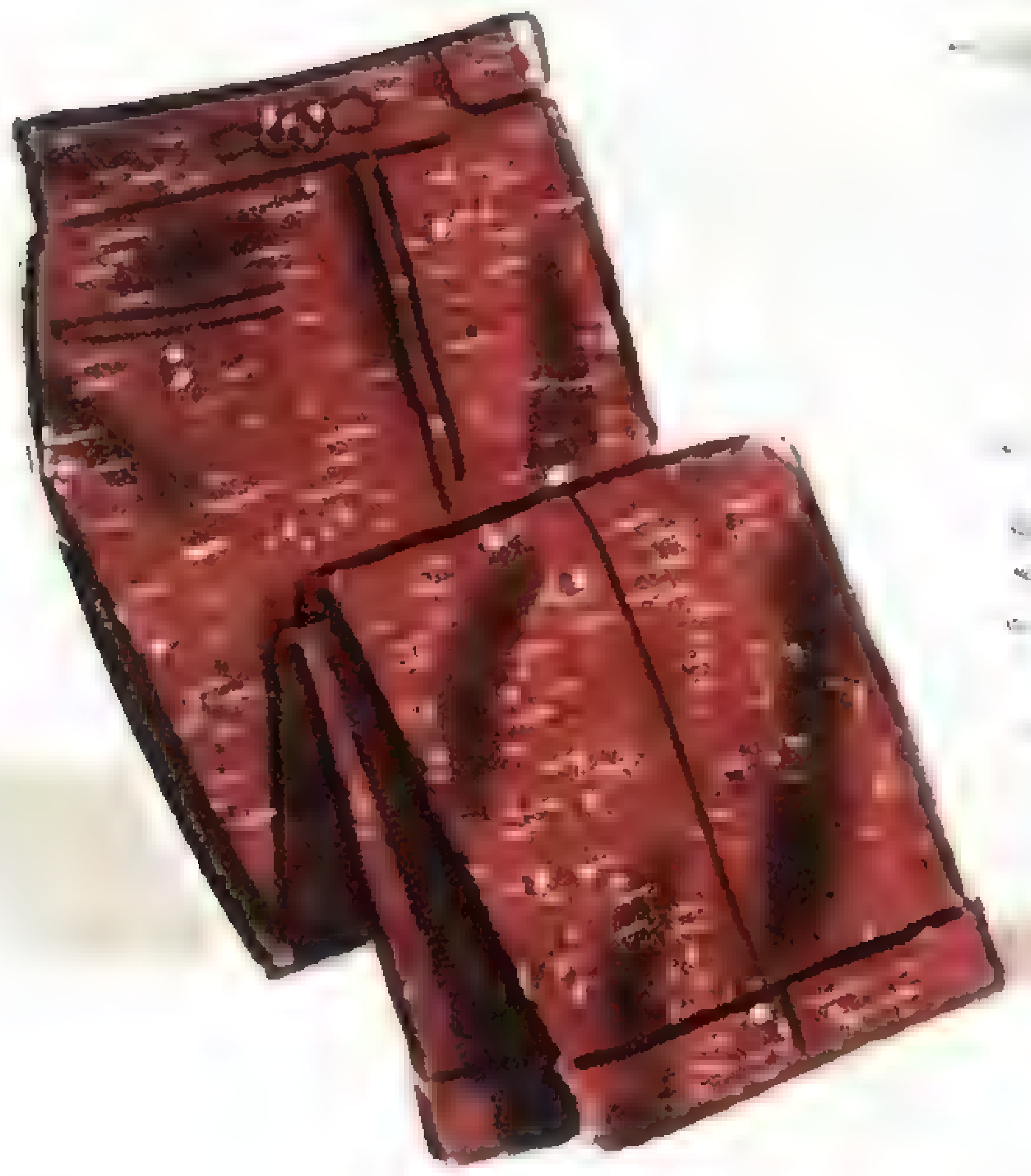
Jippi Jappa hat (J pronounced like Y) originally worn by planters at Jamaica and taken up recently by sportsmen at Nassau —



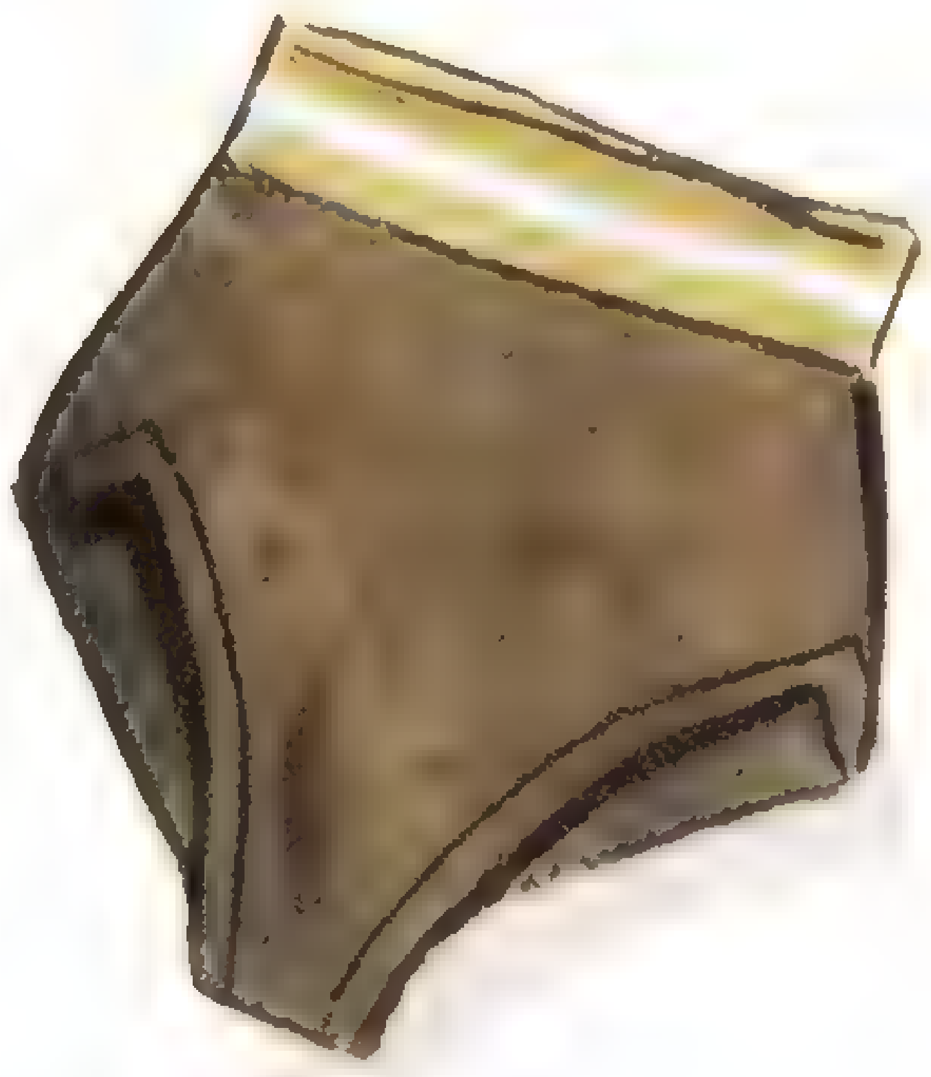
The Pirate stripe linen shirt introduced at Cannes and worn at Palm Beach, Fla —



A new shirt copied after the tropical bush shirt first seen at Nassau and ideal for fishing and general lounge wear.

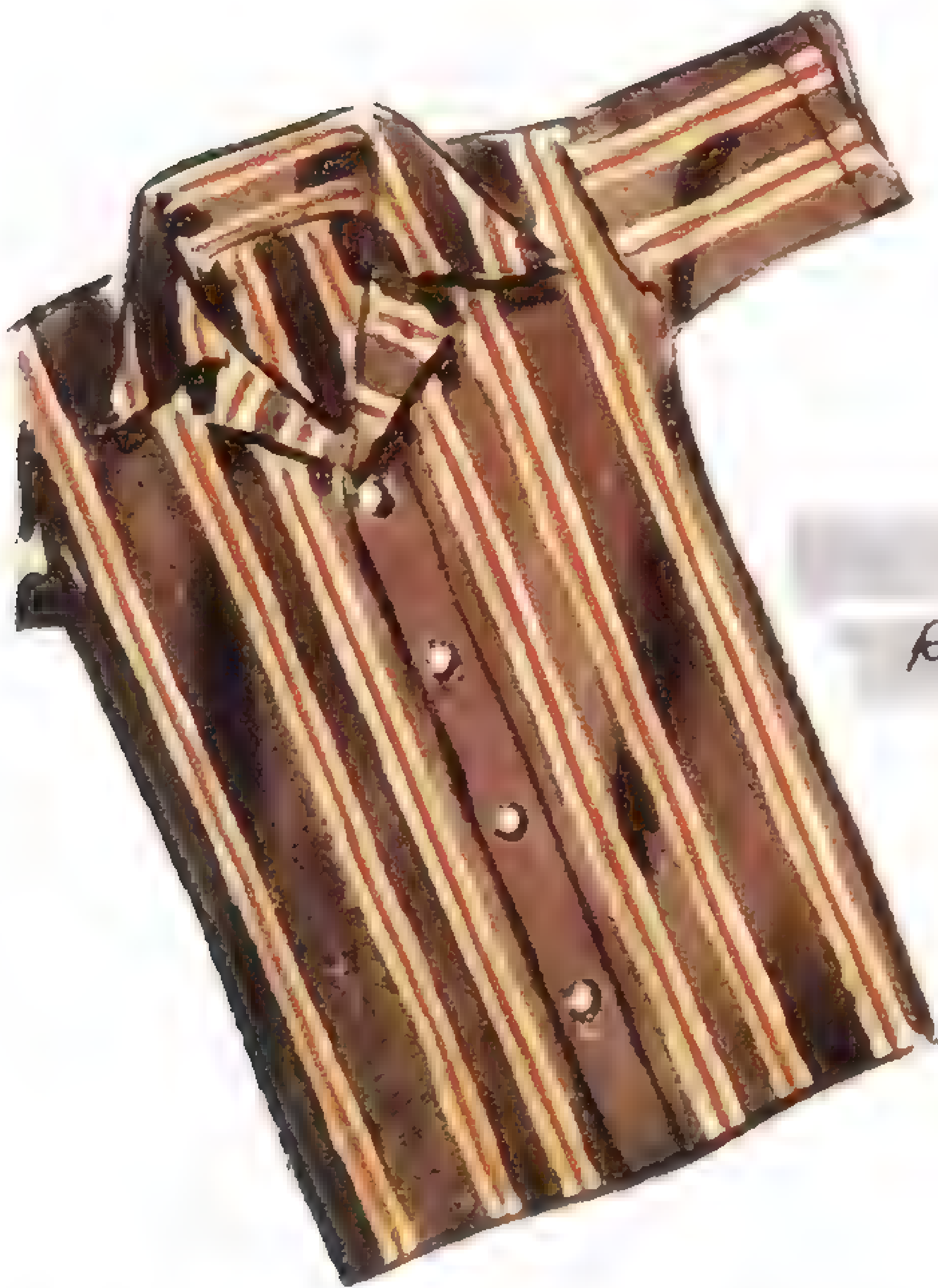


Colored beach slacks in all lightweight fabrics were the outstanding note in the south —

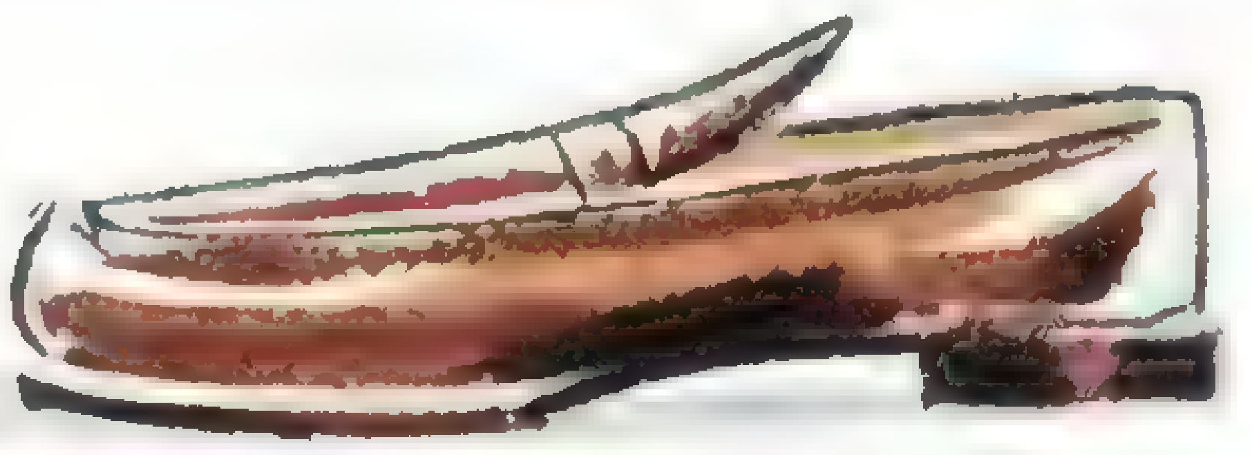


Wool swimming trunks with colored ribbed waist band, first seen at the Bath and Tennis club, Palm Beach —

Corduroy slacks, ideal for beach and lounging —



Egyptian cotton Romany stripe shirt introduced by International sportsmen at Southern resorts



Brown calf Norwegian slipper worn by the best dressed men in Palm Beach —

PREVIEW OF NEW FASHIONS FOR THE SUMMER RESORT SEASON

She's No Longer Faithful If—

Continued from page 58

61 Your friend's mistress has suddenly become very cool indeed to your own mistress. Both of them are ordinarily great gossips but all the King's Horses will not drag out of either of them one single word concerning the reason for their quarrel.

62 You telephone home in a marked foreign accent "Lady, you are unfaithful to your husband. Meet me in the Opernring Cafe this afternoon at 5 o'clock or I will tell all, and moreover I will supply photographic proof." An hour later you again telephone home and in your own calm and natural voice you say, "Dearest, meet me somewhere in town before we go to the 'X's' for dinner . . . say the Opernring Cafe. Make it at five o'clock."

If she then says, "No, no, darling, I *cannot!* I have an appointment with my hairdresser—I'll meet you at the 'X's' at eight" . . . you will then know the worst. Had she been above reproach she would have wanted to *use* this admirable opportunity of appearing at the Opernring Cafe *with you* . . . the only adequate answer one could give to a blackmailer under these circumstances!

63 You are a rather common Viennese type and people all over Vienna have remarked upon the fact that you have at least several doubles. Now and again you are troubled by a mysterious and reoccuring telephone call. It is this; your mistress calls and says with a certain strained anxiety, "Hello darling, *is that you?*" When you convince her that it IS you, she is obviously and immediately relieved. If you will trace the telephone call you will see that it comes from the Cafe Sacher where daily a gentleman who is your double sits in his quiet little corner, just across the way from another quiet little corner, where you (if you go there) will find your mistress and a handsome young gentleman.

64 Life has been glowing and marvelous; all the past months she has been as happy as a lark; every morning she has greeted the day with a song, and every evening she has gone early to bed, smiling in her very sleep, utterly exhausted by the day's shopping, riding, or by whatever mysterious carefree manner in which she has spent her day.

She has always been a placid aetheist, assuring you that if she ever entered a church, it would fall down upon her.

How now? She has suddenly become morose and religious, and goes to church praying for long hours on end, tears glittering in her beautiful eyes. She even speaks of becoming a nun and leaving the wicked and *faithless* world behind: she wishes to plunge herself into a great self-sacrificing lifework . . . the Red Cross, or a Leper Colony in the Dutch East Indies.

Then one fine day she again greets the morning sun with a burst of song, and when you come home at night from the office, you find her already in bed, sound asleep.

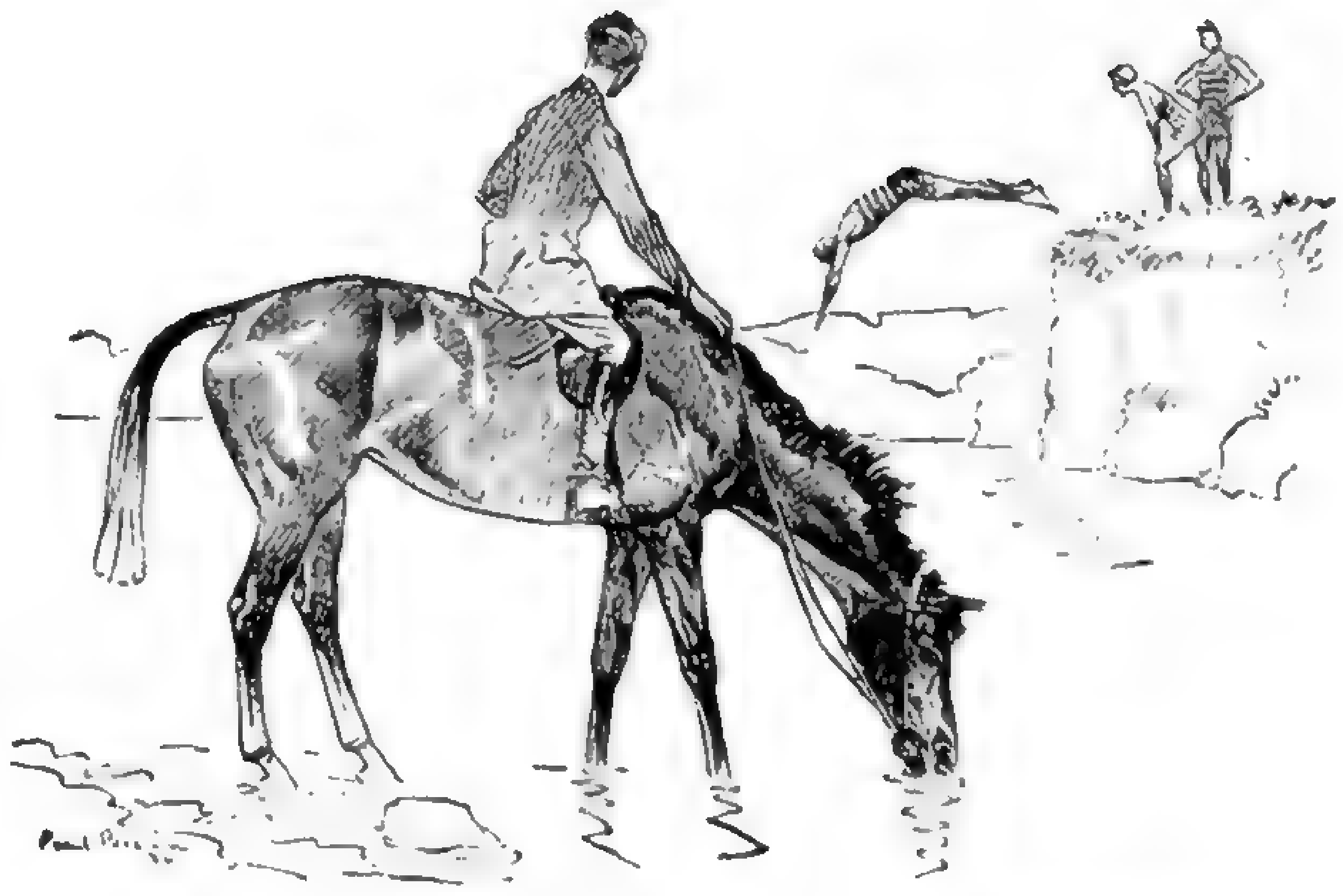
65 A scandal-loving old lady of your village casts free horoscopes. The horoscope she casts for you does not predict that your present marriage will be successful, and intimates that you are surrounded by deception. This horoscope is mislaid about the house and never again turns up of its own accord. (Your wife has read it, was furious, destroyed it in a fit of anger, and now *dares to say nothing about it.*)

66 This time you receive a real anonymous letter. It is written in a woman's hand, and tells you that Jacqueline, your wife, is having a most enthralling affair right beneath your very nose, and with a *married* man. Jacqueline reads the note and pales with anger. She remains upon most excellent terms with your handsome friend's *wife* (and very often indeed does she enter their home) but she cuts this gentleman's *mistress* dead the very next time she sees her.

67 Make a list of her probable lovers, and place a check mark against those most probable. Leave this list about somewhere, as if you have inadequately concealed it. If thereafter the list remains scrupulously undisturbed, but the mistress of your house becomes suddenly a veritable angel from the highest throne of Heaven, watch out. If, additionally, the secret locked drawer of her private correspondence has unlocked and emptied itself of its own accord *and for the whole world to see* you know all.

68 She is going out at four o'clock to meet, as you suspect, her lover. At least she has assured you that she will not be in one single minute after four this afternoon. At 3:50 P.M. you telephone anonymously to the man you suspect to be her lover and you mumble:—you are a friend—he must beware—all is known, especially about this afternoon—also that stupid dolt of a husband of hers has just purchased a revolver and is now

Continued on page 144



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The names of many woollens...such as Shetland Homespuns, Harris Tweeds, West of England Flannels...are sometimes inaccurately used today to denote general *types* of cloth. It is obvious that the authentic materials in each case can come from one and only one locality...as implied by their geographical names. Genuine Shetland Homespuns, for instance, at Brooks Brothers, are hand-loomed materials from native wool, grown, spun, and woven in the Shetland Isles. We are using these materials this season more extensively than ever for Odd Jackets made up as Sacks, half-belted Chesters and full-belted Norfolks.

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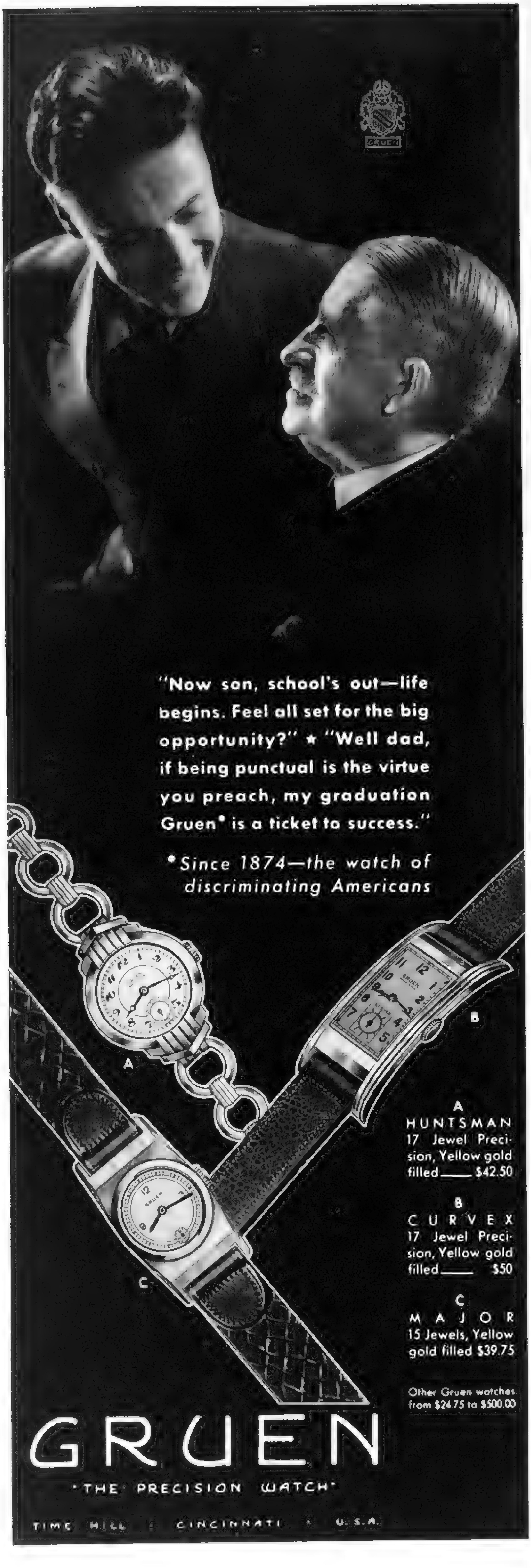

"Now son, school's out—life begins. Feel all set for the big opportunity?" ★ "Well dad, if being punctual is the virtue you preach, my graduation Gruen* is a ticket to success."

*Since 1874—the watch of discriminating Americans

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17 Jewel Precision, Yellow gold filled $42.50

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She's No Longer Faithful If—

Continued from pages 58-143

out upon the street with it in his pocket, and Heaven alone knows what will happen. Thereupon you hang up and pause two minutes in order to give him time to ring up your wife before she leaves at 4 o'clock to come to his apartment. He knows that she is punctilious and probably will leave at four o'clock sharp; he is terrified that she might now lead the trail straight to his door step. At 3:55 P.M. you telephone your wife and sure enough the telephone is busy. A few moments later your wife will ring your office to see if you are in (or out in the streets with the revolver!) and your secretary tells her that you are out. That same evening her suspected lover leaves town.

69 A certain gentleman's intentions are not mysterious as far as most ladies are concerned, especially beautiful ladies. Your wife meets him and is *surprised* and constantly *mystified* by him. *She cannot understand him.* She talks about him, analyzes him, and then is again and completely anew mystified or astonished by some new audacity he stages.

She is preparing through intensive preparatory study for a new adventure and she means to keep her man. However, she is never surprised by *anything* that *you* might ever possibly do; she has long ago relegated you to the dusty attic of her solved problems—you are, indeed, her very livelihood, her "*secret professionel*"—her business. If you would disconcert her entirely, do not explode or stage jealous scenes . . . *but change every one of your habits.*

70 She has just turned thirty (one of the two dangerous ages). You are blond, 37, and an American. During the ten years of your married life, never has "The Last Man in the World" loitered about the house. Your family life until now has been peaceful and happy, but this year there have been quarrels, and an elderly Englishman has made his appearance; he has been followed by a very young Hungarian, an elderly Dane, and a very young Italian . . . all very nice friends, of course. None of them were blond, anywhere near 37 years of age, nor American.

71 You see yourself as an alert, sharp, keensighted fellow who thoroughly understands women. Your dear friend (many years a frequent guest in your household) has always treated you as such, but in his novel there is a character much resembling you in certain respects, differing only in that this character is dull-witted, thoroughly unworthy of his beautiful wife, never by any chance sees through her indiscretions, and is a typical egoistic husband in every respect. He writes "Not even a written and signed confession would convince him that she was unfaithful."

Now you remember: a year ago your friend stopped coming to your house and another handsome young gentleman has since often made his appearance.

72 She has always been greatly inclined to prattle about the singular exploits of her apparently very singular family; this family lives at a great distance and you have never met them. Curiously enough your mistress has never before mentioned a handsome young brother who turned up unexpectedly several weeks ago, and whom she has brought to live with you for the period of time which he intends to stay in New York and which time now promises to extend at least until next spring. (Subsequently you find that she is the only child of parents dead ten years.)

73 The three of you have your feet under the same table—he, she, and you. You refer to her ecstatically as if she were an angel:—

"She has been a good and a true wife to me—if only others knew her as I know her."

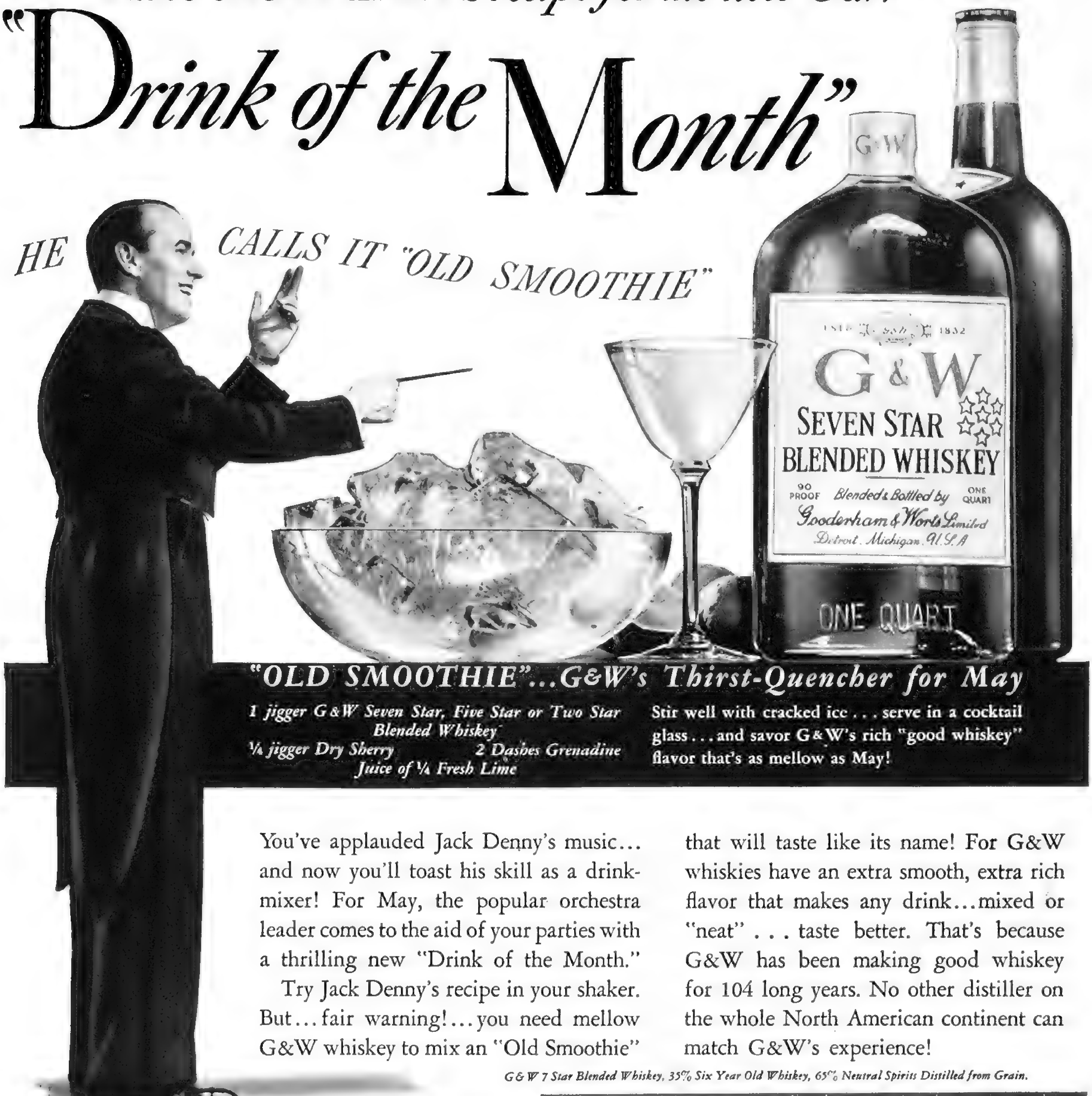
As you say this you press her foot from his direction. If she presses back and smiles at him faintly, and in addition, seeks his hand, your worst fears are justified. If you now say, "Darling you are hurting my foot," you will destroy her composure utterly for the whole of that evening.

74 When you protest that she is being seen too often with a certain ultra-handsome young fellow, she assures you that he is, in reality, effeminate, and thus the least probable of lovers. Despite this (a favorite feminine excuse for the possession of a handsome escort!) his masculine sparkle continues to dismay you, and eventually your fears are justified by discovering that he has played upon the football team of his university, and that he is at present taking his final examinations for the Government Service . . . indeed, he will be a "G" Man next month.

75 For amusement's pure sake you have, during the past five years, interpreted her dreams a la Freud. She has always described these dreams truthfully, but lately she has bought secretly numerous volumes upon psychoanalysis; the harmless dreams she now confides to you are to be found verbatim in their pages. ⧺

Here's JACK DENNY'S *recipe for the new G&W*

"Drink of the Month"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ONE QUART
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ONE QUART

HE CALLS IT "OLD SMOOTHIE"

"OLD SMOOTHIE"...*G&W's Thirst-Quencher for May*

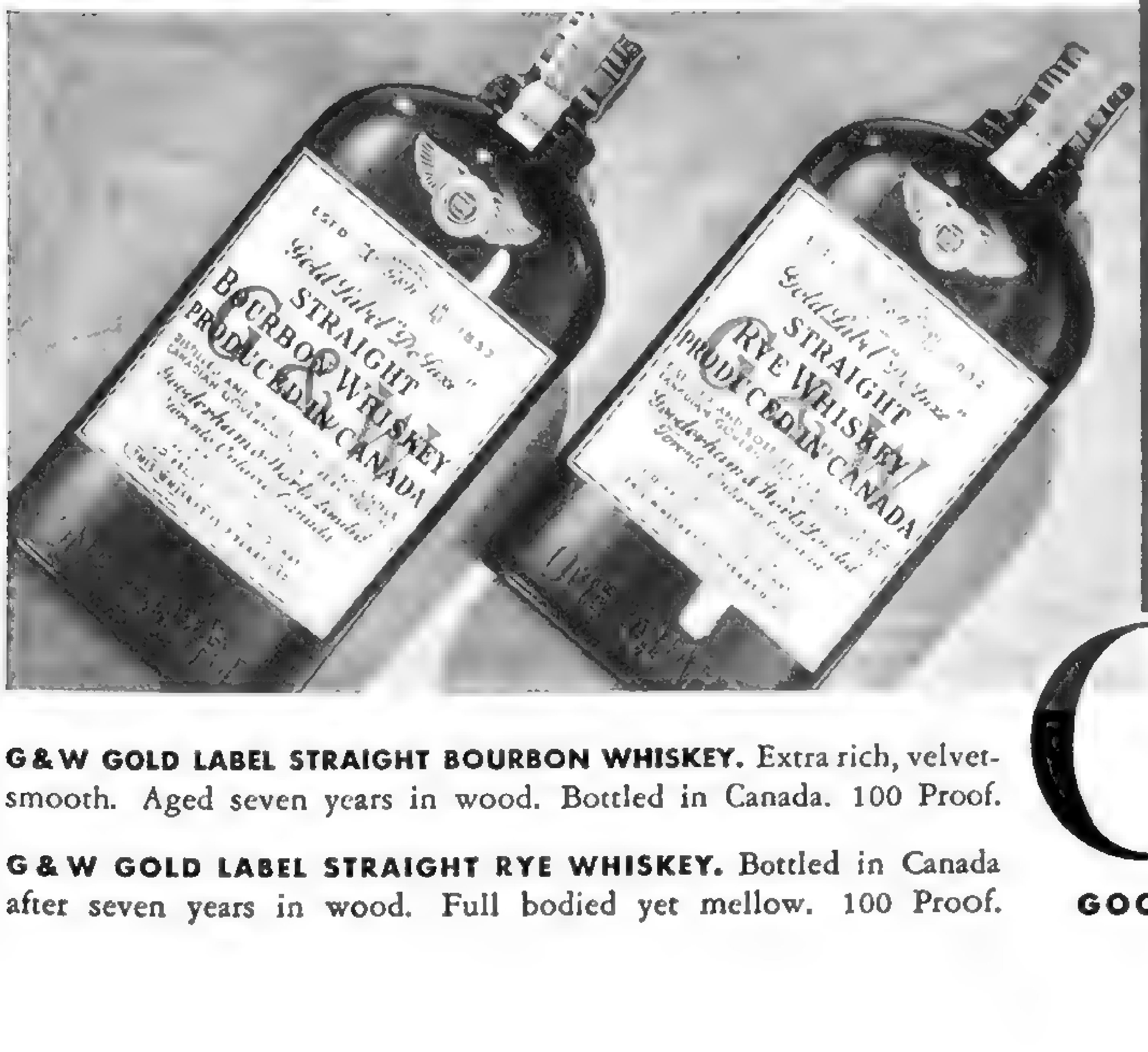
1 jigger G&W Seven Star, Five Star or Two Star Blended Whiskey
¼ jigger Dry Sherry
2 Dashes Grenadine
Juice of ¼ Fresh Lime

Stir well with cracked ice . . . serve in a cocktail glass . . . and savor G&W's rich "good whiskey" flavor that's as mellow as May!

You've applauded Jack Denny's music... and now you'll toast his skill as a drink-mixer! For May, the popular orchestra leader comes to the aid of your parties with a thrilling new "Drink of the Month."

Try Jack Denny's recipe in your shaker. But... fair warning!... you need mellow G&W whiskey to mix an "Old Smoothie" that will taste like its name! For G&W whiskies have an extra smooth, extra rich flavor that makes any drink... mixed or "neat" . . . taste better. That's because G&W has been making good whiskey for 104 long years. No other distiller on the whole North American continent can match G&W's experience!

G&W 7 Star Blended Whiskey, 35% Six Year Old Whiskey, 65% Neutral Spirits Distilled from Grain.


Gold Label "De Luxe"
STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
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STRAIGHT
RYE WHISKEY
PRODUCED IN CANADA
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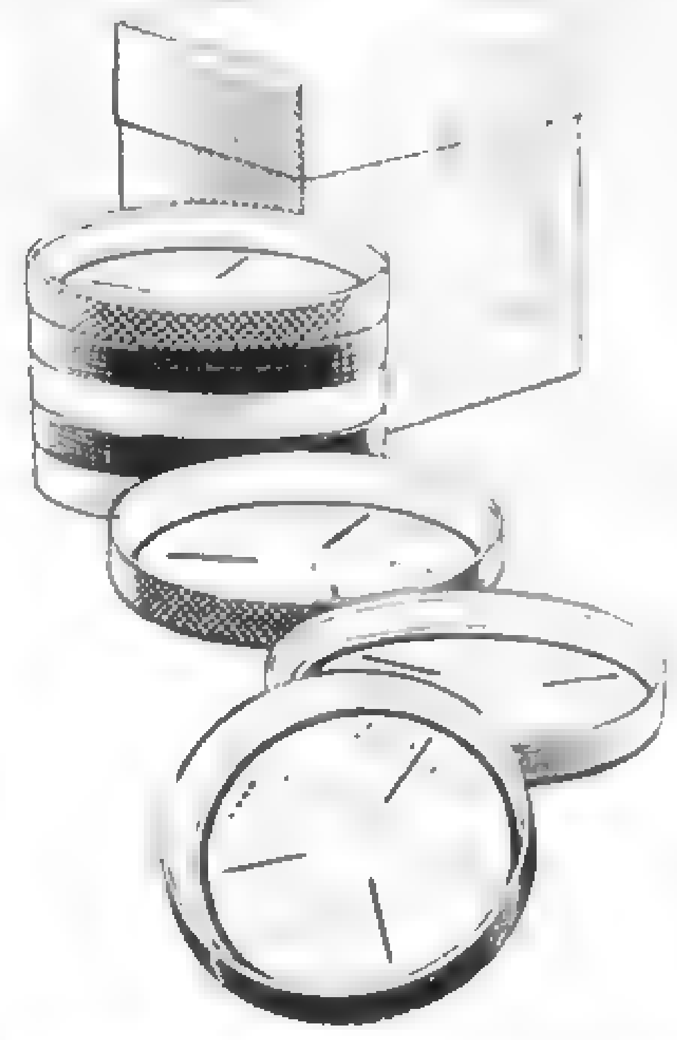
G&W GOLD LABEL STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. Extra rich, velvet-smooth. Aged seven years in wood. Bottled in Canada. 100 Proof.

G&W GOLD LABEL STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY. Bottled in Canada after seven years in wood. Full bodied yet mellow. 100 Proof.



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Goat, Goat, Who's Got the Goat?

Continued from page 63

1927. Six Challenge Round ties, because on two occasions we were eliminated in the Interzone finals by England. These eight men have been Tilden, Hennesey, Lott, Allison, Vines, Wood, Shields and Budge. Not any young players, eh? No, only seven out of eight. And the eighth one, Tilden, playing six individual matches in three ties, managed to win one match in each occasion.

Well, how did the youngsters fare with experience? Hennesey, after losing both his matches in the 1928 tie with France, soon afterwards was forced, because of foot trouble, to abandon big-time tennis. Lott, aged twenty-two, lost both his matches in 1929, returned in 1930, and did the same thing. After that he was never good enough to make a singles berth again, and has since turned professional—on his doubles ability. Allison first played singles in a Challenge Round tie in 1932 at the age of 27—unsuccessfully. He returned the following year, and again lost both his matches—against England in the Interzone finals. And last summer, 1935, Allison once more failed to chalk up a win when he faced Perry and Austin in the Challenge Round.

True, Allison had some heart-rending breaks against him, taking them like a sportsman. True, his Forest Hills record the last two years has been excellent. But the fact remains that Allison, like Hennesey and Lott, has failed to win a Challenge Round singles match.

How about Wood and Shields? In 1931 Wood, aged nineteen and Shields, aged twenty, met England in the Interzone Finals. Shields turned in a fine win against Perry, but that was all the pair could salvage. After a two-year lapse, they returned in 1934, and this time, in spite of experience, were unable to chalk up even one victory between them in the Challenge Round tie with England. Budge, as we know, had no previous experience before last summer, so the answer here is still in the future. This leaves Vines. In 1932, aged 21, he played his first Davis Cup matches, and won a singles victory—against Cochet—the only American except Tilden to record a Challenge Round singles victory in these eight long lean years. But how much did the experience help? The following year he collapsed utterly in the Interzone Finals against England. His subsequent professional record has proven his collapse temporary, but professionals can't win Davis Cups for us or any body else.

And so what price promise and experience? Not a single Challenge Round singles victory by a young American having had Davis Cup experience since 1927. And does this prove that past Davis Cup Committee members should be drawn and quartered for selecting young players with promise? It does not. Except for Tilden whom else could they have chosen?

Well, they could have done worse at that. At least they chose the best we had. Today people don't even advocate being that conservative. They would have us pick mere babes in arms on the theory of: "Hang this year; let's bank on the future." If we do, we'll hang in the future too.

Play the best team we can muster. Yes, it's banal, but it's preferable to doing something worse. Our best may not be enough to cope with foreign players, but at least the boys can go in with their eyes on the present. And whatever happens, it will save us from disillusionment in the future when embryonic "superstars" fail to come through, or, coming through, suddenly turn pro just when we're banking on them to collect the marbles.

And this brings us back to the point of view of how you look at things. The primary reasons for our Davis Cup failures aren't to be found in this country. They aren't over-training or under-training or poor selection of material or poor instruction or any other convenient goats. They have been Cochet, Lacoste and Borotra. Now they are Perry and Austin. If you have to blame some one, blame them—for being too darn good. You can take squads of dozens or hundreds or thousands, and give them every possible advantage of training and experience, but you won't produce three or four stars a year. You won't even produce one on the average, for the players who win Davis Cups—the Tildens, the Cochets, the Perrys, who have to be born tennis players in addition to being made, don't come along that often.

And so, although there is nothing we can do to produce another Tilden—he'll finally appear regardless—we can at least use the best ammunition we have. And, if it isn't good enough, we can save ourselves heartbreaks—and show ourselves sportsmen—by looking at it from the other fellow's point of view. Let's look at it right now with the 1936 campaign in the offing. Our chances are by no means hopeless—promising players *have* come through—but they aren't bright either.

Australia has extended her challenge over here in the American zone. Crawford, old, but no older than Allison, has a higher world ranking than any player we have. It would be far from a miracle if he accounted for two singles victories. Moreover, Crawford and Quist are present world's doubles champions, Quist one of the greatest doubles players in the world. McGrath can very well beat any American who has an off-day—by no means an impossible eventuality in the light of past performances.

Continued at top of page 149

Front Rank in Sport Shoe Fashions

● Here are eight styles you'll find in the front ranks this summer . . . They're smarter, and they're cooler, as sport shoes should be. Beginning at top left and reading clockwise they are: straight tip Gabardine model trimmed in Caramel Calf; three eyelet tie ventilated pattern, Iroquois Moccasin type; wingtip brogue in Tan Calf and White Stag Buck; plain toe three eyelet model with red gum sole and heel; modified ventilated oxford in White Jack Buck; three eyelet tie in grey suede with dark crepe soles; ventilated saddle pattern, also with red gum soles and heels; and an all-over ventilated pattern in White Calf with specially treated flexible soles. If you have never worn a Jarman-made shoe, visit your Jarman dealer tomorrow and ask to see the new Friendly Tropicals and Frank Jarman Custom Shoes. You'll be pleasantly surprised to learn how little they cost . . . The Jarman Shoe Company, Nashville, Tennessee. *Division General Shoe Corp.*

Portraits in Leather

Jarman Shoes

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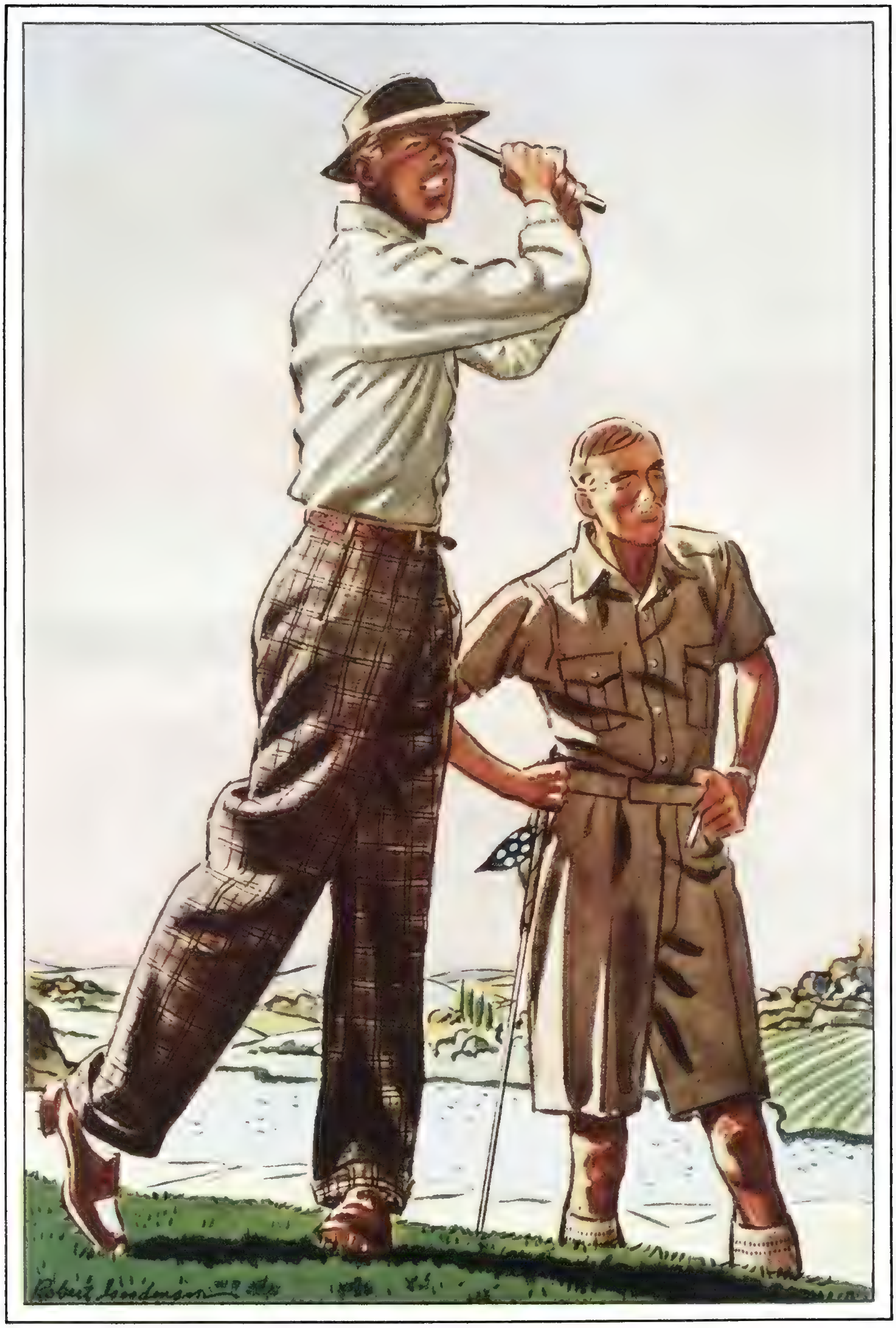
FRANK JARMAN CUSTOM SHOES $6.50



THE GOLFER AS A GLORIFIED BOY SCOUT

The Boy Scout aspect of the outfit on the right is strictly accidental, as this turnout, which is typical of what was worn at Nassau this past season, owes its original inspiration not to Dan Beard's boys but to the British Army officers in India. The gabardine shorts are of khaki color in the regular British model and the khaki shirt is of fine broadcloth, made in military style with half sleeves. The cuffless golf hose are of medium weight wool in a light camel hair color, worn with brown buckskin golf shoes. Note the white linen wrist watch strap and the silk foulard polka dot handkerchief peeking out of the right-hand pants pocket. This outfit is also suitable for boating, fishing and general country wear in hot weather. The other figure models a very practical sports get-up consisting of overplaid Glen flannel trousers, rough finish natural colored silk shirt, pork pie hat and Norwegian golf shoes.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Goat, Goat, Who's Got the Goat?

Continued from pages 63-146

But granting we get by Australia, present indications are that we would face Germany in the European Interzone Finals. In Von Cramm, number two man in the world, Germany has a player who came within an ace of defeating our team single-handed last summer and may well do it this time. Let us remember that Allison and Van Ryn no longer spreadeagle the doubles field as they once did. The two indispensable singles victories every team must have may not be enough in our case.

However, supposing Von Cramm doesn't throw a wrench in the works, that brings us into the Challenge Round against England.

A lot depends on Perry's condition, but we cannot bank too highly on Allison, admittedly at his best only in America, repeating last September's victory over Perry. Austin—call him lucky or what you will—has never lost a Cup match to an American. He thrives on a Wimbledon audience, and on brief competition as opposed to drawn-out tournaments that deplete his strength. Hughes and Tuckey are a very very good doubles team, and don't forget it.

There is no need to burn our rackets, and go over in the corner to cry, but let's admit we have one of the toughest rows we've ever had to hoe. Let's play our best team—selected from competitive results—and hope that at last there'll be at least one *great* player on it. And if we don't come through, let's make it easier for ourselves and everybody else, by seeing things as the other fellow sees them, and forget about finding a goat.

If Crawford or Von Cramm or Perry and Austin prove too much for us, let's admit that they are swell players, and that right now we haven't anybody to match them. ⧺

An Accident

Continued from page 73

only Marchand and I remained. Well now we can go home and paint. What do you think? No. The world is different and there is no going back. Marchand went to America and became a business man. He used to paint flowers most beautifully. They were sensitive and delicate and when I asked him about it he shook his head and smiled. After four years what can one expect. And so briefly this is one point I want you to understand and write it down.

"And I married and settled down with a little business. It happened to be wine that I sold but it might have been anything. For what did it matter? Then the child was on its way and I was anxious that we have a girl. Then everything would have been alright. But it turned out to be a boy. For days I would not look at him. 'What,' I said to my wife, 'Have we got to raise up a boy and then what will he be? When he is of age he will go off to war and even if he is not killed it will be worse, much worse. Look at me, I was not killed and look at me!' These words I said to her seventeen years ago when he was in the cradle. And she answered me, 'Don't be a fool. The war is over and we have all suffered and there will never be another.' Yes, she believed it was to be the last war because everyone said so at the time."

He paused for a moment to wipe the perspiration from his brow before he continued.

"I tried to hate the child but I was unable to do so. He wormed his way into my heart until I loved him more than I ever thought I would be capable of. But all the time I looked at him I saw his innocent face and I thought, 'They will make out of you what they made out of me. How can they help it. France has enemies and young men must defend her. Whose fault is it?' And often as I watched him play I would remark to his mother, 'He is ours until he is seventeen and then he must go to military service. That is the first step. The others follow quickly.'

"And that is how we lived and that is how seventeen years slipped by. And the words that she spoke about peace and happiness and no more war sounded so far away and so false, oh! so false. Every day a new conflagration threatened and every day I looked at my boy and said, 'No! Not him. You won't get him!'

"Last week the notice arrived for all boys who had reached the age of seventeen. They were to get ready and report for training. That is the law of the land. And the rest you know. It was hard, a hard thing to do. And before I came here I put on the war cross for you to see. Seventeen years ago I was supposed to be a very brave fellow." He clutched the medal with his hand. "But that is not bravery. I tell you it is nothing compared to what I went through before I did the deed.... In the sand pit. He was blameless. He was innocent. I loved him dearly. Oh! It took great courage! I never knew I would be able to go through with it. But I did and I saved him from what I could not bear to have him become. Oh, it took great courage. You must believe me when I say so. No matter what anyone thinks."

He paused for a minute and then he said in a very matter-of-fact manner, "Write it all out and I will sign it. But add at the last that I say, it took all my strength and all my courage." ⧺

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Bostonians' swagger new sports shoe (below) takes its inspiration from the Norwegian ski boot—even to the smartly masculine toe-seaming and rich, brown calf trim. Above: Bostonians' youthful but decidedly mannish conception of the orthodox plain toe, so popular for summer comfort. Note the smart three-eyelet lacing. Bostonians $7 to $10. Bostonian Foot Savers $10. At smart men's apparel and shoe shops

The Dublin Slasher

Continued from page 87

"We started him to the boat at last—and there was never such an aggregation of riffraff since the mad world began—men who'd of shot you for a quarter wept like babies over a lost toy—and forget-me-nots who'd of been nice to a hangman were now innocent little girls again. Someone played some music by a fellow called Chopang—and when we got in sight of the boat, Joe Slack said, 'I'm damn glad it's a big one—if the Dublin Slasher takes a notion to roll over, it might list the ship.'

"The band was blarin' and wrestlers and fighters and reporters and other thugs mixed their tears and their laughter with pimps and gamblers and other lovers of the manly art—along with saloonkeepers and lawyers and bums and other prominent people."

The challenger's eyes were half closed. His lips were still tight pressed.

"It was hot work followin' our fighter on his last journey to Ireland—and I couldn't help thinkin' that out of the roses on his grave a big tree might grow—for there'd be no use bringin' a man to such perfection and throwin' him away like a burned out stick in the night."

Silent Tim paused, "Well, that was the end of the Dublin Slasher—oh well, it's lovely weather outside—and a short night till morning—Peace comes then with bullets in his guns."

The car stopped at a road crossing.

"It's hell," said Hot and Cold Daily, after a long silence, "what they did to that big, beautiful man."

"It is that," agreed Tim, "and may the sun never wither the roses on his grave."

"He was a very great fighter." Hot and Cold Daily looked at Silent Tim as if to have his words confirmed.

"He was that," agreed Silent Tim—"he was that indeed—there was never none greater." His eyes met Hot and Cold Daily's. "But it's all in the game," he concluded, "The ring's too big for just one referee, else he'd never of counted the Dublin Slasher out so young."

Silent Tim put a hand on the challenger's knee. "And I almost forgot," he said, "*the other girl's name was Ruby.*"

"Huh—I'd say it was a case of too much Ruby."

Silent Tim looked scornfully at Hot and Cold Daily. "You'd joke in your grave," he said. ⧺

The Silver Winged Windmill

Continued from page 61

Winged Windmill. For the last year it had been only the wagon of his brother-in-law from Acs that halted there with a sack or two for the Silver Winged Windmill. In these last two years he had not earned as much as he used to earn in one day after the harvest. The old savings bank had given him 300 pengoes on a mortgage against the mill—and now that is finished, too.

There is something in his eyes as he gazes steadfastly at the steam mill which no man may know.

He slices a last piece of rancid bacon that hangs yellowed on the board wall. He slowly takes a broken loaf from a kerchief and begins to eat the bacon with his knife. Only his two jaws move and the wings of his mustache flap as he looks with awful steadfastness toward the other mill.

His brother-in-law! The last one! His soul sickened.

The sunset wind whistles over the plain and against the old mill wings. The great wooden shaft creaks and half turns. The side of it bearing the inscription "Built by the Grace of God . . ." is not visible to him. He goes over to the great shaft, puzzled. Never before had the shaft moved when the wings of the mill were disconnected from the shaft drum. It seems that the old inscription has turned away from him like a dying man who turns his face to the wall.

On any other night at this time he would already have spread his cowhide cloak on the floor and been asleep. His dog would have been in front of the mill where he still slept faithfully as in the days when he guarded against robbers. He slept inside with his knife sheathed in the leg of his boot, in those days.

But tonight he sits by the carpentry bench and gazes fixedly out the window. Suddenly he stands up, fumbling in the dark, and lights a sulphur match. He throws the lighted match down under the bench where the shavings are piled. Then he drops his leather coat over the higher of his shoulders and steps into the night. He whistles to his dog and they start toward town. He keeps saying that he will not turn around. The dog follows him, whining, nosing the ground.

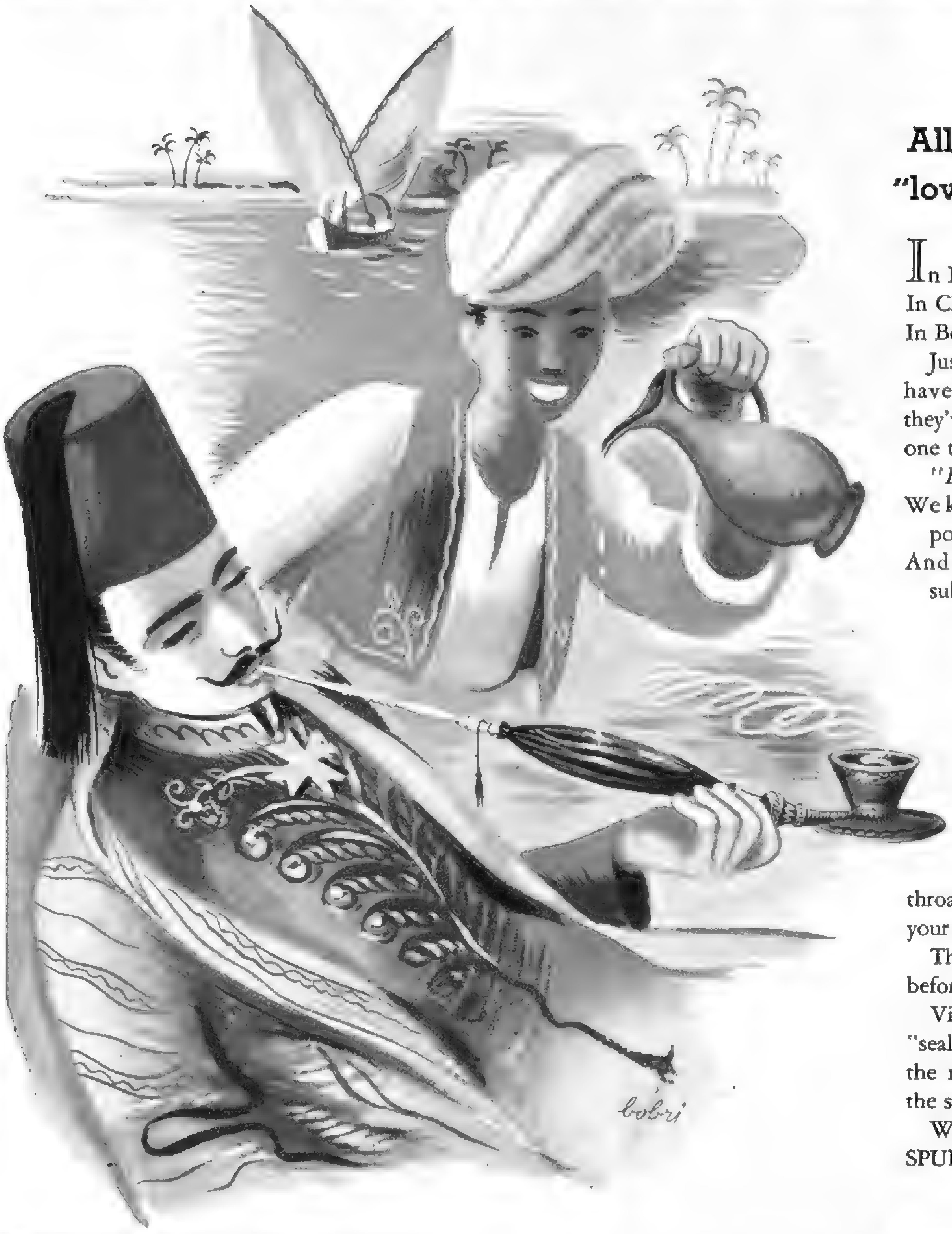
But he did turn around. He saw there in the night a column of fire and four great flaming arms reaching out impotently over the plain.

When dawn came he was sitting on the side of a ditch at the end of the village. He shared with his dog what bacon he had left. As the morning church bells began to ring he walked toward the steam mill. When he reached the picket fence that surrounded the building he kicked his dog and told him harshly to be gone. The faithful animal howled and ran back toward the hill.

Then he went into the office. He stood before the director twirling his hat in embarrassment.

"Mister," he said respectfully, "I would work by the day." . . . ⧺

Slaves chilled the Khedive's pipe



All round the world men seek "low-temperature smoke"

In Egypt, they water their pipe-stems.
In China, they use a long air-cooled reed.
In Bokhara, they make water-pipes of gourds.

Just to be picturesque? Far from it. Wherever men have smoked tobacco—from Cairo to the pole—they've known that its supreme pleasure depended on one thing:

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We know it, too. But water-pipes are oversize for pockets.

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The modern answer—in a cigarette

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Why don't you learn the thrill of "low-temperature" SPUDS today?

SOLID COMFORT—EGYPTIAN STYLE. When the Khedive clapped for his morning smoke, a slave with a pitcher of water always accompanied the pipe. The water was dripped over the stem to chill the smoke.

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20 FOR 15c
25 FOR 25c IN CANADA
CORK TIP or PLAIN
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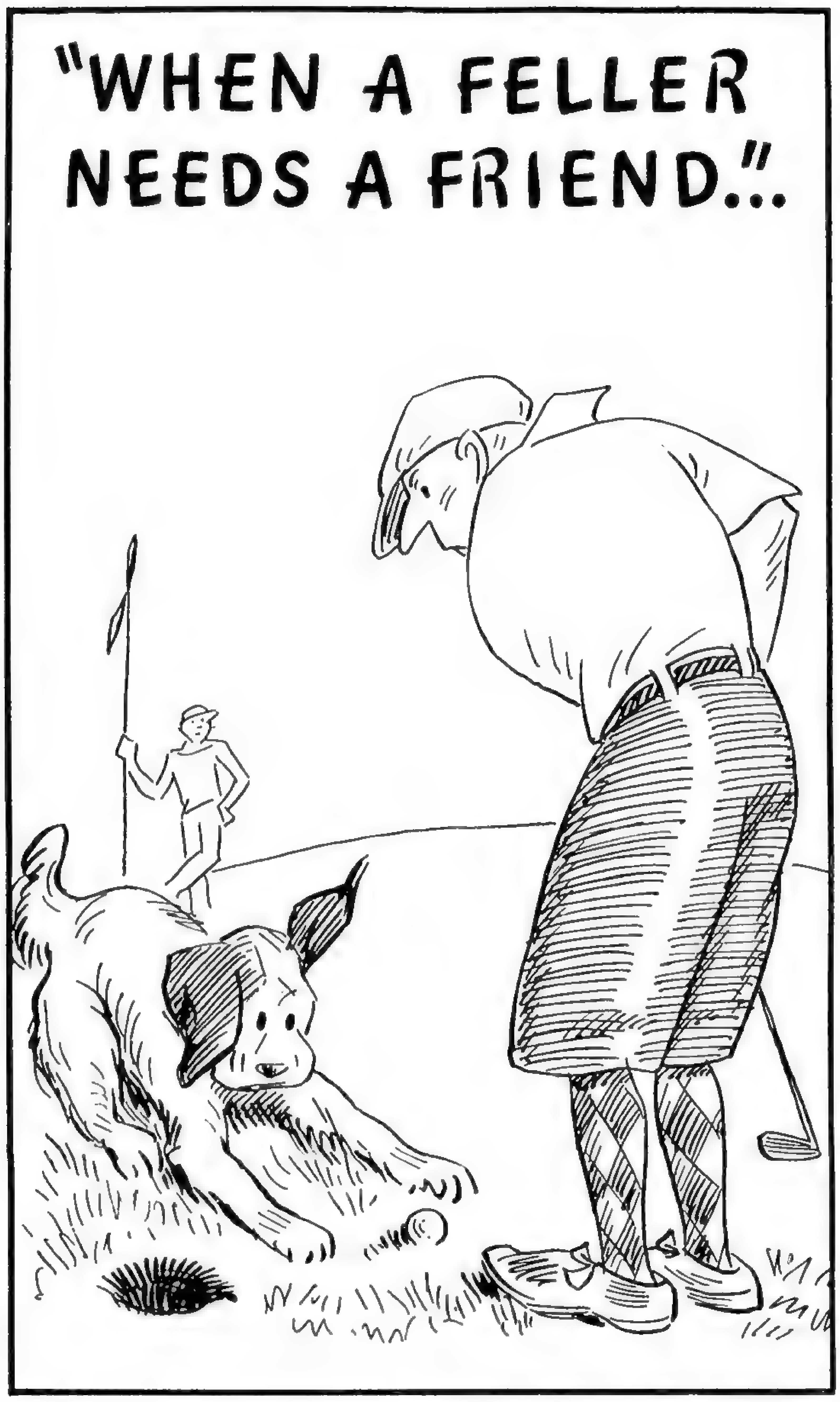
MILLIONS OF SPUD SMOKERS CAN'T BE WRONG!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WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND
15¢
KEPT FACTORY FRESH
by inner lining of
CELLOPHANE

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The Art of Old Giulio

Continued from page 126

long before they were indoors, and very respectfully wiped his feet before entering the Stevensons' living-room. He stayed near the door and turned his hat nervously as Jim put the record on the machine. As the first notes began to play, a smile of heavenly beatitude opened on his countenance. Jim and Edith listened in amazement. The record was a hand-organ performance of the *Marseillaise.*

"Is me!" exclaimed Giulio. His eyes were bright with happiness. He listened ecstatically until the record was finished.

The Stevensons hardly knew what to say, but they thanked the old man and assured him that they would treasure his gift.

"I am verra glad," said Giulio. "On other side is da *Wedding March.* I notta play enna more. I getta old an' no can push. Now I go live-a wit' my daughter Rosina. But I wanta you should have da record, Jems. You a fine fella. You like-a da moosic."

Giulio was beginning to cry a little, and he pulled out his red handkerchief. He scraped toward the door, twisting his hat.

"Goo' bye," he said. "I hope you live happy. Play-a him once-a while . . . maybe you remember your ol' frien' Giulio . . . da arteest." ⌗

The Tower of Weakness

Continued from page 123

stood there unable to speak.

The medicine bottle, uncorked, spilled a little on to the carpet.

There were two women before him, not one. As though he, the intermediary, were holding the two apart—the weaker from the stronger. He did not know where he himself stood, on which side, just what his function here was.

He retreated to the door. A strange feeling came over him. It wasn't fear—it wasn't strength—it wasn't weakness—but pity. It was impossible to shout at a woman who stands before you, bent and warped, sick and pale, her eyes riveted on you with a bewildered, wrung-out look.

"Is somethin' the matter, Lon?"

"I was jest wonderin'," he said, "jest thinkin' things over. Came for a jug o' cold water. That's what."

He forgot about the water. He left the house and retraced his steps to the cornfield, feeling only contempt for himself. This great strength which he supposed he had acquired had about as much power in it as a calf's bleat. He was going to settle everything—and went to pieces the moment he was face to face with a sick woman.

Phil was still chopping weeds when he got back. She heard his shoes striking the stones as he walked toward her and she hiked down her overalls. Lon caught her by the arm from behind.

"You ain't aimin' to leave, are you? Why are you so quiet-like, Phil?"

She twisted her body out of his grasp, but slowly, as if it were merely an automatic movement of self-consciousness. Her hoe went on striking at the roots of the grass. She gave him a quick glance. Lon winced under it. Surely she knew what he had gone to the house for, and she could tell that he had come back without accomplishing anything. She too must have contempt for him.

"Hayin's about done," she said.

He didn't understand.

"Things'll be easin' up now, Phil. It's the hardest job over with."

"Winter won't be long now," she said.

He still didn't know what she was driving at. "We'll take it easy this winter. You'll just help me saw up the wood with the engine. That's all. Not even as many cows to milk."

"It's nice and warm in a bakery."

Lon stood still.

"My cousin in Mystic must be wonderin' where I been hidin' out all these months."

"You mean—you mean you're aimin' to leave?" he asked.

"I got to."

He leaned on the hoe and it shook. "You got to," he repeated. "Seems like—well. . . ." The hoe sunk deeper into the earth. "What do you mean you got to? Who's drivin' you out? What's Hattie said or done? It's Hattie, ain't it?"

She shook her head.

"Me?"

Philomena denied that.

"It's me," Lon went on, his voice rising. "I know it. You got no use for me any more. You seen me run off to the house and come back again with nothin' settled. Left all het up and come back like a lamb."

"I jest can't stay in one place too long."

"You ain't tellin' the truth, Phil. It's me and nobody else. I'm too much of a coward for you. I ain't man enough for you. That's what. You're more man than I am, and you got nothin' but disgust for a person who ain't got the guts to talk up and do things. Ain't that right? Ain't that the truth?"

She said nothing.

Early next morning Lon heard the usual footsteps descend the stairs. Phil always got up before they did, started breakfast and took the pails and cans to the barn. But the movements were different now. The stairs creaked, a door opened, and then there was silence. Lon dressed quickly and went outside onto the porch. Down the road, following the way toward Mystic, he could see Phil's tall, broad body. The sun was just rising above the trees in the east. ⌗

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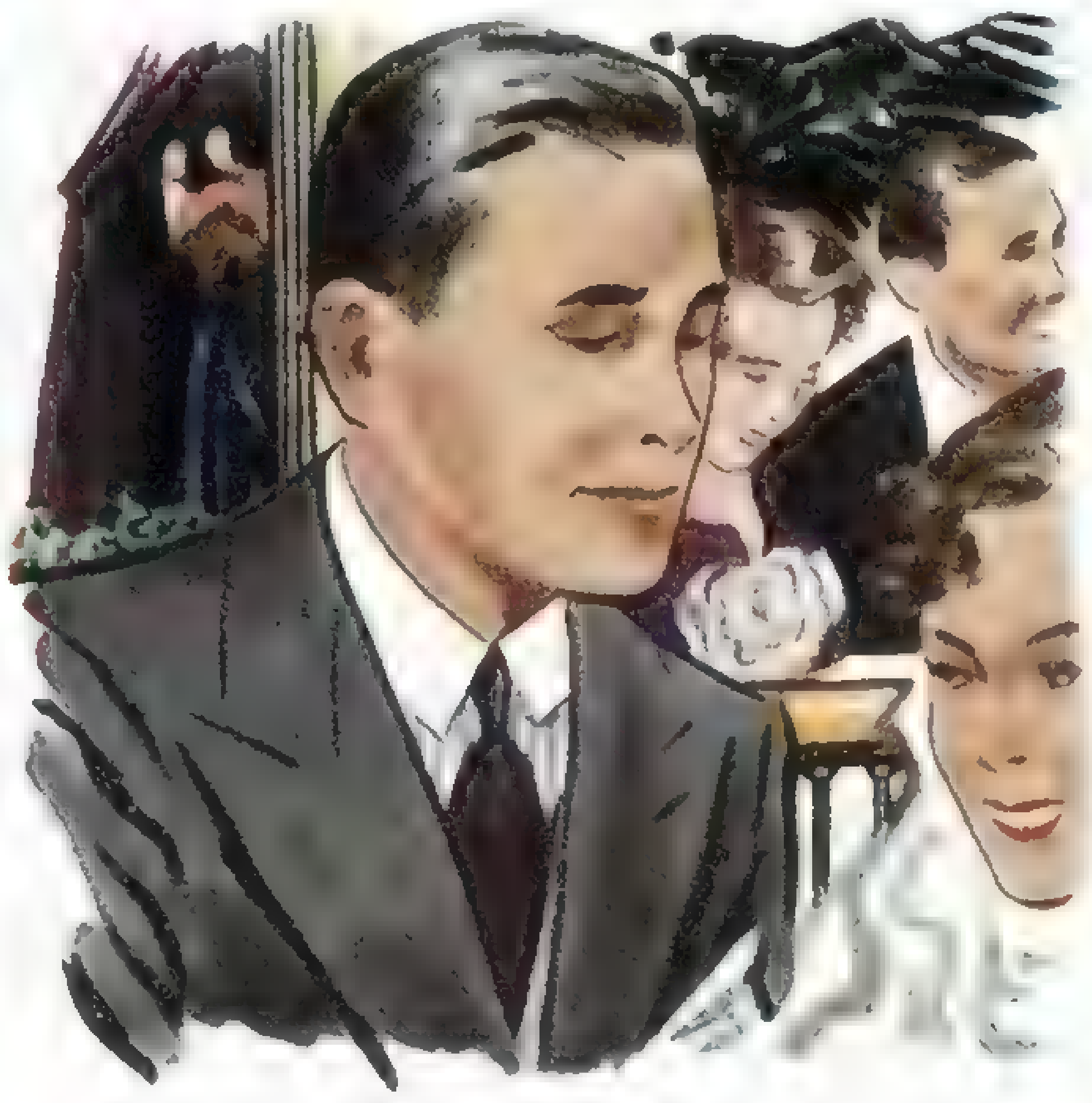

You'll find me topping shirts of every hue and pattern . . . at all events, on all occasions . . . between "classes" and between "chukkers" . . . on Gentlemen *of* the Bar, on Gentlemen *at* the bar . . . on "social lions", on sociable "cubs".

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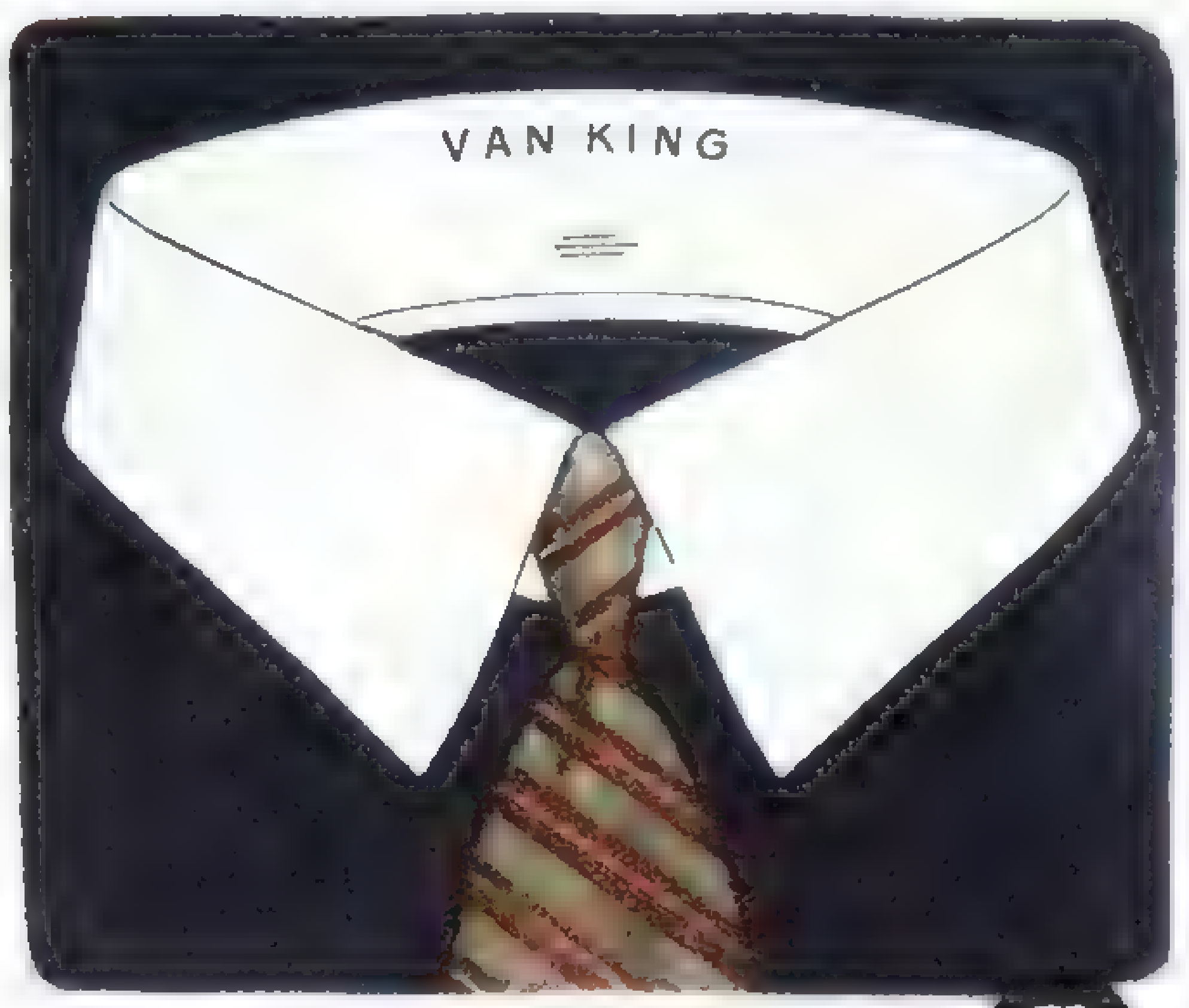

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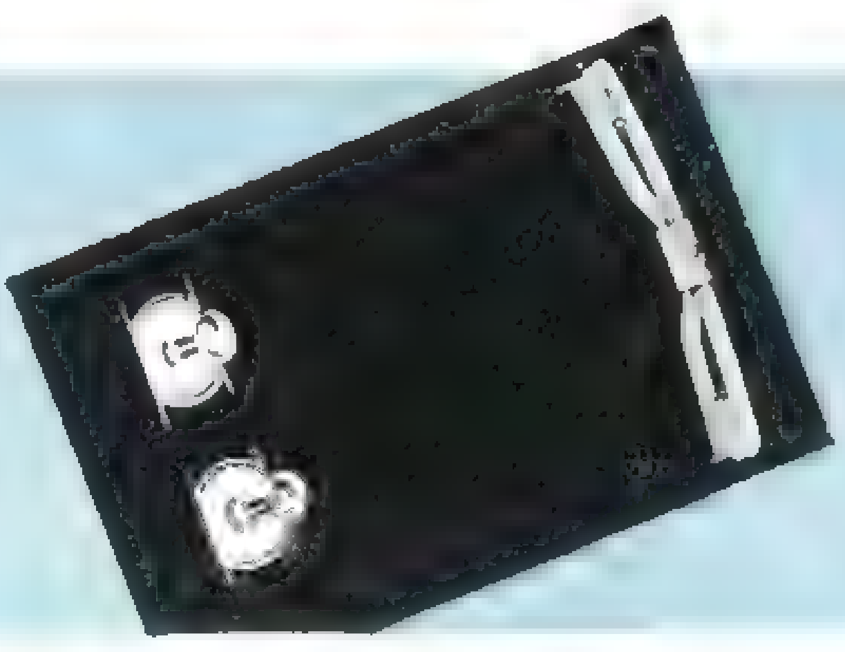

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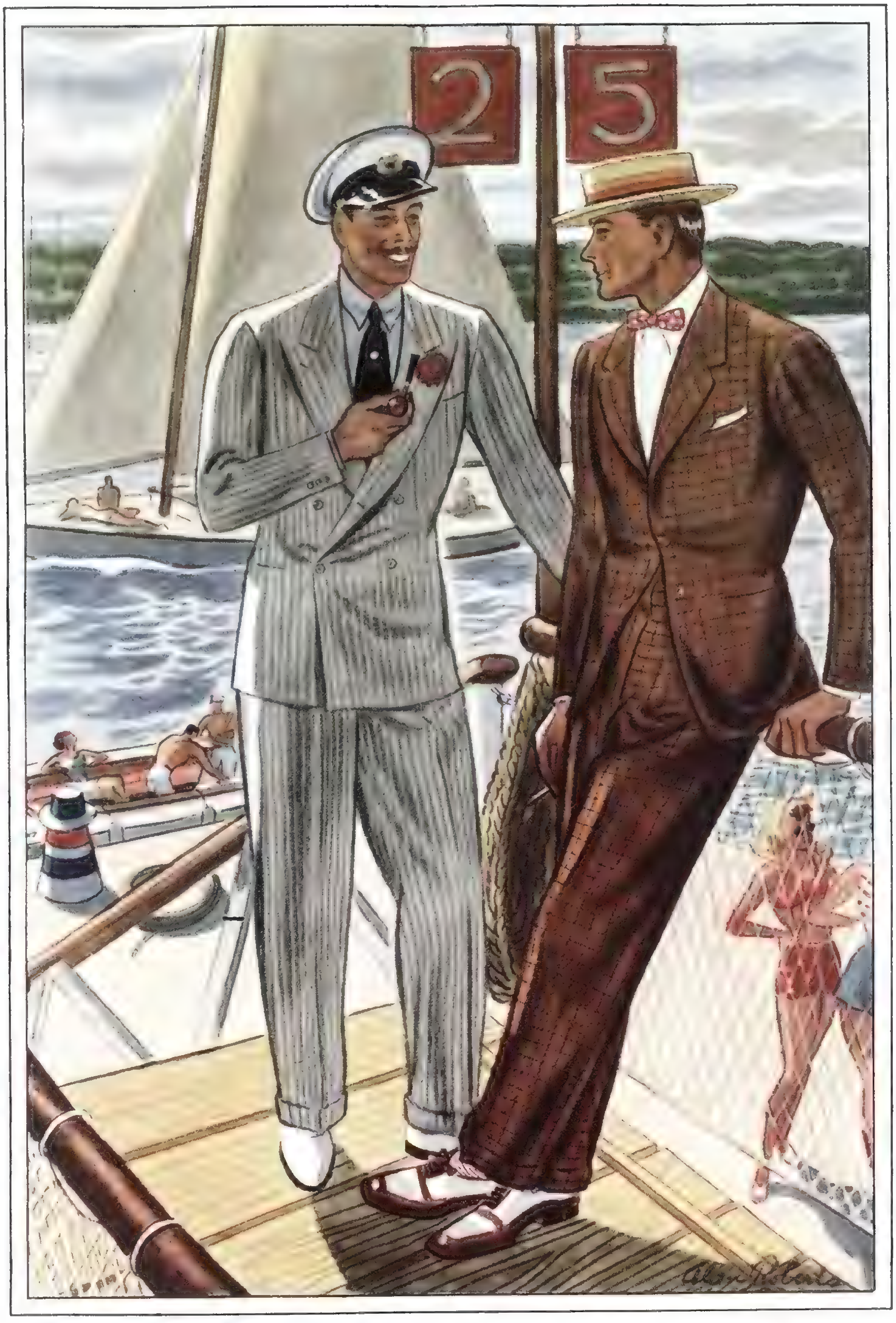

CLOTHES THAT ARE TYPICALLY AMERICAN

Contrary to suspicions sometimes voiced to our fashion staff, all is not English that is acceptable in matters of men's fashions. There is no law that says you have to be a tenth carbon copy of the Duke of Kent to squeeze inside the pale of the well dressed. Here, for instance, are two turnouts that are as American as icecream. The man on the right might be classified as being of the Brooks Brothers breed, while the other is typed in the direction of the Tripler tradition. Neither owes any vary obvious allegiance to the English. Both have dispensed with waistcoats—an Americanism in itself. The double-breasted suit is of grey flannel with alternating grey and white stripes. Note that it has but four buttons. The other is a three button suit of light-weight Shetland with a dark overplaid. The jacket has a center vent in the back. The yachtsman wears a crystal stick-pin with his yacht club insignia.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Revue of Reviews

Continued from page 98

in all fairness have to gag at Maxie's boloney. "And it is the dying legitimate theatre the screen is imitating in ninety-five per cent of its pictures," quietly replies the editor of the Hollywood *Spectator.*

Dr. Paul Czinner who, like Reinhardt, was once something of a figure in the German dramatic world and who, like Max, has gone into the movies, demonstrates along with Max that something strange has affected his bean. (Maybe after all it's the movies and not the theatre that drives 'em nuts.)

The Doctor has lately been making a film version of *As You Like It* in England. Thus, the Doctor, a modest guy: "I want to get it over in such a way that Shakespeare, if he were alive, would come up and pat me on the shoulder and say, 'That's right, Paul, my boy. That's the way I would like to have done it myself!'" Remarks unnecessary.

Speaking of the movies—which are out of my contracted for department and none of my affair—I still can't resist recording the following soft-brain contribution by the celebrated Douglas Fairbanks.

Interviewed a short while ago on the subject of his contemplated picture version of *Marco Polo*, he averred: "I had thought to enact the title rôle myself, because I have traveled in the interior of China." On the same score, Doug would probably consider himself a very likely and very appropriate candidate for the title rôle in *Hamlet* because he had once traveled in Denmark and an especially hot favorite for the title rôle in *All God's Chillun Got Wings* because he had made a number of trips to Harlem.

I don't want to bore you all much longer in this monthly space by continuing to call your attention to the howlers made by our dramatic critterics. However interesting and helpful it may be, it always has the effect of making the attention-caller seem something of a bragger and show-off, and take my word for it that isn't pleasing to me.

But I hope you'll bear with me when I point out a couple of the lads' recent aberrations. It may do you no good, but it ought to help the particular lads in question.

Burns Mantle, critical chiropractor for the *News*, plunged himself into a philosophical mood the other day and, after a long process of deep thinking, evolved this observation: "It is youth and youth's problems that still keep the world of the theatre turning over whether they get any place or not." Certainly Burns, who is older than I am and who has been around the theatre for more years than I have, should know that that's the gooseberries. What has kept the world of the theatre turning over since the very beginnings of the theatre hasn't been youth and youth's problems at all, but adults and adults' problems. From the time of the Greeks to the time of Shakespeare and on through the time of Ibsen (with only an exception or two) and Strindberg up to the day of Shaw and later O'Neill, the theatre has been kept turning over, in Burns' phrase, mainly by the problems of grown-ups, not those of youth. Burns should read more of the great plays of the theatre of the ages.

He would, if he did, find that for every sensationally outstanding drama dealing with youth and youth's problems there have been and are a couple of dozen dealing with the problems of men and women far beyond youth.

Richard Lockridge, who exerts himself for theatregoers on behalf of the *Sun*, imparts this share of his wisdom to his readers: "It (*Call It a Day*) is one of the few plays which serve to remind us that there are, after all, many nice people still in the world. . . . It is a difficult trick to write plays about such people effectively, which is one of the several reasons why so few of our plays are about them." Is zat so, Richard? It is seemingly such a relatively easy trick to write plays about such people effectively that even a comparative amateur like Dodie Smith can do it to your complete satisfaction, Richard. The theatre was so full of such effective plays for many years that it took the full force of a progressive dramatic criticism to drive them out, at least in considerable part, in order to make way for another, deeper, finer and more important, if perhaps less superficially pleasant, kind of drama. Milne, J. Hartley Manners, Catherine Chisholm Cushing, Anne Caldwell, William Hodge, Edith Ellis, Louis N. Parker, J. C. Nugent, Austin Strong, Belasco, Salisbury Field, Guy Bolton, Rachel Crothers, Lee Wilson Dodd, Channing Pollock, Margaret Ayer Barnes, Arthur Goodrich, Ian Hay, Aurania Rouverol, Monckton Hoffe, Edwin Milton Royle, Rida Johnson Young and dozens of other such second- and third-raters have evidently found it easy to write effective and popular plays of the kind in question. It was to rid the stage of this wealth of H. V. Esmond-J. M. Barrie sweet bastard dramatic offspring and to clear the path for the Maughams and the O'Neills, the Bourdets and the Tollers, the Pirandellos and the Gorkis that your critical brothers, Richard, fought tooth and nail. The plays of these dramatists may not, in your estimate, Richard, be "nice people," but they are a whole big dam sight more interesting, more moving, more sizable, and more permanently admirable and worthwhile. ⌗

Shaving with a Piece of Mind

by WALTER B. PITKIN

AUTHOR OF "LIFE BEGINS AT 40"

Did you ever shave with a piece of mind? I've been doing just that for twenty-five years, but I didn't know it until a few weeks ago.

I went to Boston to satisfy my curiosity about a tiny strip of steel. I expected to watch raw metal turn into a razor blade. But I saw something more wonderful. I saw the transformation of Mind (far from raw) into a public utility.

Having removed some 47 feet and odd inches of whiskers from my shining countenance in the course of a quarter-century with the Gillette razor blade, I was eager to see how this public utility was made. I expected that such a small thing would be made in a small factory—perhaps a two-story affair on a couple of city lots.

Somewhat bewildered, I entered a huge eight-story plant covering two large city blocks—only to find that it was merely one of eight Gillette factories scattered around the earth. The place was quiet and clean, almost like a hospital. Immense semi-automatic machines, attended by one or two men each, were devouring great rolls of steel in preparation for further processing.

An engineer would revel in the ingenious devices for checking up continuously on the quality of the blades as they flow through the various production processes. But the Average Man would be more impressed, as I was, by the *Mind Behind the Blade.* And he would discern that, when he buys a Gillette Blade, he isn't buying merely a scrap of steel, he's buying a Piece of Mind. And that Mind is so sharp that it produces blades of inconceivable sharpness. The Mind inhabits half a dozen tiny rooms adjoining the great machines. It is a Multiple Personality—nine of them, in fact. It is a Mind that thinks physics, chemistry, metallurgy, and machine designing.

Gillette spends more money on this *Mind* and its laboratories than other companies might spend on their entire factory payroll. And that's why the Gillette blade, studied through a microscope even by an eye as untrained as mine, looks like a razor edge, while other blades look like fever charts and buzz saws. Can you imagine an edge only 1/80,000th of an inch thick and absolutely invisible to the naked eye? Probably not. I can't. Yet there the darned thing is!

Before you buy anything, study well the Mind Behind the Goods! If it is a dishonest Mind, the goods will probably be dishonest. If it is a dull Mind, the razor blade will be dull. If it is an ill-tempered Mind, the steel in the blade will go soft on you. But if it is a keen Mind, determined to master every fact and to apply fact to factory, regardless of cost, then buy its product, even if it costs double the price of Half Wit Goods.

The real edge of the Gillette Blade is Mind, which cuts through error and grows sharper as it cuts.

I hope that some day you, too, may make this psychological pilgrimage to the home of a Mind that is sharper than any razor!

Here are the facts about razor blades. Why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

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Unless you have treated yourself to Pabst TAPaCan—you do not know how really good beer can be.

Pour Pabst out of your own personal sealed, non-refillable container. Enjoy the smoothest, most zestful, satisfying flavor you ever tasted—a purity, wholesomeness and refreshment never before equalled.

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PABST *Export* TAPaCan BEER

BREWERY GOODNESS SEALED RIGHT IN

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Taming of the Viking

Continued from page 51

coterie a flavor and color which is anachronistic.

The tradition of freedom to appropriate what they found of the first Einar's generation was at close range for their sons, understand. Those oldsters had risked their nets and their necks for a profit; they'd made a livelihood by taking chances with savage wind and tough water. Their sons had come to think of those fish as theirs and damned if they wanted any truck with *laws!*

Plenty of them wouldn't have any truck with laws, either. Plenty of them fished nets of a mesh held illegal by legislators trying to conserve the supplies of Mackinaw trout and whitefish and chubs and herring. Plenty of them smuggled by daring and devious and physically dangerous ways fish to market of a size held by the statutes to be contraband. Plenty of them—at those seasons when the courts said the rigs should remain idle so fish might have a chance to spawn—lay out in November blizzards and roared onto the spawning grounds where fish were congregated by millions and set their nets and lifted and boiled away with their loot before the patrol boats could bear down and challenge them. There were fights; guns were used; tugs were rammed. Hell to pay every now and then for the span of a generation.

A breed of their own, these toilers of the inland seas. Not all of them outlaws, remember; not all of them heedless of their industry's future. But enough of them to establish an occupational lore for freebooting which still endures.

That, then, was the atmosphere in which my friend Einar was bred and reared. Undismayed by hardship and danger from the elements; contemptuous of that public righteousness which wanted to lock the stable even if only one pony of its formerly abundant population remained.

But the very spirit and determination which gave this clan its color had taken its toll by the time this Einar I'm writing about got his own rig. Improved gear, stauncher and speedier tugs had hastened the gutting of the depths. The commercial fishermen of the Lakes had pretty well killed their goose of the golden eggs. The bull net cleaned Lake Erie of its most desirable species; the submarine trap net sucked up the last great schools of whitefish in the upper Lakes; and longer gangs and greater persistence in the face of dwindling returns marked the supply of Mackinaw trout for sorry depletion . . .

Now, this Mackinaw trout: he's native to the Great Lakes. He evolved there after the ice retreated. Those tough waters are his home. He partakes of them, too; he's sturdy of flesh and staunch of spirit, a marvelous fish for the table and possessed of the fighting qualities of all trouts.

For decades, men holding commercial licenses and operating on a shoestring have kept their kids in groceries and shoes by trolling for Mackinaw in the Great Lakes. For as long, we natives have occasionally trolled for the sport of the thing. On scattered northern inland lakes tourists have sought out Mackinaw trout introduced from larger waters and lured proud lunkers to their glittering spoons.

The thing commenced to get going in a small and unorganized way. More and more inland lakes were stocked. Hatcheries went into Mackinaw propagation on a large scale. Nova Scotia introduced the Great Lakes Mackinaw for its tourists.

But not until recently was the homeland of the species exploited for sport. Not until a half dozen years ago did tourist fishermen discover the possibilities of these fresh water seas and the interest developed which has marked my Einar for just another citizen making a go of it.

The thing began in earnest, I believe, at Elk Rapids, Michigan, on the east arm of Grand Traverse Bay. Some enterprising citizen got it into his head that while the commercial netters had looted themselves well on the way to insolvency there still were enough Mackinaws left in the water to make sprightly fun for the vacationist with a hook and line. It was getting so that trout streams would yield satisfactory catches only occasionally and then mostly to experienced fishermen. The bass and pike situation wasn't much better. Vacationists want to fish and they want fish when they fish, and so why not try introducing the dudes to the Mackinaw?

This lad equipped himself with power boats and tackle, did a modicum of advertising, got his initial customers and sent them away satisfied.

You began to see pictures in back-home newspapers of chesty citizens with amazing catches of Mackinaw trout taken from the Great Lakes. A ten-pound fish was nothing at all; a fifteen-pounder was worth photographing, maybe, but he didn't look like much beside the twenty and twenty-five and thirty-and-better-pound fish that were taken right along. And they took these fish not by packing to hellandgone back into some little-known lake, axing out a canoe trail, sweating under duffle, camping between the days they fished. Not much! They took these fish by turning off a pavement and parking their car and sitting down in a staunch little craft manned by a guide who knew the water; they got them by reclining comfortably in a chair and holding a rod that was set up and handed to them by the boatman; they got them by lolling there in the sun and dangling the line over the stern and reeling in

Continued on page 158

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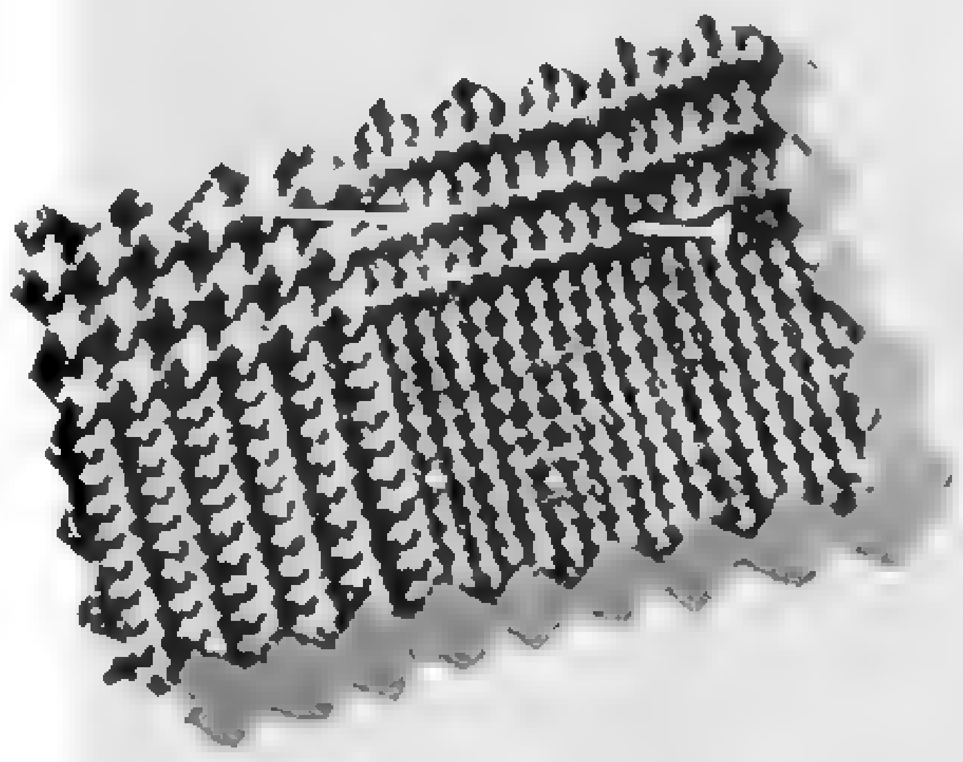

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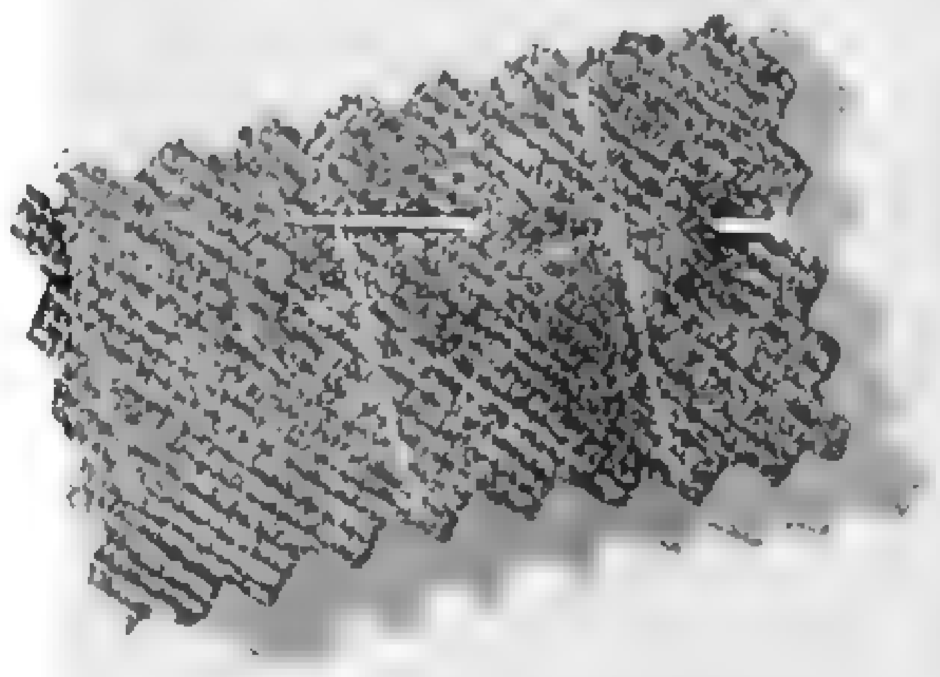

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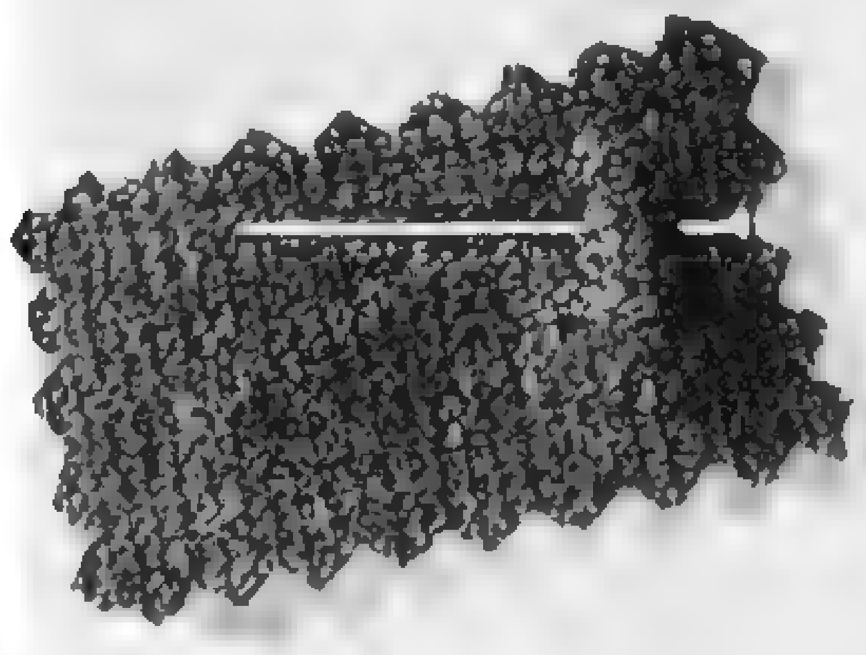

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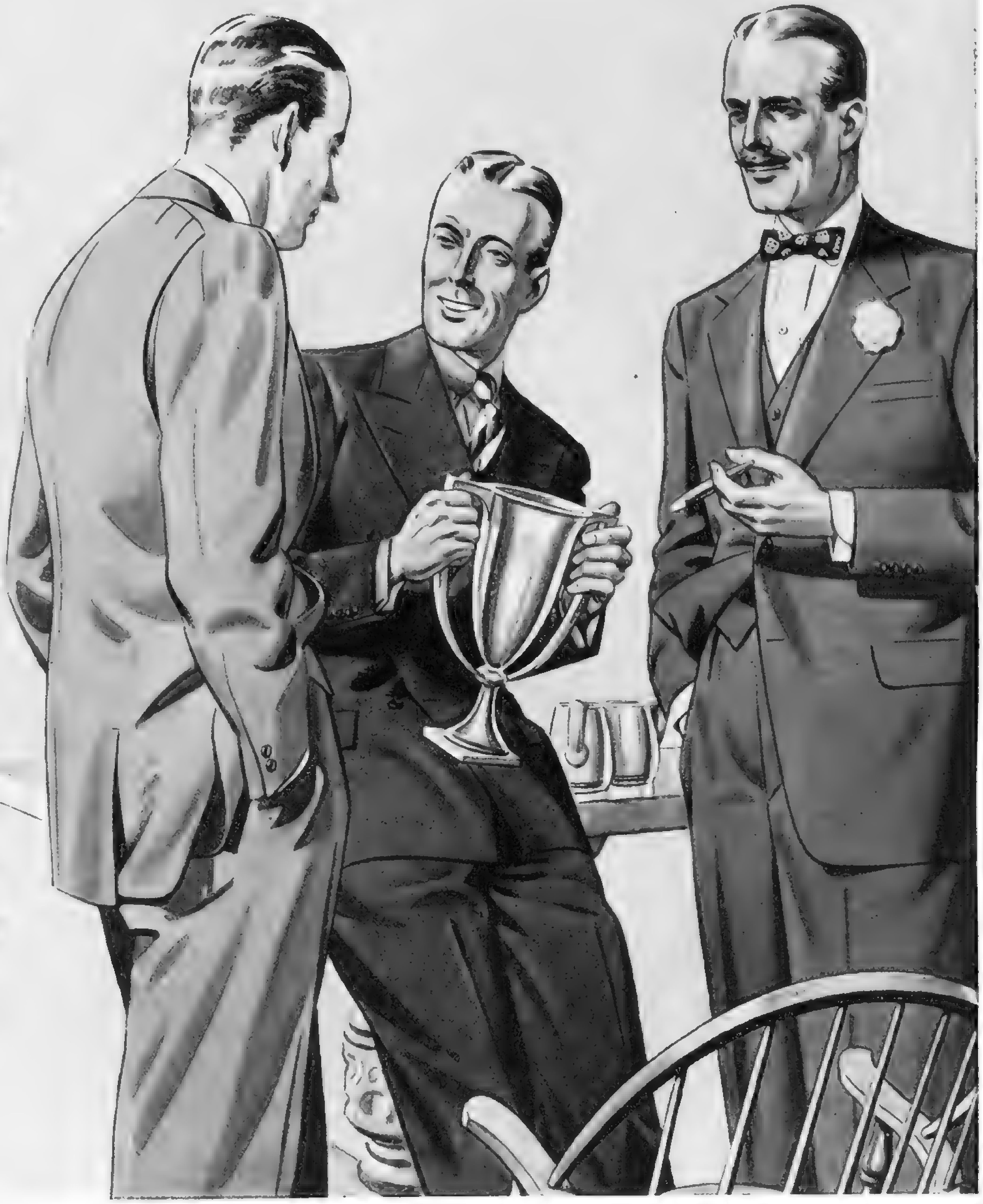

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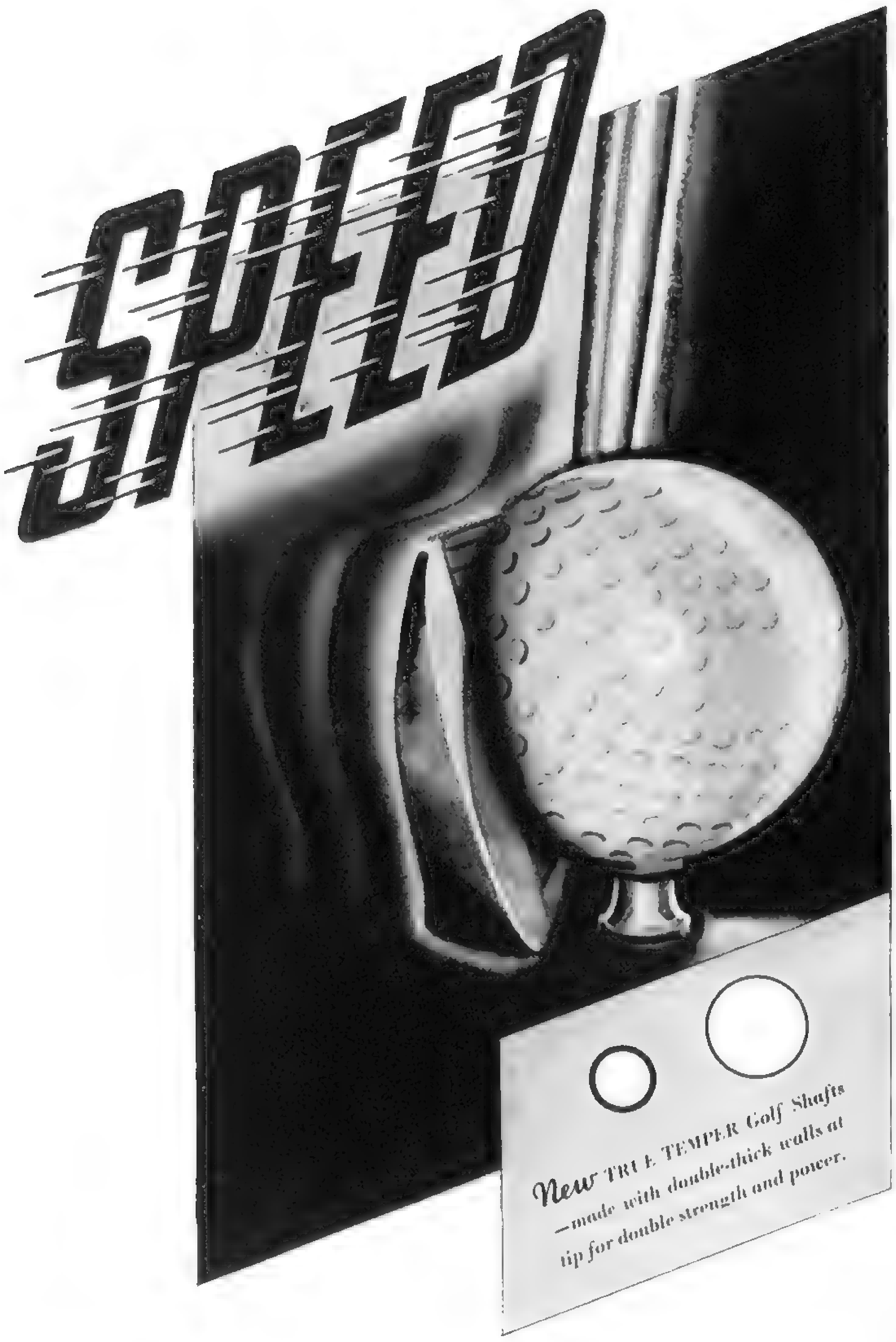
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Taming of the Viking

Continued from pages 51-156

when the guide told them to and watching him gaff the catch. They got plenty of fish, plenty of big, gamy fish, up here in the north with no more personal preparation and just as much ease as, on their winter trip to Florida, they took the hefty salt water fish everybody has talked and written about for so long.

I'll tell you how rapidly the thing has come along. George Raff—who's come to be regarded as the king of all these Mackinaw guides—got going at Northport, Michigan, with a boat or two, three or four years ago. In 1935 George Raff ran a fleet of twenty-three boats out onto Lake Michigan, handled two hundred fishermen a day during July and August, and had 'em standing in line and whining for a crack at it. Two hundred or more of his customers took fish that topped twenty-five pounds. The season's prize brought into Northport was a forty-three pounder.

A twenty-five pound Mackinaw trout on six hundred feet of line—you go deep for them in mid-season—is something to talk about at Rotary! A forty-pounder 'll make you realize you've been places and done things.

Well, now. There was no well-planned and standard tackle for this fishing in the beginning. The guides and the enthusiasts adapted as best they could available salt water rods and reels. Then the tackle manufacturers, seeing the possibilities, devised gear for the sport and threw in with the local boys on promoting the pastime.

It didn't take a lot of promoting. It was a sport which sold itself. All you need to do is to try it once. At Traverse City, at Charlevoix; at Escanaba, over on Green Bay, at Mackinaw City on the Straits, at Munishing and Marquette on Lake Superior, in the fiord-like harbors of Isle Royal, in other upper Lake ports, facilities came to be available and men went to work flunkeying for dudes after Mackinaw.

That, you see, is where Einar came in. Here was a new variation on an old theme. Here was a fresh and profitable fishing venture for which he was equipped, and Einar needed profit. Three generations of commercial fishermen, working with nets, steadily improving their technique, had brought the industry to a sorry pass. Oh, a man, if he is lucky, can still make sort of a go of it. There are, probably, a few million tons of commercially desirable fish species left in the Great Lakes. But the day of easy plunder is gone. Only the big outfits, with twine galore and fleets of tugs and the ability to wait out bad seasons—which are getting more and more frequent as supplies sag—have much of a future. This tourist interest in Lake trout was a godsend to a man who didn't quite know what was going to happen to his business.

In the beginning, Einar and his associates were inclined to resent this fishing-for-sport on their grounds. Not because the tonnage taken by hook and line would have an appreciable effect upon the yield of their nets but because they feared that with the growing popularity of Mackinaw trolling more restrictions for the netters might be expected. True, the commercial fishermen have had their lobbies for years—and what lobbies they are, too!—but if there's anything sacred and given preference in this upper country it's the tourist business. It didn't look so good to Einar and his kind.

But when they saw the take in dollars these guides playing to tourists were getting it gave them, we might say, pause. When a man can keep his boat busy at a nice hourly rate and not have to pack twine in the dark of the morning, and lift nets for hours in any kind of weather that'll let him hang on; and gut fish on the run home, and shred ice and pack the lift for shipment; and reel up his wet twine to dry after the stars are out and never know what it's going to get him until he reads his market returns. . . . When such a man can get a nice, certain, cash-down rate per hour for his boat, I say, and do nothing but sit there and steer a familiar course and smoke his customers' cigars and be regarded as quite a guy by a lot of city folks. . . . And when, from outside, he can see more of 'em standing on his dock and waiting impatiently with currency in hand for the party he has out to get in. . . . And when, on bad days, he can stay ashore and not wonder what the waves and currents are doing to his twine. . . . When all this is considered, why not?

Furthermore, men who'd come up in the commercial fishing knew the grounds and they knew the Lakes and Lake weather. They were naturals for the new racket. They could put the dudes over fish and get them ashore without a scare if it came on to blow and their own game was petering out. . . . So, why not?

They began to fall for it. A third of George Raff's boatmen have come out of the commercial fishing fleets. On Isle Royal last summer those hardy fishermen who have headquartered there and braved Lake Superior for years stored their twine and put in the season guiding tourists. Tug after tug that had spent her years of service setting and lifting, battling ice floes and crested combers and now and again running wide open for it when the wardens showed up, is now decorously dedicated, at a fixed fee, to the pleasure of the dudes.

And so with Einar. He held out for a time, either hoping his nets would do better or fearing to try something new and soft and all at odds with his traditional training. But last winter he ripped the

Continued at top of page 160

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Taming of the Viking

Continued from pages 51-156-158

after-housing off his little tug and built a spacious cockpit and stuck up a sign or two on the highway and put cards in resort hotels and got his share. He started with a trickle of enthusiasts in early May; he kept going until late October. Next year he'll have a second boat and his son, the fourth Einar, will man it.

Einar wears slacks instead of sea boots, now.. He is careful of his speech, now. He is courteous and deferential to his clients. He's talked about in a good many cities by men who've fished under his guidance. He's on his way to becoming a Figure with a widely scattered host of patrons. But he's about as colorful, now, as the proprietor of a circumspect tourist camp.

Occasionally, I think I see something odd in his clean, blue eye when he talks with enthusiasm of his prospects. Maybe it's anticipation of even better things to come. But, again, maybe it's reflection of a nostalgia when he realizes that the necessity for fighting heavy weather and tough water for a living is gone; perhaps it's an itch to be out there, bucking the Lake and carrying on the brand of plunder which shaped his line. Possibly he'd like to think he'll live again those roistering times when, screened by snow squalls, he rode to an anchor, let us say, close under South Manitou Island in the closed season and watched a wardens' patrol boat nose past on the search for just such offenders as he, waiting for the law to be safely over the horizon so he could make his dash for the spawning reef and set his twine and slip off to hide the night in preparation for rich foray at dawn. . . . Maybe, I say, that is what shows in Einar's eye.

I'm a conservationist of record. I'm temperamentally opposed to the plundering of natural resources. But there was something about these Lakes fishermen like Einar which gave me a devil of a lift. A persistence, a refusal to be yoked, an anarchistic impulse which goes away back and away down to the roots of a man and prods something native there. They were the last of their breed in this country; pioneers, with the arrogance and disregard of common rights or future which characterizes pioneers, determinedly doing what the rest of us, who'd been tamed, said they must not do!

But a man must live and, given another season or two of such momentum as we've seen in the past, I venture that more men will be winning their bread by playing lackey to Mackinaw trout trollers than perhaps at any time have lived, in these same ports, by the lift of twine. ⵌ

The Big Winner

Continued from page 68

He glared, and disappeared into his own room, leaving Curry deflated and gasping.

"Dear me, I can't do that," he said vaguely to the office in general. "I have that Perkins conveyancing to finish. Besides, my wife would be frightened—"

A confusion of laughing voices reassured him; friendly hands eased him into his outdoor coat, passed him his overcoat, bowler, and umbrella, wafted him out into the corridor.

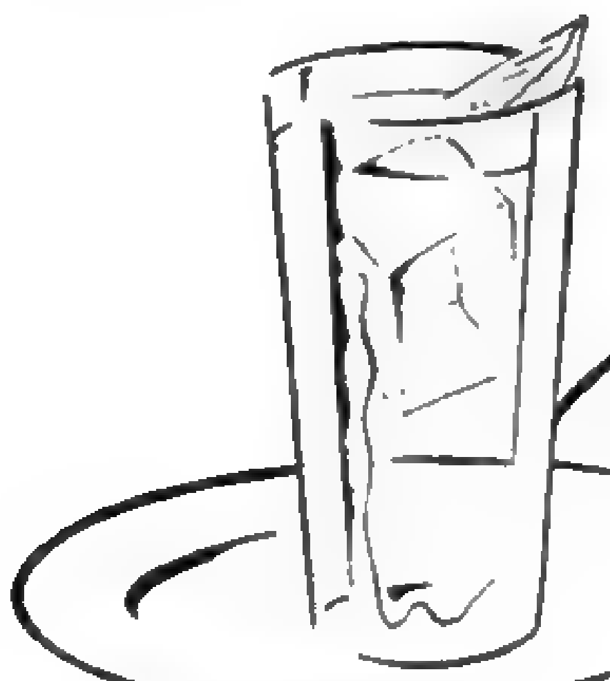
In the street he hesitated. It seemed wrong to be leaving the office in daylight, in March. Force of habit started him toward the Temple station of the District Railway; but at Charing Cross a sudden thought struck him and he left the train and bought a three-shilling box of Lyons' chocolates. All the way home in the train the pathetic little gift for his wife served as a visible reminder of the sudden, the extraordinary fortune that had overtaken him—or had it? For if Green Man didn't win, or even place — and Curry had heard vaguely that you were never safe with favorites in the Grand National—he would be richer by just about three hundred pounds, the reward for everyone who drew a horse at all in the Sweep. Thirty thousand—yes, but such things didn't happen. Perhaps old Jenkins' advice was sound, after all. Better two thousand pounds in the hand than thirty thousand you might never see.

This, it turned out, was quite definitely Mrs. Curry's opinion, too. She cried a little and she laughed a good deal and she remarked "Well, I *never* did!" several times; but she did not for a moment abandon the *leit motif* of Mr. Curry's attaching himself to two thousand pounds as swiftly as might be, if not before that.

He promised to think it over very carefully; he agreed that perhaps it was the most sensible thing to do; he several times over helped her allocate every last penny of that two thousand; he debated the relative merits of Morris and Austin cars—and went to bed realizing quite clearly that he was a thundering hypocrite, that he had been lying right and left, and that he hadn't the slightest intention of selling all or any part of his chance. For once in his life he was going to plunge, to get out of the rut of mediocrity to which his £500 a year, his little house in Ealing, his fortnight in August at Margate, his "steak and kidney pudding and a half of bitter, please, Miss," condemned him.

The next forty hours were the worst of his life with the exception of the time when his young son had had pneumonia. The stack of letters for him at the office next morning was far larger than that for the firm, itself. He was so be-

Continued on page 162



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IN NEW RAGOON-CLOTH

in smart DEEP *tones*

Why not combine summer style with summer comfort? Thus began Wilson's search for a cooler, more porous, non-clinging material . . .

And we found it!

Ragoon-Cloth is a new warm weather shirting. It's cooler than Oxford cloth, cooler than broadcloth. It's dressy, too. In spite of being unusually porous, Ragoon-Cloth has no peek-a-boo transparency. Your undershirt won't show through.

Ragoon-Cloth Shirts are tailored with all the skill that Wilson craftsmen have gathered over 70 years. In brown, navy, green and maroon . . . the deep tones ordered by *Esquire* to be worn with light summer suitings.

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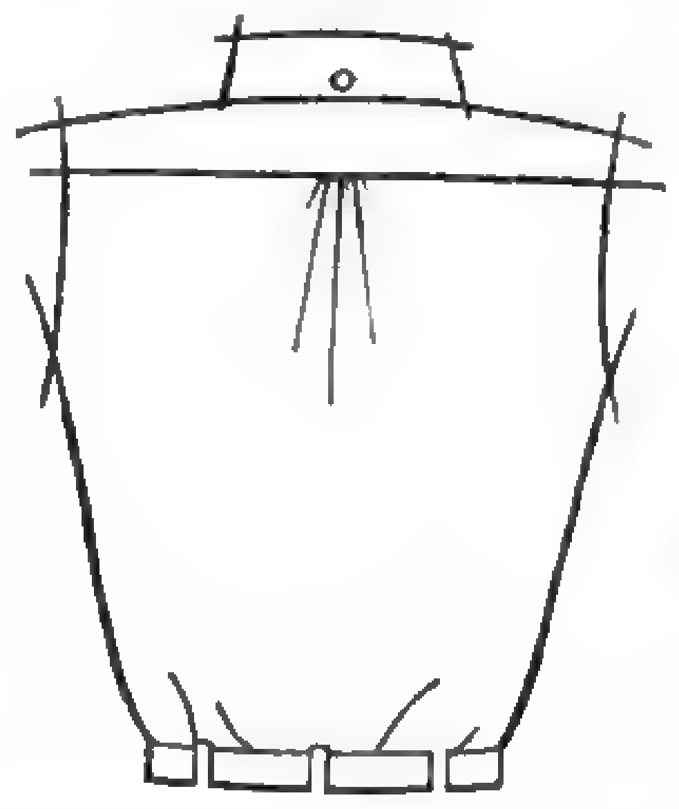
Wilson Tie pictured is one of the new Tyrone Prints. $1.00

Note back button —keeps collar smooth all the way around. Gathered yoke adds fullness and comfort.



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Tailored exclusively by WILSON BROTHERS, Chicago: also makers of Faultless Nobelt Pajamas, Faultless Super Shorts, Skipper Sportwear, Skipper Swimwear, Buffer Hose, Wilson Neckwear.

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...AND THEY LIVED
accurately EVER AFTER

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Graduates go out into a world of Time. Moments must be preciously guarded, appointments sedulously kept . . . After honeymoons new husbands must catch trains, and lovely brides serve dinner at eight... What more fitting gift can there be to make your best wishes last through the years than a Hamilton? Every Hamilton is a faithfully honest timekeeper, with a heart of 17 or more fine jewels. And no Hamilton is cased in less than the highest quality platinum, solid gold or filled gold. They are priced from $37.50 to $1000. Hamilton Watch Company, 880 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

(Top roll, left to right)

SECKRON. 17 jewels. 14K filled natural yellow gold. Double duty dial (in either black or white) . . $55.

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ALCOTT. 17 jewels. 14K filled gold, white or natural yellow. Applied gold marker dial, silk cord. $55.

BERKLEY. 17 jewels. 10K filled gold, white or natural yellow. With filled gold link bracelet . . $42.50.

GAIL. 17 jewels. 10K filled gold, white or natural yellow. Filled gold bracelet, $40. Silk ribbon, $37.50.

DEVON. 17 jewels. 14K filled natural yellow gold only. New ladies' sport watch. Leather strap. $45.

(Pocket Watch)

17 jewels. 14K filled gold, white or natural yellow. $50. With special applied gold marker dial . . $52.50.

Hamilton

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

The Big Winner

Continued from pages 68-160

deviled by telephone calls and by personal callers that he had finally to take Mr. Jenkins' advice to go away and stay away until the race was over, so the rest of the place could have some peace. During the afternoon, at home, his wife's radiant optimism over the two thousand pounds they would receive for the sale of the ticket was as gall and wormwood to him; and he finally went for a long walk on Ealing Common, from which he returned physically tired and more nervous than when he started. That night he slept scarcely at all; and in the morning, unable to bear it any longer, he told her what he had done.

The joy left her face as abruptly as an electric light is turned off. She said, heavily and bitterly, "I might have known this would happen."

He tried to reason with her. Two thousand pounds would help, yes. But think of what thirty thousand—or fifteen—or even ten—would do. In any event his job was safe, and in any event—even if he won one of the big prizes—he would keep it on. He didn't want her to think he had gone completely crazy and tossed his cap over the windmill. She ought to know that he had no visions of champagne and high life, of buying race-horses or taking mistresses. Only, two days ago it had never seriously occurred to either of them that ten shillings apparently tossed away to the local greengrocer who had sold him the sweepstake ticket would produce any such result as it already had done. Why not hang on to the bitter end? Why shouldn't their luck hold? Then, with his five hundred and with the interest that one of the big prizes, invested in War Loan, would produce, they could live out their days in real comfort.

"Don't let's talk of it any more," she replied, dry-eyed. And again he spent the morning tramping alone about Ealing Common.

Lunch was a strained affair. They spoke in half whispers, rather as though someone had died in the house; and after lunch, as they waited for three o'clock, it was even worse. They had no telephone, and at three-five, unable to contain himself any longer, Curry clapped on his hat and started for the local newsagent's to wait for the first extra giving the Grand National result.

Curiously enough, once he had left the house, he felt a certain exultation.

"At this precise second," he thought to himself, "Green Man may be tumbling into the Becher's Brook ditch. Or he may be winning the race. Or he may have refused at the first jump. And I don't regret a single thing, whatever has happened!"

A newsboy came flying up the street bawling:

"Winnaw! Winnaw! Big rice result! Winnaw!"

With the utmost calm Mr. Curry stopped him, produced a penny, and turned the paper to the "stop press" column, where, smudged in in violet ink with a rubber stamp there were three uneven lines:

1. Coronation.
2. Gage d'Amour.
3. Green Man.

He was never afterward quite sure how he got home, but he distinctly recalled repeating to himself over and over that three and a half percent on ten thousand pounds, the third prize, was £350 a year. Added to his salary, this would make £850. . . . His wife, laughing and crying at the same time, was at the door to meet him: she had already heard the result from a neighbor who had listened in on the wireless. On her face there appeared as plainly as though it had been written there a "See, the conquering hero comes!" expression . . .

The next morning when he arrived at the office old Curry was, if not exactly a new man, at least a much rehabilitated one. He looked ten years younger. Elasticity had returned to his step, and there was resonance in the voice with which he accepted congratulations. Even Mr. Jenkins sent for him.

"Well, I must congratulate you, Curry!" he snorted. "I suppose you'll be leaving us now, though?"

"No fear of that, sir!" Curry replied happily. "I'm not one to splurge about with my money, easily got or not."

"Still, should think you'd want to travel. Buy a little place in the country. Something like that."

"No," Curry said decisively, "I don't like the country, Ealing suits me nicely."

Mr. Jenkins cleared his throat tentatively. He seemed slightly embarrassed.

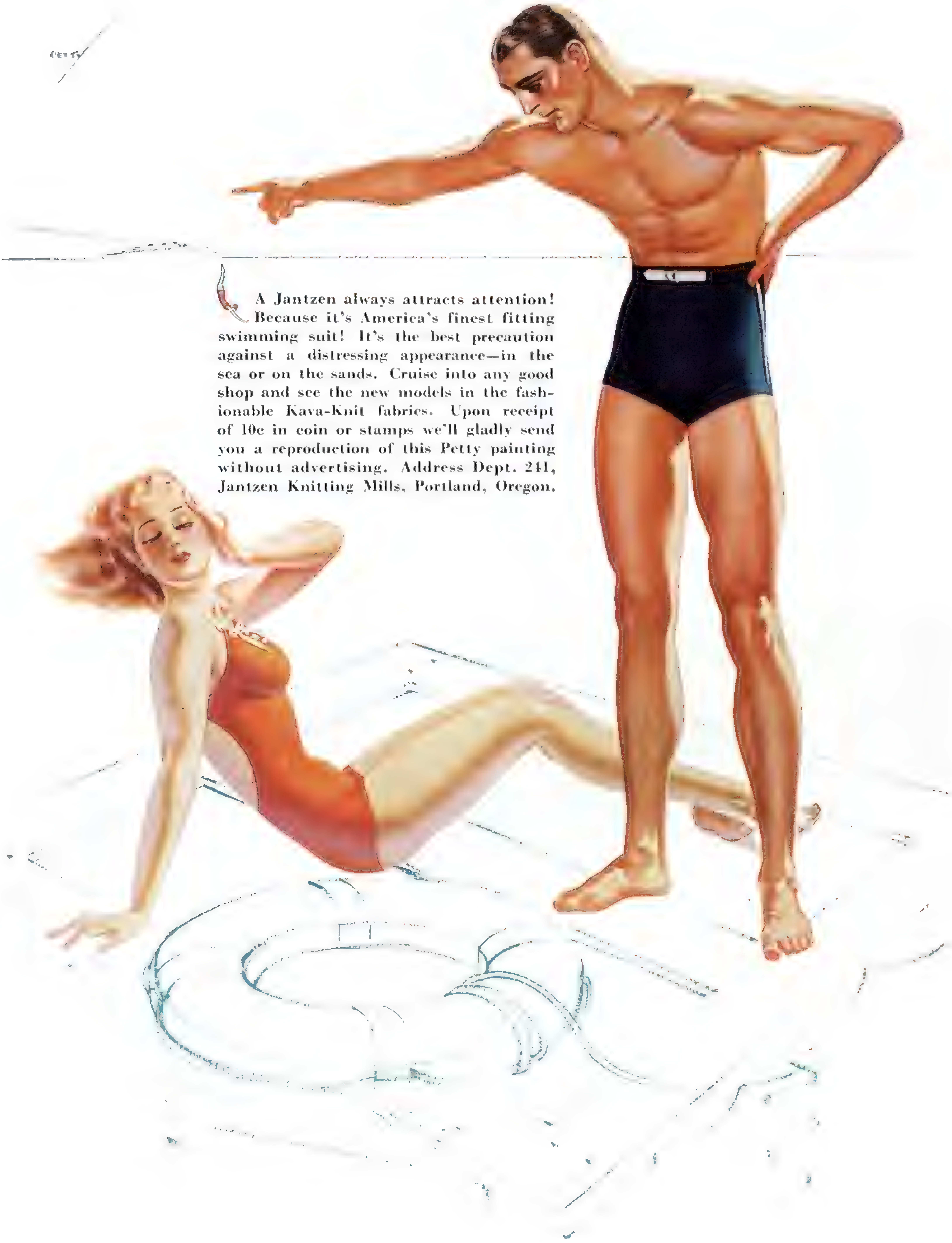
"You see, Curry," he explained, "the fact of the matter is that the firm hasn't been doing too well, and last week the partners decided to reduce the staff. Naturally we thought of retiring the older and less active men first—"

"I'm as active as ever, sir!" Curry cried happily. "You've no idea how much good this has done me—winning third prize, I mean."

"Just so," his employer grunted. "It simplifies our task, too. For while the partners were unwilling to drop men where it would work any hardship, I agree with them that now you have nothing to fear on that score. You have become a wealthy man, Curry—umphf, umphf, comparatively, that is—so I'm sure you will be ready to hand me your resignation."

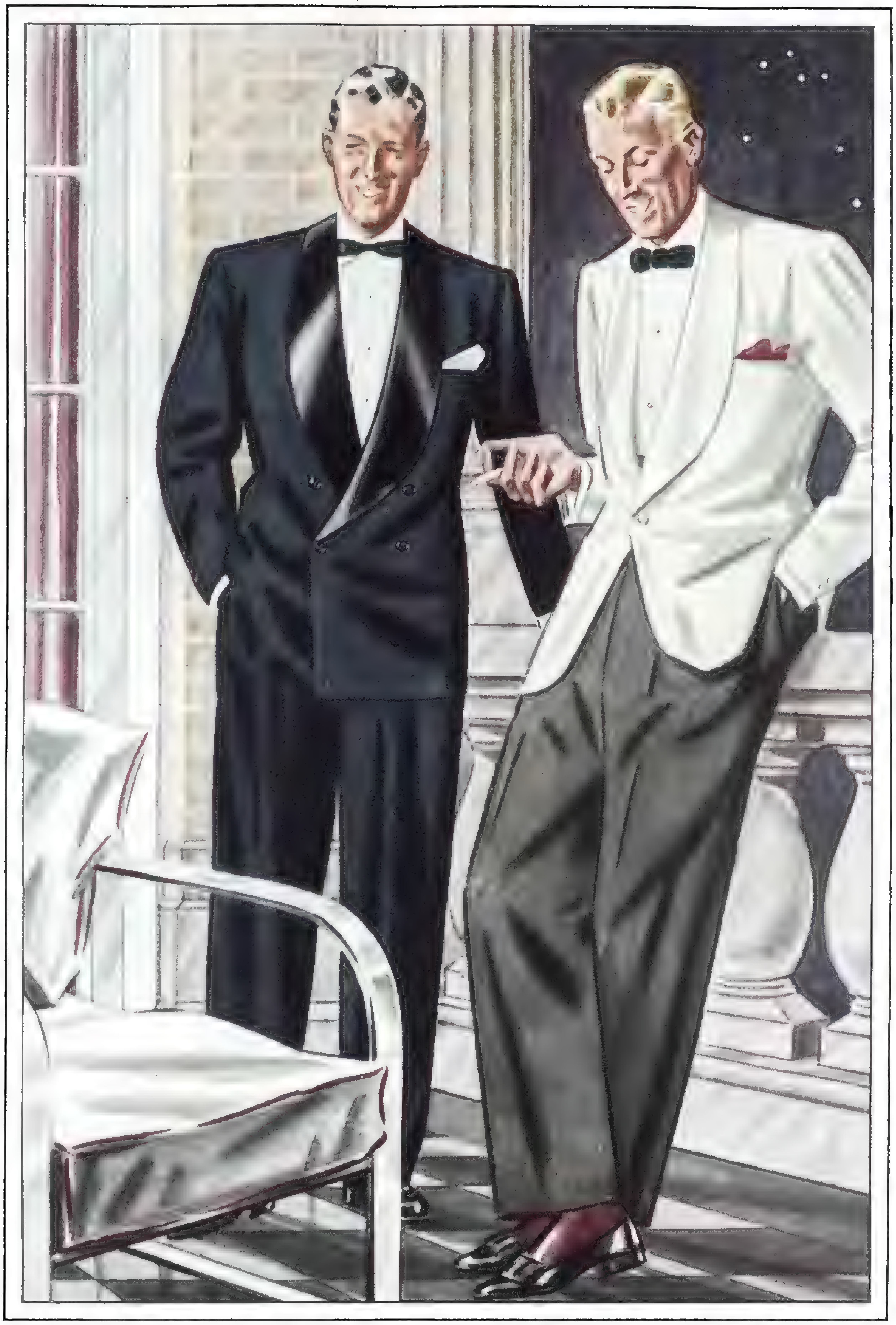
"But, Mr. Jenkins, don't you realize—after all, it only brings me in £350 a year—less than I'm getting here—"

"Ample to retire on, Curry. I wish I had your luck! Shall we date your resignation from next Saturday, then? I think that will do admirably." ##



A Jantzen always attracts attention! Because it's America's finest fitting swimming suit! It's the best precaution against a distressing appearance—in the sea or on the sands. Cruise into any good shop and see the new models in the fashionable Kava-Knit fabrics. Upon receipt of 10c in coin or stamps we'll gladly send you a reproduction of this Petty painting without advertising. Address Dept. 241, Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon.

"One of us must flag that ship with our Jantzen"



PUZZLE: WHICH OF THE TWO IS THE HOST?

The answer obviously is: the man on the right. The laws of formal fashion are much more lenient with host than guest, and this one is taking advantage of his privileges. Note, for example, the red silk foulard handkerchief in his breast pocket and the wine color silk hose that he wears with his patent leather pumps. Both these deviations from the norm have London sanction. So, for that matter, has the revival of the old fashioned club shaped black bow that he wears with his turn down collar. His shirt has a soft pleated bosom, carrying two plain gold studs. His dinner jacket and trousers are of light weight washable fabric. The other outfit, though less obviously relaxed in point of appearance, is equally comfortable, consisting of a double-breasted dinner jacket of midnight blue lightweight worsted, with shawl collar of black satin. His soft shirt is of plain white silk and has regular pearl buttons.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Straws in the Southwind

Continued from page 55

than the word *doctrinaire*, which was contemptuous as almost no cuss word could have been to this writer.

But he continued to come, and to thank me. His thanks took the form of strenuous actions. One morning after we had dined late, I was sitting in the English garden having a noon breakfast, when he brought me a big bunch of anemones. Don't snicker, for there was nothing anemic about those anemones. He had got them by climbing to a certain valley on top of the highest mountain in the island. Tourists went there once in a lifetime, and then only after riding up to the foot of the last cliff, but the baron did it two or three times a week, all the way up from the sea as the Norman bowmen did in the days of de Hauteville.

The anemones were not a gesture of romantic attachment either, that was reserved for others. After we had shared a bottle and he had departed, I had the anemones put in water and tried to forget my embarrassment at the gift. But I have since decided that the baron meant something by it, and that what he was saying with flowers was not far from the following:

"Well, Mr. American, I like you, after all, better than the English, and you are sympathetic, though something of a fool. But I want you to know that when I beat my breast, the heart in it remembers Frederick the Great, and when I accept your dollar dinners it is because I am hungry, but it is like the taste of rotten fish in my mouth, just the same, almost like the taste of the fish in that little *osteria*, where you have seen me forced to dine vilely for five lire, because you Americans, aided by the socialist robbers in my country, have taken the bread out of my mouth, have stripped me of my pensions, my court honors, everything, and have sent me away to live like a dog on a few soldi. So when I show my gratitude I do it by hard physical work you are too lazy to emulate."

Remember there was nothing of this in his words or in his looks. He did not beat his breast. Everything he said was polite and innocent, and if his dead pan broke into any expression it was enough to give a laughing baby insomnia. The horrors oozed from him, and they drew me to him. But, after all, my ancestors had been mighty followers of God, and had spent the best part of their time trying to console the people of a harsh and cruel backwoods, and I cannot throw off the illusion that the mourners' bench can somehow be cheered up by a little good listening and a proverb or two.

There were one or two inconsistencies in the baron's generally cordial manner. When he passed me on the plaza, among the offspring of English ducal houses, washerwomen, peasants, shopkeepers, Russian *émigrés*, girls from Wisconsin and California and young Bulgarian couples on their honeymoon, he usually hurried toward me with a hand held out. But once when he was with a relative, a stately unfashionable woman who looked down her nose, he bowed stiffly and passed on. Again, if he happened to be walking with one of the apricot-cheeked native boys, he was as starched as Metternich's cravat.

Afterwards he explained that the lady only represented a social obligation at home and was not interesting, and that he was teaching German to a couple of lads, who were very ignorant and not worthy of my attention. These formal and diplomatic evasions were what everybody expected. You could believe as much as you liked, and did. It was that kind of a place. Nobody tried very hard to conceal anything, and if they tried they did not succeed. With no telephones but one, that at the Royal Post, the inside news flew all over the island, and I picked up stories of the night before in all the bars, as well as stories thirty or forty years old about famous Americans in their salad days.

Well, it was very pleasant, but who can imagine it now? Those sudden meetings with ship's passengers in the hotel bar of the Quisisana or on the plaza, where you might see Arnold Bennett or Otto Kahn or your old aunt from Topeka, and where Umberto, the Italian prince, walked around as unconcerned as a Mdivani. I remember the baron and me sitting on the verandah of the café as the prince passed smiling two feet away. The baron got a spasm of royalism out of it, but if princes are taking chances at stray assassins in that manner today, it would surprise me to hear it. That's one of the things I mean by who can imagine it now.

One day Baron von Schlemmelhorn (we will call him that) vanished entirely from the plaza and the beach. A couple of weeks later, at another beach on the north side I found him stretched out in the hot sun with a topi over his face. He said he had left the world entirely. He had a room in a vineyard cabin high up on the mountain. He no longer had to pay real money for that dirty little hole in the village, or endure the insults of the *sales domestiques*. "But now I have to walk a long way to the sea. Well, what of it. I am poor."

He thawed out a little and we dined for the last time together. The days had grown so long that we had the soup and the first courses in the garden. It was a fine, clear vegetable soup of Gelsomina's, but I have forgotten the name, then a Naples mullet with drawn butter and turtle doves. It got dark and we went inside for waffles and coffee. Waffles were Gelsomina's one Amer-

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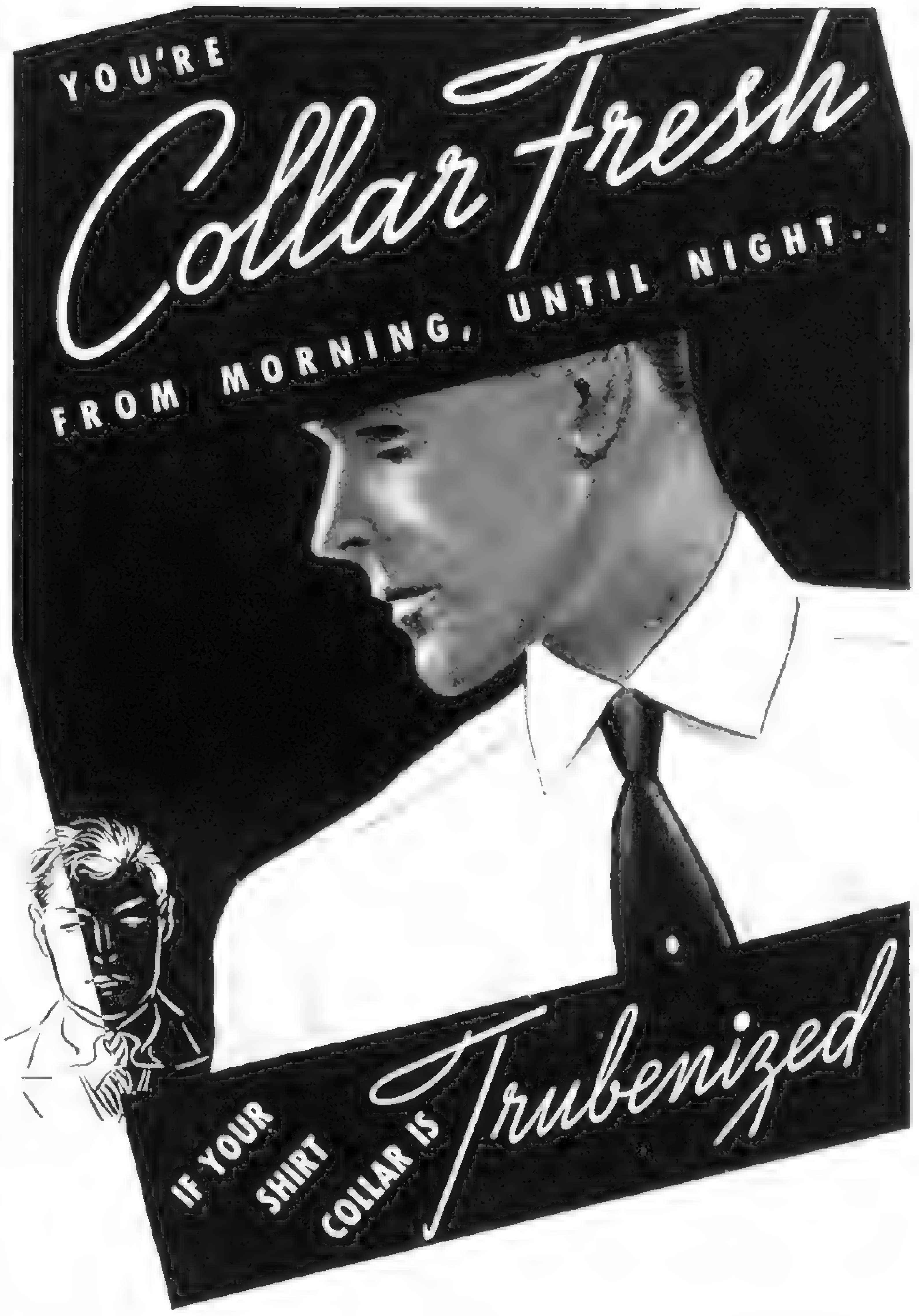
YOU'RE
Collar Fresh
FROM MORNING, UNTIL NIGHT..
IF YOUR SHIRT COLLAR IS Trubenized

● Talk about "afternoon fatigue"! — What about your late-in-the-day *appearance?* There's nothing quite so dampening to your spirit as to know that your shirt collar—which was resplendent at breakfast—has gone sloppy, wilt-weary and dog-eared in the afternoon.

You can say farewell to all that by wearing TRUBENIZED COLLAR Shirts! From morning until night you're "collar-fresh" because the TRUBENIZED COLLAR simply refuses to wilt, wrinkle, pucker, curl or kink. It's just an old "smoothy". And if you're partial to high-style collars, like the Duke of Kent (illustrated above), remember that TRUBENIZING *keeps* them *smart.* Fact is, all high-style collar shirts are *smarter* when Trubenized, because their lines are permanently *fixed.*

Millions of Americans and sixty-seven of America's better shirtmakers can't be wrong! Ask for shirts with TRUBENIZED COLLARS IN YOUR FAVORITE STORE.

Wash Day Note to Wives:

- Draw collar through wringer flat.
- Dampen the fold-line of the collar freely before collar is turned down for ironing.
- Snap collars out vigorously before pressing to eliminate mechanical shrinkage.

INSIST ON THE GENUINE!

Shirts with collars made according to the genuine Trubenizing Process are manufactured by 67 of America's leading shirt manufacturers.

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL OR PAT. NO.'S 1968409-10
LIC. NO PAT. 1968409-10
TruBenized
NO STARCH NECESSARY IRON WHEN DAMP

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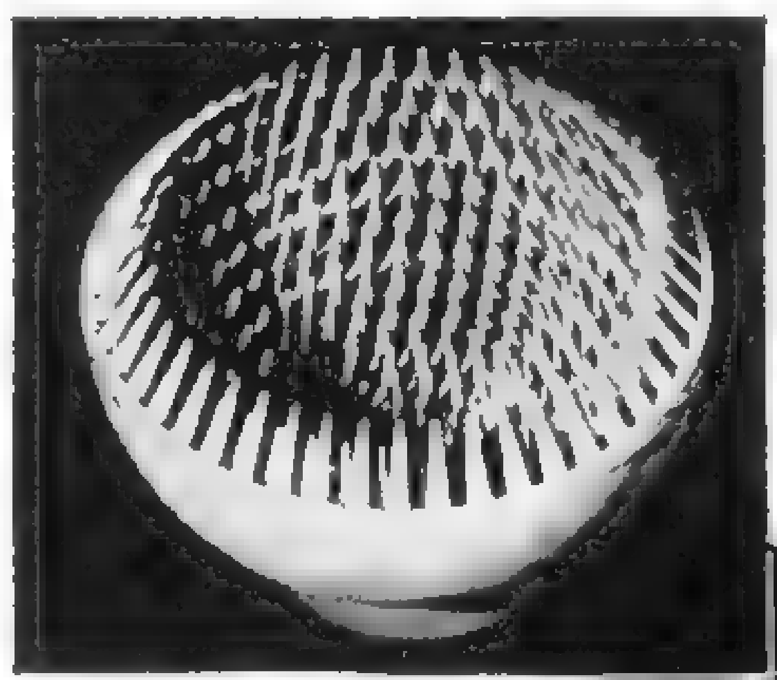
TRUBENIZING PROCESS CORPORATION
EMPIRE STATE BUILDING • NEW YORK CITY

After all, just what *does* make hair grow?

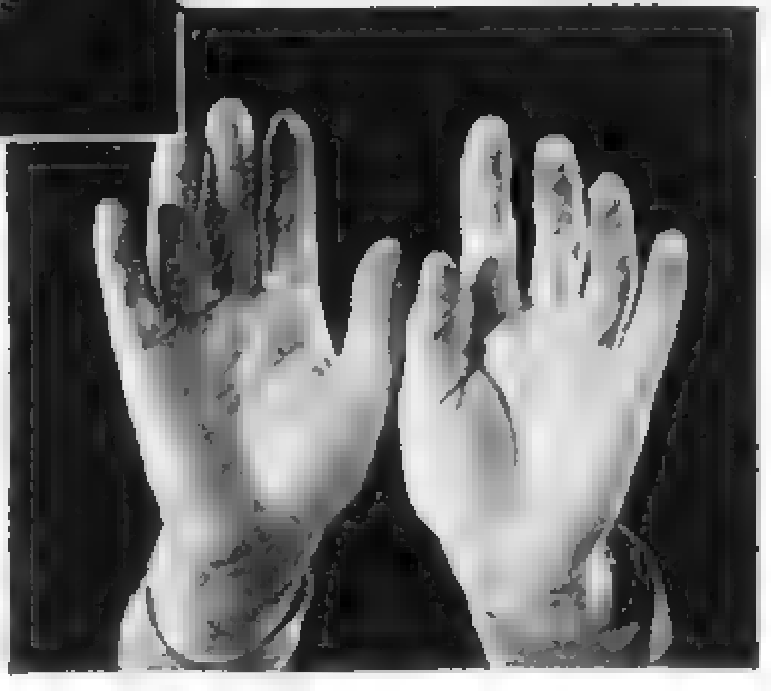
Let's be serious about this hair business. Surface treatment *alone* never grew a single hair. The real life of the hair is within — deep down in the roots. Keep the roots healthy and you'll have healthy hair.

And that is exactly what the Gro-Flex method does—it goes right to the roots and creates circulation. Its 400 soft rubber fingers take hold of your scalp and give it a gentle yet penetrating circulatory massage. It brings nourishing blood to the hair papillae—frees the clogged-up hair roots—cleanses the glands of all obstructions—pumps a supply of natural oil into the scalp. Dandruff disappears. Your hair acquires a healthy lustre—becomes rich and full!

The real proof that Gro-Flex brings and maintains healthy hair is in the thousands of men who are keeping their hair in condition at our own shops in New York and Chicago. Now it is possible to enjoy these treatments in the privacy of your own home with the new Gro-Flex Settee Model built for home use—and *priced within the reach of all.*

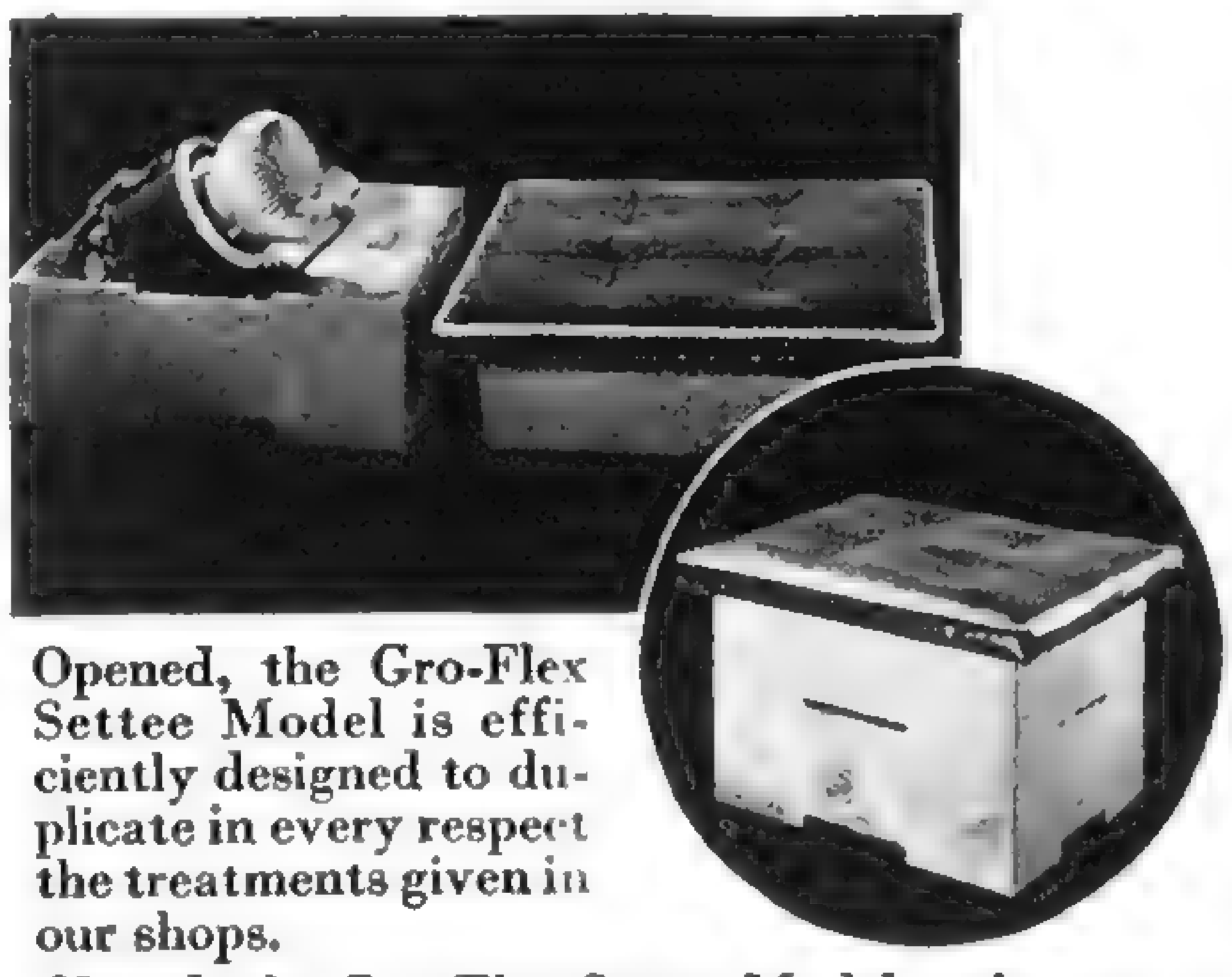


Gro-Flex saves your hair if there is a spark of life left in it —makes your hair healthy and lustrous by natural methods — cleans the scalp, combats dandruff.



The 400 soft rubber Gro-Flex "fingers" are 40 times more effective than human hands. They massage the scalp gently... thoroughly. They do not slip —do not get tired.

Nobody believes that one good workout will keep him physically fit for life. The scalp is like anything else in the human body—it requires constant toning and exercise. That's why the Gro-Flex Home Model is such a wise investment—it means a *lifetime* of healthy, good-looking hair.



Opened, the Gro-Flex Settee Model is efficiently designed to duplicate in every respect the treatments given in our shops.

Closed, the Gro-Flex Settee Model makes an attractive compact piece of furniture—measuring 26 inches long, by 20 inches wide, by 16 inches high.

Send coupon or postcard for detailed illustrated booklet.

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Please send illustrated booklet on the Gro-Flex Settee Model and particulars of the convenient payment plan.

Name________________________
Address________________________
City________________ State__________

Straws in the Southwind

Continued from pages 55-165

ican specialty and she made them perfectly, crisp and brown. Altogether I was proud of the dinner, and the baron had only one bitter moment.

"That boy, Costanzo, he was arrested today. Poor idiot, *Dumkopf!* Politics, of course."

He shrugged a shrug that was almost a convulsion. It was very late when we parted, near breakfast time. He picked up an object under his hat.

"I will give you something," he said. "It is a little book of Count von Platen's poetry, very old. Wait, I will write in it."

On the fly-leaf he wrote "s/l."

"That means *seinem lieben,*" he said. "*à son cher.*"

I remembered a talk we had had about Heine, which had drawn painful noises from the baron. Von Platen, with his watered Byronism, was forgotten, but he was a *German*, not a Jew. The gift of the little book might have told me more than a long discourse, had I thought of it; but to the end he was so gentle!

The reader will be asking what all this leads to. It led straight (so far as my enlightenment was concerned) to 1933 and Hitler's coup and the stories of appalling ferocity that spread around the world. Then von Schlemmelhorn was dramatically recalled to me. One day I saw a German illustrated magazine. It contained a photograph of a group of Der Führer's lieutenants, and a full face under a helmet caught my eye. There was the timid baron of 1928, the Milquetoast of the mountain walks, staring at me straight as a bayonet, elegant and pitiless. But I mean terrible to look at! I learned later from scouts and drinking companions in Berlin that he had rushed home at the beginning of the von Papen regime, had rejoined his regiment of Hussars with the rank of colonel and become one of the leading rack-and-screw men.

It was a shock, but I realized that I had never understood the fellow, and all at once his transfiguration seemed the most logical thing in the world. But of one thing I am certain: he had no hope of anything of the kind in those days. He did not dream that an Austrian corporal would restore the glory that was Pottsdam if not the grandeur that is Doorn. He had not the faintest idea what all the Nazi agitation was about, and if called upon he would have shot Hitler for two marks fifty pfennigs. ⧺

The Incompleat Camel

Continued from page 74

well. You'll have peace until stopping time. So leave them there.

I have known camels that vomited at the sight of green leather; others that refused to march at night unless sung to in a minor key; a dozen or more that changed color and lost weight when taken into a strange country and hundreds which, for no apparent reason, would charge fiercely upon a stranger and bite him on the shoulder. I am not joking. I will even go so far as to repeat the story sworn to by the French soldiers at In Salah—that during the World War six hundred white camels picked up their hobbles in the dead of night and fled across the Tripolitan border because they could not stand the smell of Italian tobacco.

The above characteristics and idiosyncrasies are inherent in all camels. But in their capacities for work, enduring thirst and fatigue, traveling acumen and adapting themselves to geographic and climatic conditions, they vary as widely as horses and humans.

The camels being used by the Italians in Ethiopia, for example, are just as vicious as were ever raised in Yemen or the mid-Sahara, and would willingly rub noses with Sahara camels, but they could not do the Sahara camels' work. And vice versa. For you get a desert camel into the rugged Ethiopian countryside and you may as well be riding a camel on stilts. He cannot climb. He cannot jump. He finds it difficult to go down hill. He is not accustomed to looking out for sharp rocks, ledges, places of vantage. His legs being unusually long from knee to foot he stumbles constantly, cuts himself up, and is soon retired.

But I have seen these mountain-raised camels grazing two thousand feet up in the old volcano craters of the Hoggar, and I have ridden them over molten lava and down rock-strewn mountain sides and felt secure as a ground hog. They will not carry as much weight as a desert camel nor will they travel so long without water, being accustomed to drinking rather frequently from mountain springs and pot holes. But as cavalry animals they are, for Ethiopia, unbeatable.

And there are differences just as striking between desert camels. Those big gray fellows along the Sudan border where the green grass begins will drink water every day, like a horse; but go six hundred miles north and you find camels that spend their lives in regions where rain has never been known to fall and can go six months to a year without water. Three of these marvels appeared out of the desert one day when we were camped at a well in the Tanzerouft (Land Without Water). They were not wild camels—there is no such thing as a "wild" camel. Through field glasses I could distinctly see brand marks which my guide identified as belonging to a Biskra merchant two thousand miles north. They were on a holiday. Having been turned back onto their pasturage following some long trip they had rested and renewed their humps and then they had wandered south, sleeping by day and grazing and traveling in the cool of the night. The desert herbs had given them all the water they required. Their humps were high and hairy and their bellies fat. Eventually, my guide said, they would wander back to Algeria and be caught.

But a big hump and a fat belly is no sure indication of a camel's value. True, the hump means reserve strength, yet I have seen camels that were little more than skin and bones outcarry and outmarch the big fellows whose humps shook when they walked, they were so fat. The difference is in their training.

The Tuareg method—and this is the method that has been adopted by the hard-riding tribes from Rio de Oro to Somaliland—would appear positively brutal were it not for the fact that Tuareg-raised camels are far and away the best in the world. They can outrun, outmarch, outcarry and more willingly obey their masters than any Arabian camels; and this is because the Tuareg, by necessity (he was for 900 years a Sahara raider) has sublimated the camel's capacities to a point it would be difficult to surpass.

The day a camel is born his feet are as tough as a hockey puck. He is woolly and affectionate. His foot pads are coal black. Inside of a week he is romping around like a puppy, shifting and dodging like a deer.

But a month of this is enough. A caravan sets out. His mother is tied in line and he must follow. He marches steadily in the broiling sun. He gets tired and thirsty. But he must keep going. His only sustenance is his mother's milk.

When he is a year old, and going onto pasturage, he is staked out in the desert absolutely by himself. For several days he is left there without food or water. He bellows piteously. A short interval elapses and he is staked out again—this time for six days.

And the reason for this is not only to "tighten his stomach," as the Tuaregs say—to harden him against hunger and thirst, but to accustom him to *loneliness*, to that fear of the unknown which is germane to every living being, but stronger in beasts than in men.

To be left alone is the bitterest torture a camel can endure, but that the Tuareg's fight against it has been effective is attested by the fact that practically every camel so trained can be made to travel alone whereas a camel that has *not* been subjected to this training, which endures over a period of several years, can be beaten to death before he will set out upon a journey unaccompanied by another camel.

For example: In the Hoggar, a mountainous region about midway across the Sahara, we split up our party to shoot gazelle. We needed meat. I was riding my Tuareg mehari, which means racing camel, and Achmed rode an Algerian baggage camel.

We saw gazelle along about sunset and shot four.

"I'll go back and start skinning," I told Achmed. "You keep on and see if you can't get a few more." There was still about three quarters of an hour to shoot in and he was a fine shot.

By nine o'clock we had finished cutting up the gazelle for drying and Achmed hadn't arrived. It was pitch dark. We were afraid he had found a herd and followed it maneuvering for a good position and got lost. Finally Mohammed started back afoot.

I heard shouts a little while later and then talking, and in about a half hour Mohammed and Achmed walked up, Achmed leading his camel. He was boiling mad and his camel was growling. He said he hadn't moved a hundred yards from where I'd left him. He said his camel wouldn't march away from the big hill alone and he'd been fighting with him until darkness trying to make him march.

His camel was a nervous wreck. It growled and shifted restlessly in the sand all night long. It was two days before Achmed could ride him again.

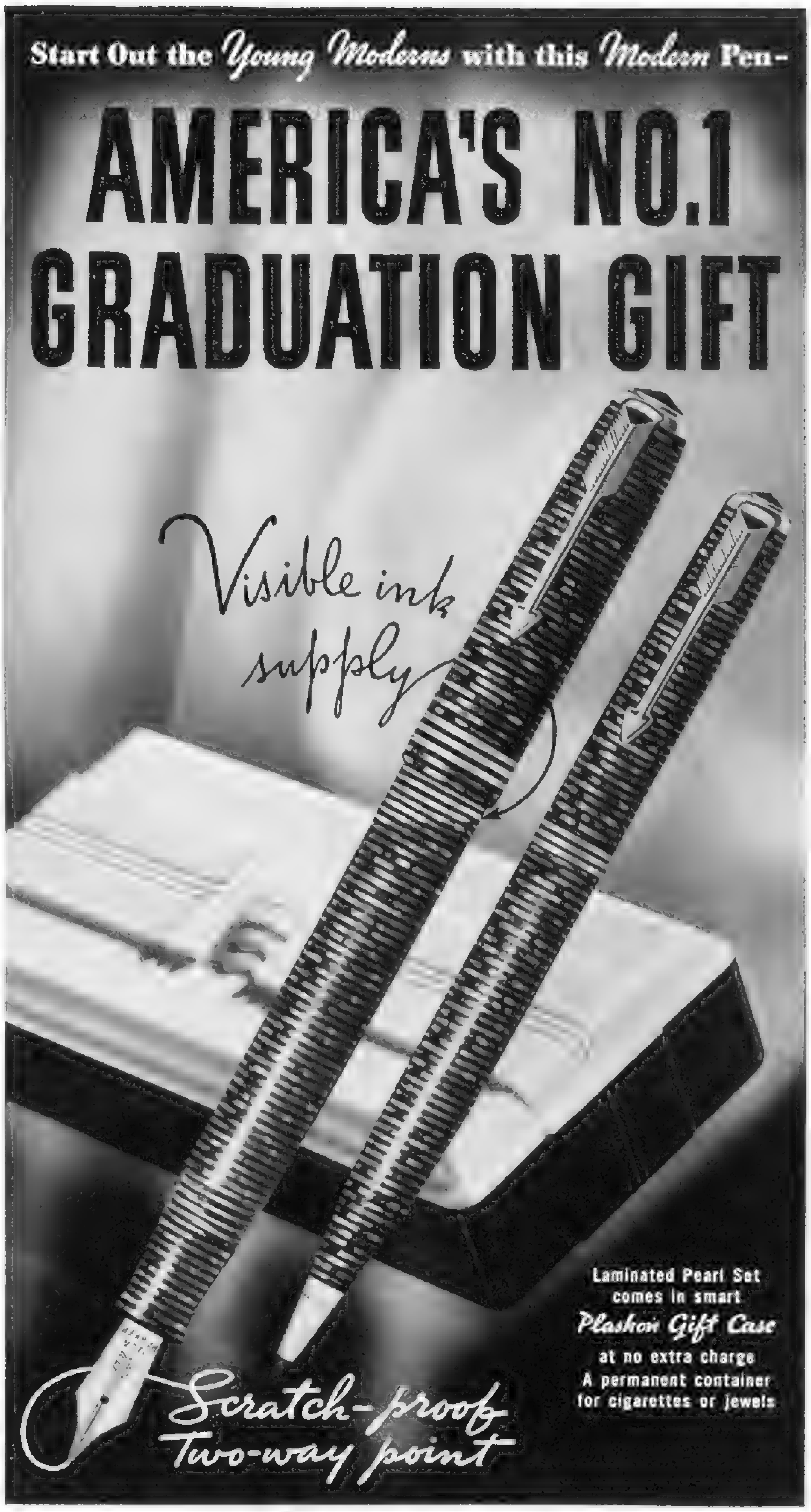
The next step is "breaking" the camel to carry burdens and this is begun with nothing but a pack saddle. The saddle is secured to his back by a rope under his belly and left there for a day or so while he rolls and bellows, trying to get it off. Gradually, weights are added until the saddle has made a "place" for itself across his withers. Waterskins are then added—one or two on either side—and he is ready for those long marches, those interminable, wavy routes across murky horizons. He is ready to learn "directions," and to be as accurate as a compass in pursuing through sandstorms and duststorms the route given him by the stars.

He is brought to his knees. He knows what is coming; but a man stands on each leg and another holds his nose to the ground and he cannot move. He can only bellow and disgorge his stomach. Still the loads go on, and when he looks to be nothing but a long neck sticking out of a mountain of baggage he is ordered to get up.

He says he cannot get up. He is too heavily loaded. But a man takes hold of his tail and another raps his knees with a stick and he *does* get up. He stands bellowing, spreading his legs apart to steady himself, eyeing the man with the stick. And another five-hundred pounds are added!

His first step is a stagger. The caravan moves. It *must* move, for only by moving can he keep on his feet. He begins to learn that great weights can be carried with motion, and while he is learning to adjust himself to this new life he feels the "sway" at the end of the caravan, where he has been tied; and after many months of feeling this sway he knows that

Continued on page 168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The Incompleat Camel

Continued from pages 74-167

he is taking up the continuous, inevitable variation between the true course and the false; that blessed wavering over a straight line which enables the caravan to reach the golden oasis, which is only a little hole in the sand with water glimmering at the bottom like a bright nickel.

And he rings the bell. He is the Tuareg's brain incarnate plus a fortitude and power he will forever deny, but can be made to realize just the same.

And now see how the Tuareg uses his masterpiece. Europeans, ordering their lives and even their wars by clocks, travel according to fixed schedules. The Italian routine—and I believe this is fairly standard for the military in Africa—is: on the march from dawn until noon, rest and pasturage until about three-thirty, march again until sunset. It is a good schedule but a slow one. Too much time is wasted in packing and unpacking. But it is believed to be best for the camels and best, on the long run, for the men.

But the Tuareg, the Ethiopian and the Arab march from dawn until sunset. They stop for nothing. Fatigue is nothing. They can march the clock around, three days in succession, and discuss the price of tea and sugar as though it were Sunday over the backyard fence. If a camel drops out they distribute his burden and keep going. If he can follow, he will.

So the Arabs and all these desert peoples cover incredible distances with their skinny, half-starved camels while the military wheeze through in good form and all banners flying to find them either two days escaped or attacking their rear. It was so with Kitchener and Gordon at Khartoum, with the Spanish in Morocco, with the Turks in Arabia. European conquests in Africa have been complete, but even the most rabid militarist would hesitate to call them glorious. Consider the Tibbou, member of a half-wild tribe in the Tibesti who escaped from a French prison, caught a goat on the outskirts of the village and traveled afoot across the trackless dunes to his home eight hundred miles away, living on the flesh of that goat and the water he could carry in its skin! Or the Tuareg postman, carrying important dispatches, who cut out his camel's tongue after leaving the last well so that it could not eat and, when his own waterskin was empty, drained off the liquid contents of the beasts seven stomachs through his turban and proceeded afoot!

The Tuareg's love for his children is as proverbial as the Arab's love of horses, yet both races, highly emotional, regard their camels with less affection than the average American bestows upon his automobile. There has been no alternative, since the camel has refused to meet man halfway, placing his affections entirely among his own kind.

And what wealths of affection they have to give . . . do give! I remember a huge white male—one of the first camels I ever owned—and one of the most silent. For two months he marched behind a chunky, mouse-colored female, carrying his nine hundred pounds of baggage and six waterskins without ever a groan. Then a long, hard trek loomed up and I had to sell him. His feet were cracked; he could not make it.

About a week later, two hundred odd miles out into the desert, we found him one morning kneeled down among our own camels, which were hobbled. He was next to the chunky, mouse-colored female and they were rubbing necks.

They mated during that trip. The Arabs had told me they would and one of them woke me up to see it. The chunky female was down on all fours and the big white fellow on his hind knees just behind her. His fore feet rested on her back. Their necks formed the apex of this curious triangle, the female's neck being backward like a bow. They were rubbing noses and clasping one another's lips, and they continued doing so, silently, until the mating had been effected. On the desert, under the brilliant stars, this can be one of the strangest, and most singularly moving sights in nature.

Still another instance of affection between camels and I am finished, and this is the way camels react to death among them. While crossing the Tanzerouft in mid-summer a young camel went down and had to be cut out. We were twenty-six camels and five men—all Tuaregs except myself. Every camel in the caravan knew what had happened. Their heads came up, and they looked back, for the young camel was at the end of the line. He bellowed and the moving camels answered him. There was bellowing and answering until he was only a dot on the horizon, until heat waves came between.

You can sense the uneasiness of camels when death occurs. Their action is less smooth. Their ears lay back, then forward. They smell the air, and for a while they keep their eyes open.

All camels will turn their heads on route to look at the bones of a dead camel or at the little brown mound, the solidified contents of its stomach, which remain even after the bones have gone. Yet, during the night, I have awakened to hear them crunching camel bones which littered the well for miles around.

And it isn't hard, when you're only halfway across the Sahara, to imagine that they might be your own.

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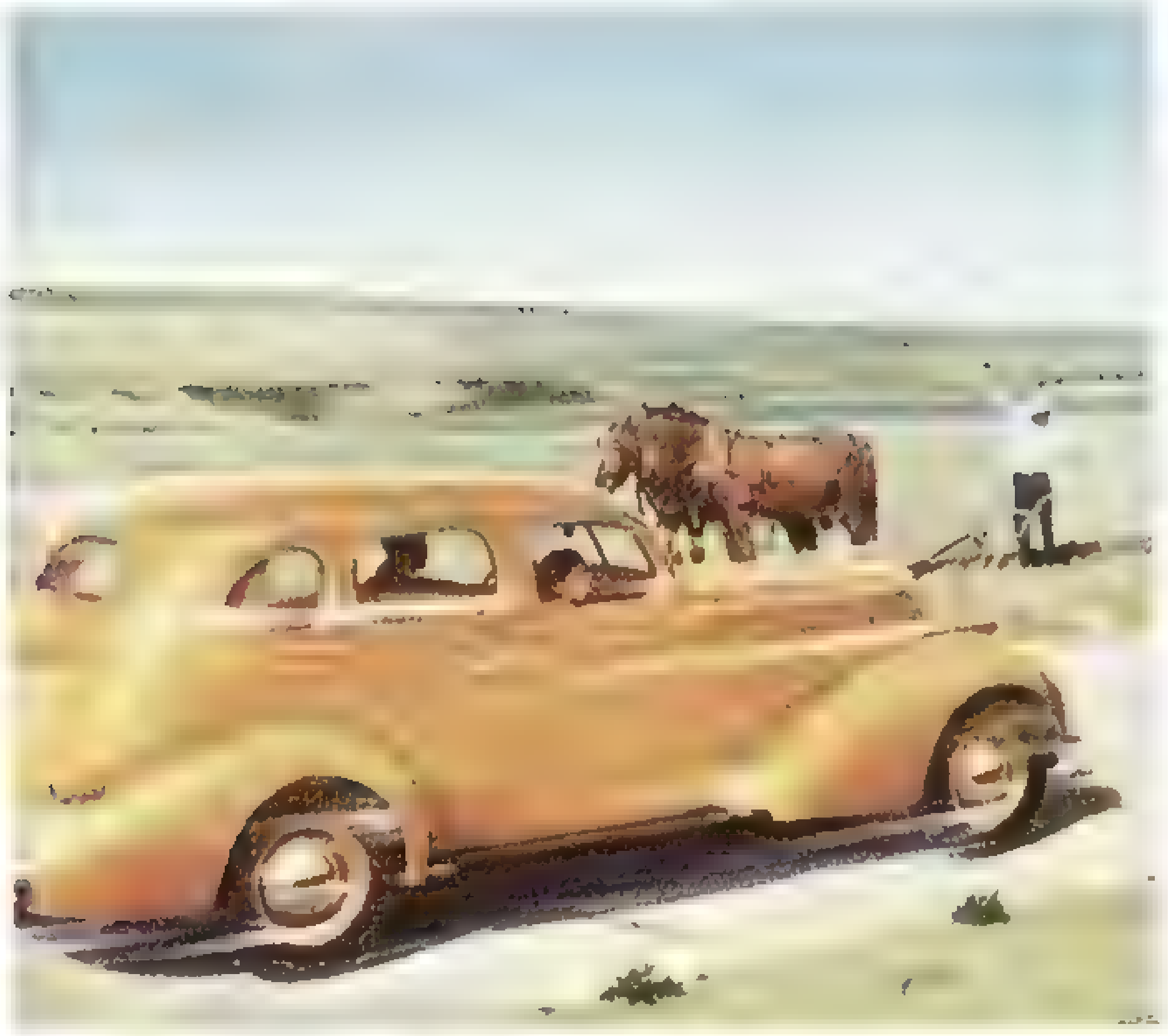

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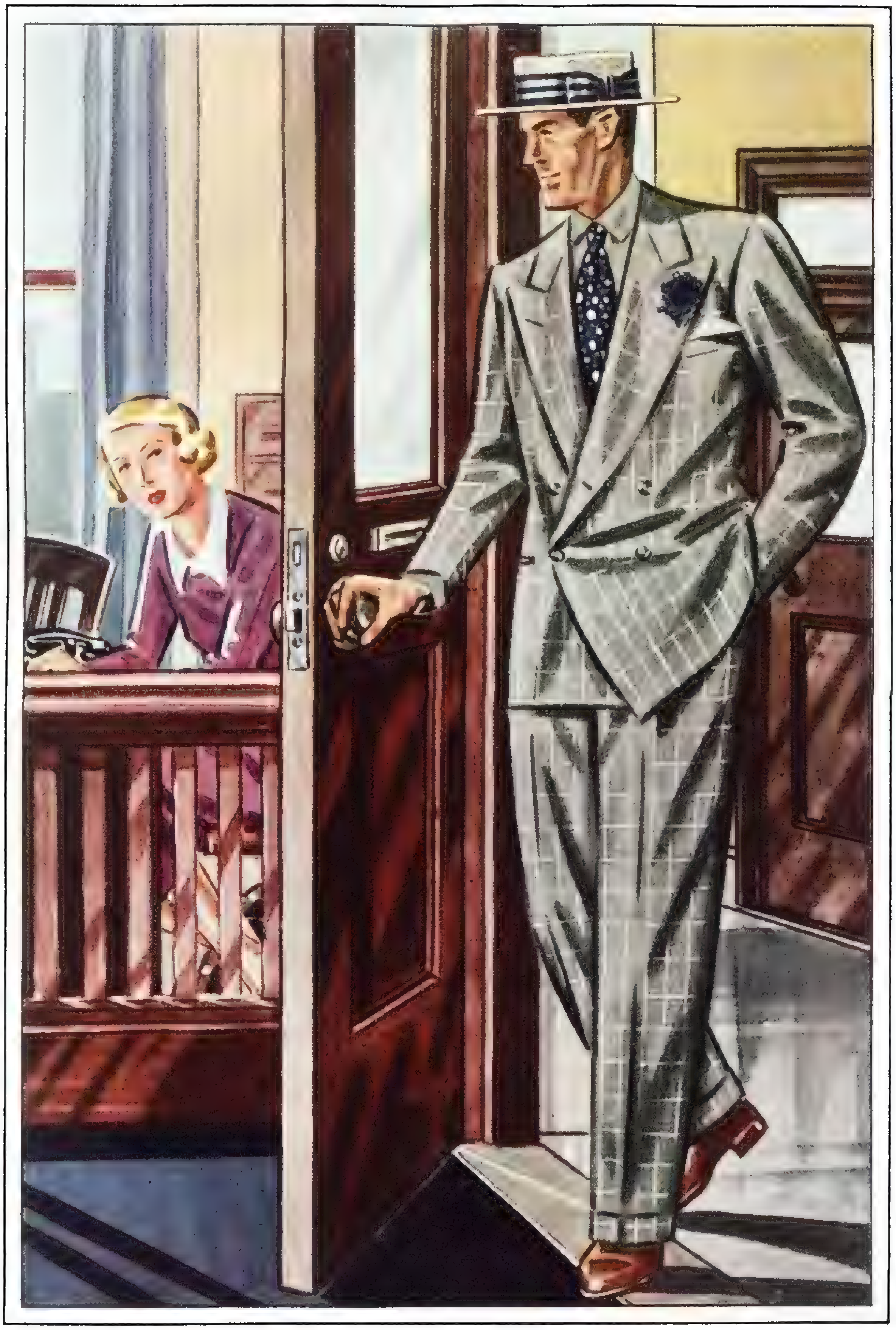

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN IN THE SUMMERTIME

Despite our slight flurry of chauvinism on page 154, introducing a little wise thinking on the subject of American styles for Americans, candor compels the admission that the effect of the Duke of Kent upon American fashions for men has been comparable to that of a pebble dropped into a pool. Witness, in this exhibit, the wide spread collar on the grey Oxford shirt and the large knot of the foulard tie with white shower spots. As for the roll of the double-breasted jacket's lapel to the bottom button, that is a whim of the Duke of Kent now so widespread in its adoption that it is probable that nine out of ten men who have indulged in its perpetuation have forgotten, if indeed they ever knew, its source. The suit is grey flannel with a light overplaid. Note that it has four buttons instead of the traditional six. The hat is a sennit straw with colored band. Cut of the coat obviates need of a vest.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Great Unknown of the Seas

Continued from page 42

to the general impression. He is quoted in the *Zoölogist* as follows:

"Captain the Hon. George Hope states that, when in *H.M.S. Fly*, in the gulf of California, the sea being perfectly calm and transparent, he saw at the bottom a large marine animal, with the head and general figure of the alligator, except that the neck was much longer, and that instead of legs the creature had four large flappers, somewhat like those of turtles, the anterior pair being larger than the posterior; the creature was distinctly visible, and all its movements could be observed with ease; it appeared to be pursuing its prey at the bottom of the sea; its movements were somewhat serpentine, and an appearance of annulations or ring-like divisions of the body was distinctly perceptible."

There is no reference made as to the size of the animal; it seems probable that it did not surpass very much that of an alligator which was used for comparison.

One of the oldest and most famous reports, that of the Danish missionary, Hans Egede, refrains also from stating the length of the animal. This report, which deserves to be quoted in full, runs as follows:

> "Anno 1734, July. On the 6th appeared a very terrible sea-monster, which raised itself so high above the water, that its head reached above our main-top. It had a long sharp snout, and blew like a whale, had broad large flappers, and the body was, as it were, covered with a hard skin; moreover on the lower part it was formed like a snake, and when it went under water again, it cast itself backwards and in so doing it raised its tail above the water, a whole ship-length from its body. That evening we had very bad weather."

The last remark "That evening we had very bad weather" has been interpreted to refer to the old superstition that the observation of the sea-serpent brings bad luck, like the Flying Dutchman and the *Klabautermann*. But it probably only means that the weather at the time of the observation was good. It is a most striking coincidence that of the 200 known reports only about a dozen mention a "breeze," a "fresh breeze" or a "strong wind." Only one observer had "rough sea," all other reports say that the weather was "fine," "very fine," "sunny and warm," and the sea "smooth," "smooth like a mirror," "without a catspaw," etc. It seems that the sea-serpent does not come to the surface except in sunny weather if not forced by some unaccountable reason.

Egede's report, however, allows us to judge the probable size of his "monster." Assuming the size of the ship as about 250 tons, the masthead must have been 30 feet high, which gives a total length of the sea-serpent of about 100 feet or 30 metres. Such a size is not at all incredible and the reports generally estimate the full length as being between 20 and 30 metres, seldom more. All the massed reports of the "New England Sea-Serpent" of Gloucester Harbour (1817) stick to this figure and the same applies to the most famous of all sea-serpent cases, that of the British frigate *Daedalus*. Captain Peter M'Quhae's famous letter which aroused so much attention was written on board the *Daedalus* on October 11th, 1848, and reads:

"Sir—In reply to your letter of this day's date, requiring information as to the truth of a statement published in the *Times* newspaper, of a sea-serpent of extraordinary dimensions having been seen from Her Majesty's Ship *Daedalus*, under my command, on her passage from the East Indies, I have the honour to acquaint you, for the information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that at 5 o'clock p.m. on the 6th of August last, in latitude 24 degrees 44 S., and longitude 9 22 E., the weather dark and cloudy, wind fresh from the N.W., with a long ocean swell from the S. W., the ship on the port tack heading N. E. by N., something very unusual was seen by Mr. Sartoris, midshipman, rapidly approaching the ship from before the beam. The circumstance was immediately reported by him to the officer of the watch, Lieut. Edgar Drummond, with whom and Mr. William Barrett, the Master, I was at the time walking the quarter deck. The ship's company were at supper.

"On our attention being called to the object it was discovered to be an enormous serpent, with head and shoulders kept about four feet constantly above the surface of the sea, and as nearly as we could approximate by comparing it with the length of what our main-topsail yard would show in the water, there was at the very least 60 feet of the animal *a fleur d'eau*, no portion of which was to our perception, used in propelling it through the water, either by vertical or horizontal undulation. It passed rapidly, but so close under our lee quarter, that had it been a man of my acquaintance I should have easily recognized his features with the naked eye; and it did not, either in approaching the ship or after it had passed our wake, deviate in the slightest degree from its course to the S.W., which it held on at the pace of from 12 to 15 miles per hour, apparently on some determined purpose.

"The diameter of the serpent was about 15 or 16 inches behind the head, which was, with-

Continued on page 172

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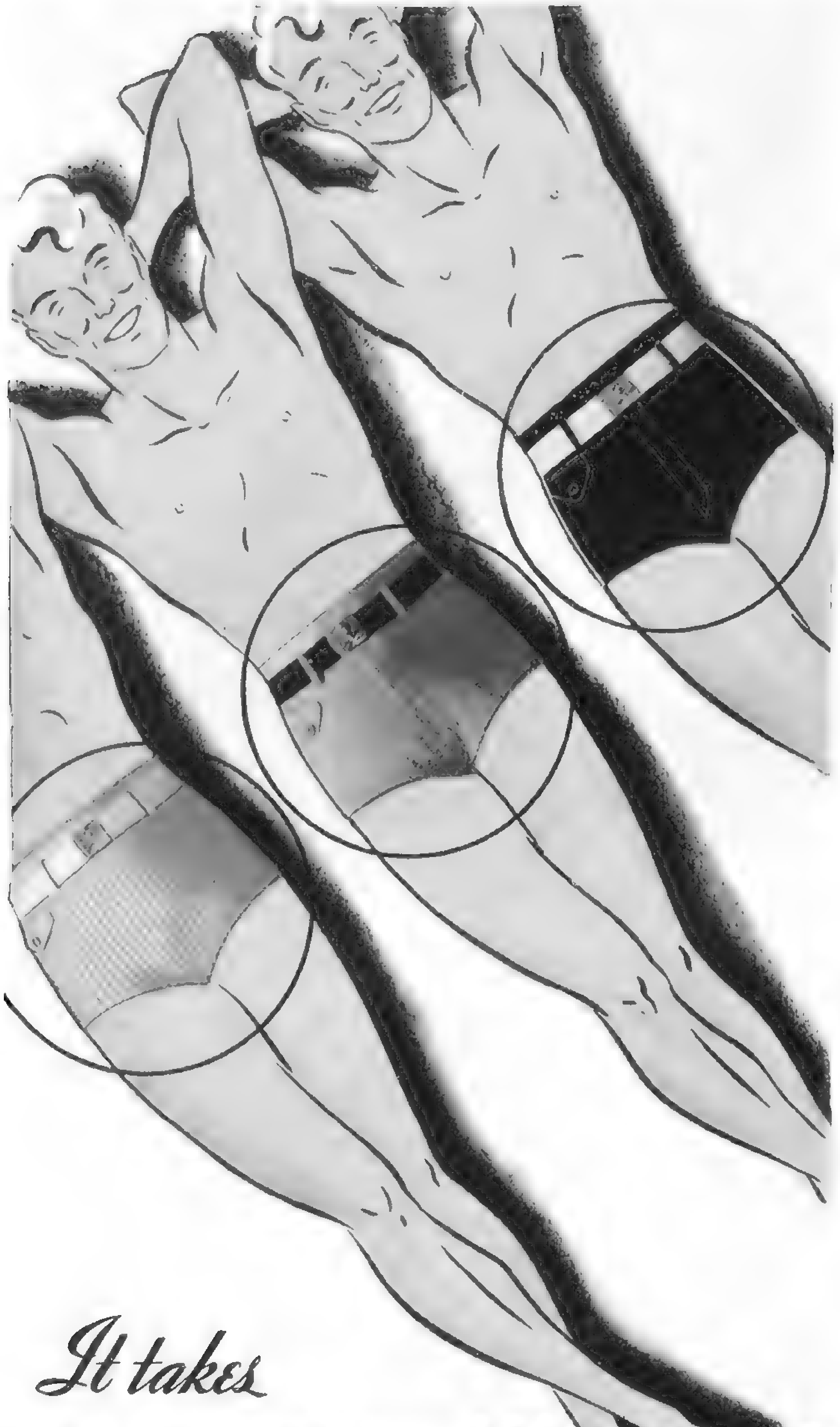

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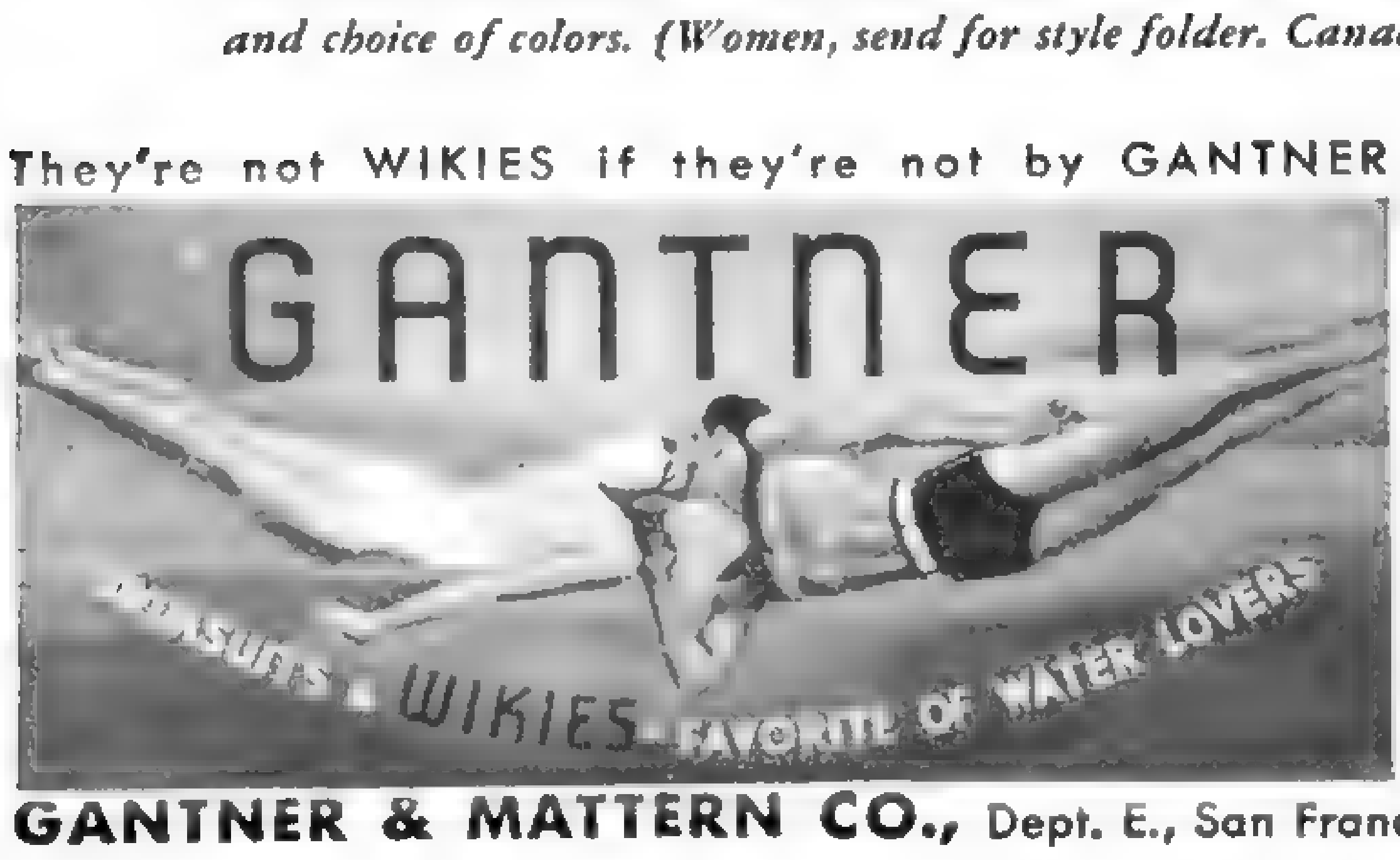
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The Great Unknown of the Seas

Continued from pages 42-171

out any doubt, that of a snake, and it was never during the 20 minutes that it continued in sight of our glasses, once below the surface of the water; its colour a dark brown with yellowish white about the throat. It had no fins, but something like a mane of a horse, or rather a bunch of seaweed, washed about its back. It was seen by the quartermaster, the boatswain's mate, and the man at the wheel, in addition to myself and officers above mentioned."

It is of no use to go deeply into the controversy between Captain M'Quhae and Professor Owen about a possible explanation of what the men of the *Daedalus* saw. They saw a large marine animal that was (and still is) unknown to science.

Only one more pre-war report deserves mention, not because it is especially new in its details, but because it is the first and still only report of an observation made by professional naturalists. This report appeared in the "Proceedings of the Zoölogical Society, 1906" and is signed by E. G. B. Meade-Waldo, a British scientist who is a fellow of this society.

"On Dec. 7th, 1905, at 10:15 a.m., I was on the poop of the *Valhalla* with Mr. Nicoll, when he drew my attention to an object in the sea about 100 yards from the yacht; he said: 'Is that the fin of a great fish?'

"I looked and immediately saw a large fin or frill sticking out of the water, dark seaweed-brown in colour, somewhat crinkled at the edge. It was apparently about 6 feet in length and projected from 18 inches to 2 feet from the water.

"I got my field-glasses on to it (a powerful pair of Goerz Trieder), and almost as soon as I had them on the frill, a great head and neck rose out of the water in front of the frill; the neck did not touch the frill in the water, but came out of the water in front of it, at a distance of certainly not less than 18 inches, probably more. The neck appeared about the thickness of a slight man's body, and from 7 to 8 feet was out of the water; head and neck were all about the same thickness.

"—The colour was dark seaweed brown; the frill at the back of the head and along the back crinkled at the edge. About 8 ft. of neck was out of the water, and the under side was dirty white. It made a wave as it went along, and under water behind the neck I could see a good-sized body. As we drew ahead we could see it swing its neck from side to side and it lashed the sea into foam.

"The eye and the edge of the neck had a turtle-like appearance to us both. We were so astonished at the time that we could neither of us speak! We then visited (late) Lord Crawford, and he said he would stop the yacht if it was any use; but we decided as we were making about 14 knots it would not be much use.

"The creature seen from *H.M.S. Daedalus* . . . and figured in the *Illustrated London News* . . . might easily be the same.

"This creature was an example, I consider, of what has been so often reported, for want of a better name, as the 'Great Sea-Serpent.' I feel sure, however, that it was not a reptile that we saw, but a mammal. It is, of course, impossible to be certain of this, but the general appearance of the creature, especially the soft, almost rubber-like fin, gave one this impression."

This is the last pre-war report of any importance but it is not the last observation of the Great Unknown of the Seas. Modern warfare is not necessarily without results to those branches of science which have no active part in the war. It would be an interesting idea for a fiction writer of war-time stories to invent a battle between a German submarine and a sea-serpent, at least to get away from the war and love stories. An encounter between war vessels and the sea-serpents has actually occurred. Not only one, but three. Two German submarines and the British North Sea Patrol cruiser *Hilary* reported adventures of this type. In the case of one of the two German submarines it was merely an observation, in the case of the *Hilary* the animal was believed at first to be a German submarine. After the error was discovered, its commander, Captain Dean, ordered shelling as anti-submarine practice for his men.

The sea-serpent took the shelling rather calmly until one shot actually hit, then he disappeared under water with a mighty splash. From the zoölogical point of view the report of the *Hilary* does not bring any new features of the unknown animal; what the officers and the crew saw was a long neck and a triangular dorsal fin. The description reads like that of the *Valhalla;* what is certain is that it was an unknown large animal.

Most important, however, is the report of the other German submarine, the "U-28." Her commander Captain Freiherr von Forstner, made the following public statement:

"On July, 30th, 1915," he wrote, "our *U-28* torpedoed in the North Atlantic the British steamer *Iberian* (5223 tons) loaded with valuable goods. The ship which was about 180 metres long, sank rapidly, stern first, the depth at this point being a few thousand metres. When the steamer had disappeared for about 25 seconds it exploded at a depth which we could not know, but one thousand metres will be a safe guess. Shortly afterwards pieces of wreckage, among them a huge marine animal which made violent movements, were thrown out of the water, flying approximately 20 or 30 metres high.

"At this moment we were six men on the bridge, myself, the two officers of the watch, the chief engineer, the navigator and the helmsman. We at once centred our attention upon this marvel of the seas. Unfortunately we had not time to take a photograph because the animal disappeared after 10 or 15 seconds in the water. It was about 20 metres (66 feet) long, looked like a giant crocodile, and had four powerful paddle-like limbs and a long pointed head.

"The explanation of this event seems easy to me. The explosion of, or in, the sinking steamer caught the 'undersea-crocodile' as we called it and forced it out of the water."

With the exception of the case of the *Fly* this is the only report where the animal was seen as a whole, while all other observers could not see more than parts of it. But it is remarkable how well all serious reports agree, none of them mentions features which would not fit into the picture of the animal as reported by the *Fly* and the *U-28*.

Nor is the *U-28* report the last one. There are, to my knowledge, at least four post-war reports, one from the Island of Hoy (Orkneys) from the year 1919, one from St. Paul's Rocks from 1920, one from Back Bay (Bombay) from 1921 and one from Black Deep from the year 1923. They have all been published for the first time by Commander R. T. Gould, in his book, *The Case for the Sea Serpent*.

In addition to these reports we have those from the Loch Ness, which I will not discuss here. Sufficient to say that everybody agrees now that *something* lived for a while in the Loch Ness. Some of the reports resemble very much an early sea-serpent report from the Loch Hourn. At the Loch Ness for the first time photographs were taken but from such a distance that zoölogical authorities could not form a definite conclusion; some of them saw the resemblance with previous sea-serpent reports, other declared that the photographs show "without a doubt" the dorsal fin of a killer whale. . . .

Granted that an unknown animal exists in the seas . . . what could it possibly be? Observers liked to compare it with certain extinct marine reptiles, such as the plesiosaurus. But this comparison is not fully accurate. Our unknown sea-serpent has four paddles, a long neck and a long tail. This description fits the plesiosauri with the exception of the tail; they had only a very short one. Another extinct type of marine reptiles has also been compared—the mosasauri. They had a very long muscular tail, but only a very short neck. It becomes obvious, therefore, that none of the extinct forms could be responsible, even if there were survivors, which is doubtful in itself.

The Great Unknown of the Seas is more probably a mammal, in spite of Count von Forstner's term "undersea-crocodile." It has been seen as yet only by two experienced zoölogists (those of the *Valhalla*) and both of them agree that they "had the impression of the animal being mammalian." This, of course, is also no proof, but many instances in other reports give the same impression. Others, however, are strongly reptilian and I fear that this last question has to remain unsettled for the time being. Its solution will have to be postponed until a cadaver has been dissected by experts.

In the meantime scientists in general and zoölogists in particular must be patient and wait for the day and the lucky accident which replaces theories about the sea-serpent by definite proof. ⌗

Prelude to Matrimony

Continued from page 45

den. Boy, you should of seen the tomatoes we got last year. That's where you save money living in the country. Your own fresh vegetables all summer. . . ."

From below came the warm smell of cooking and through the open windows came the warm smell of spring, of budding trees and watered earth.

"Of course the place isn't as large as some," Jack said. "But we manage to get along."

"It's great," Fred said.

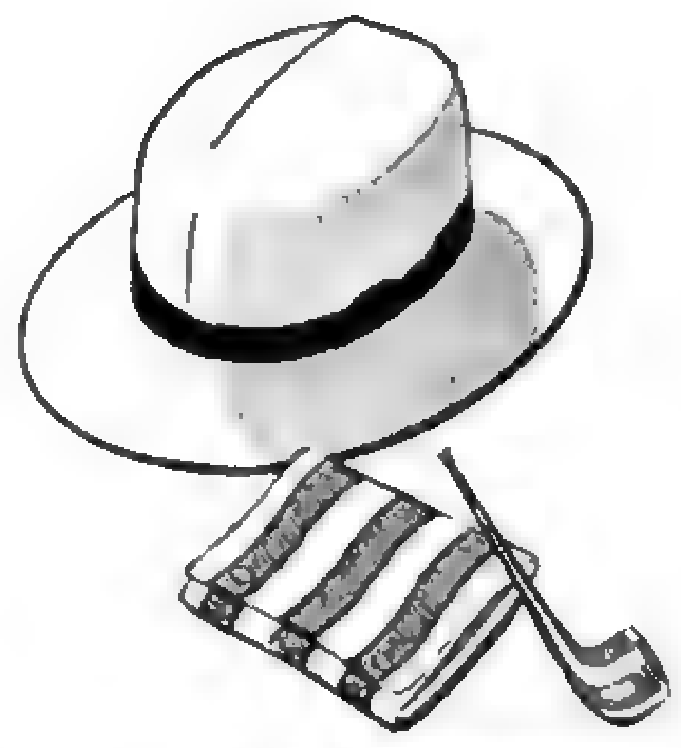
"We like it." He turned away from the window. "I guess we might as well wash up now." He pushed open the door to the bathroom. "Here you are."

The bathroom was done in white and purple tiles and there was a separate glass-enclosed stall for the shower. There were neat ruffled curtains edged with purple at the windows and two guest-towels with little houses and animals done in yellow and purple cross-stitch on the border. On the toilet seat was fastened a cover of purple towelling and the toilet paper was also purple, although of a slightly lighter shade. On top of the medicine cabinet was a box of purple Kleenex and fastened to the wall in front of the wash stand was a miniature letter box marked "Used Razor Blades." Everything looked very clean and neat and comfortable.

They had steak for dinner with peas and French fried potatoes. The steak was nice and rare and Mrs. Shaw smiled at both of them and said:

"Now be sure and eat a lot. If you don't I'll be afraid you don't

Continued on page 174



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Prelude to Matrimony

Continued from pages 45-173

like my cooking."

They nodded their heads with their mouths half full and had to wait several seconds before they could say anything, and then they all laughed, looking around at each other and feeling friendly, with the warm spring air coming in at the open windows.

"It's certainly great to have some real homecooking again for a change," said Fred, looking at Mrs. Shaw, who had taken off her gingham apron and was wearing a dark blue chiffon dress which, he thought, was very becoming.

"Oh, you bachelors," she said, smiling and shaking her head.

Both the men had second helpings of everything and they talked about living in New York and living in the suburbs, and about the new plays, none of which they had seen but about which they all knew, and when there was a pause in the conversation they passed each other the celery and olives.

After dinner Jack and Fred went into the living room. It was warm and snug in there. There were overstuffed chairs, and a cabinet radio, and magazines in a neat pile in a magazine rack, and a smoker's stand in the corner with a wooden humidor for cigars on top of it and a patent cigar-cutter and a lighter with a round ball for a base which made it impossible to tip it over, and neat curtains at the windows drawn back symmetrically in loops, and clean ashtrays, and a secretary at one end of the room, and standing floor lamps with silk shades, and an electric clock on the mantel piece above the clean yellow brick fireplace, and on the roughened plaster walls several colored prints of red and yellow autumn woods and a tinted photograph of a New England interior.

They sat in the comfortable chairs and smoked cigars and Jack Shaw turned on the radio and they listened to it, breathing heavily.

When Mrs. Shaw came back from stacking the dishes they both jumped up and said:

"Say, good night, did you do that all by yourself? We would have helped you. . . ."

"Oh, that's all right," she said, smiling and looking pretty and a little tired. "I know you men are tired from working all day."

Then they sighed and looked tired, but smiled and acted as if they weren't tired.

They turned the radio down a little so that they could talk, but it was loud enough to form a pleasant background to their conversation and to fill up any empty moments of what would otherwise have been silence.

After a time Mrs. Shaw went upstairs to see how the baby was and when she came down Jack leaned forward a little and said:

"How is he, all right?"

She nodded her head and smiled and Jack leaned back again, smiling too.

"But I think it's sort of chilly, don't you?" she said, looking toward the open window. "These spring nights get chilly. In the middle of the day it's so warm, too. . . ."

Jack got up and closed the window.

"Did you bring a top coat?" Mrs. Shaw asked Fred.

"No, I didn't."

She shook her finger at him.

"Oh, you bachelors. . . . You need somebody to take care of you."

"I guess that's true," Fred said.

Now the windows were shut and everything was warm and no breeze or night dampness came in from outside. The lamps made warm yellow light in the room and the radio played softly and the chairs were soft and comfortable. If it got too cold there was a furnace in the cellar which would take the chill off the house. Upstairs were soft warm beds and in the pipes was water for hot baths. In the back yard vegetables were beginning to grow and upstairs a child was sleeping. The house was a complete thing, rounded and warm, and it made the night beyond the windows seem cold and unfriendly. Fred thought about going out soon into the cold night.

As they stood by the door, later on, saying good-bye, Mrs. Shaw held out her hand palm-up and said:

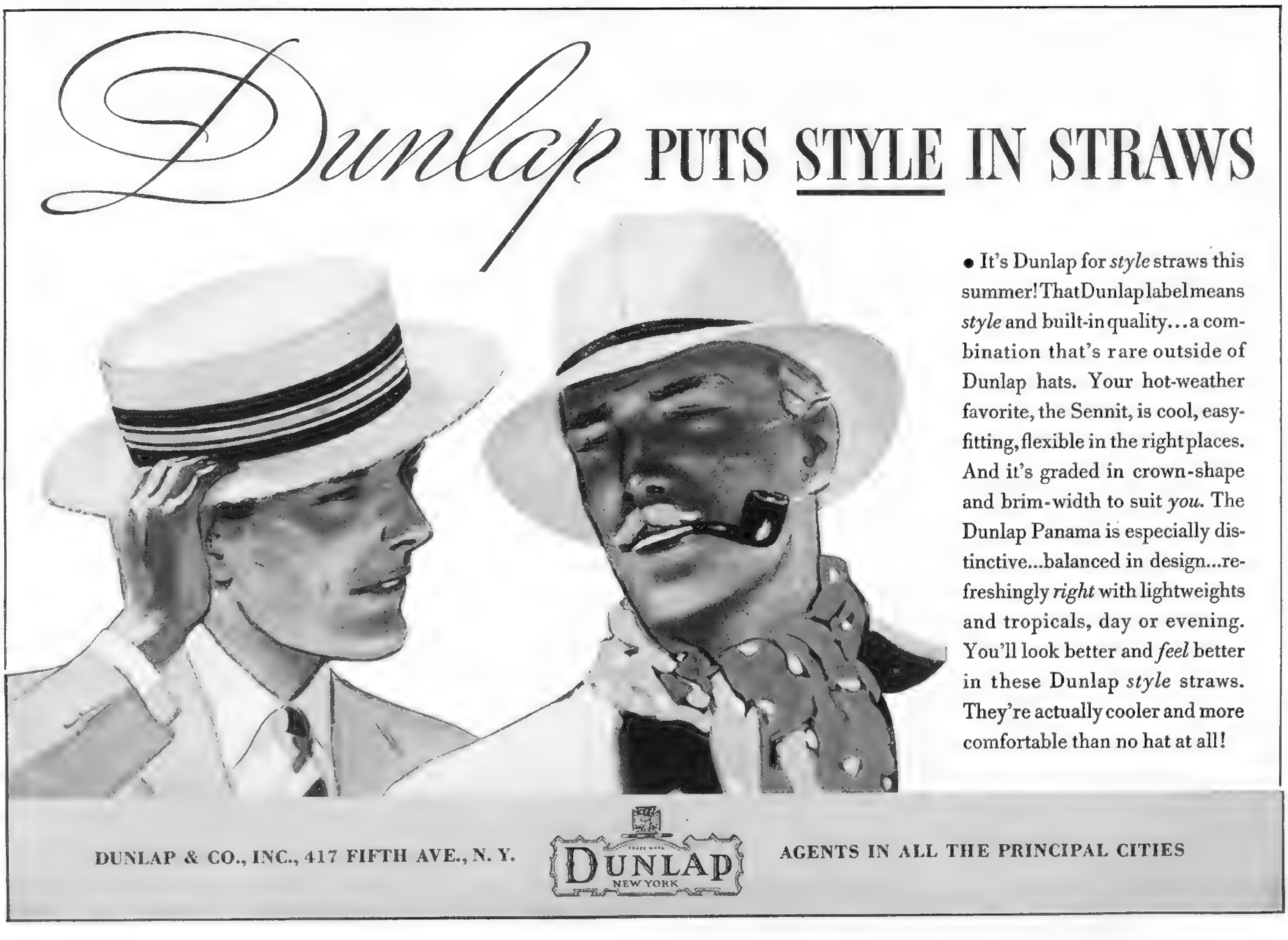
"It's even begun to rain a little. Are you sure you won't stay?"

"No, I really have to get back, thanks just the same."

They drove carefully down the shining slippery street, past the warm lights of houses or past houses that were already dark and quiet, with no sound coming from them and no movement, except perhaps the slight stirring of a white curtain at an open bedroom window.

Then the black train dashed headlong across the flat wet land, through crowded towns and over empty fields, its lighted windows making passing squares across the darkness and the steam from the engine curling low across the soaked dark earth, clinging for a second to bushes or a blade of grass and then dissolving in the straight-falling cold rain. People in darkened houses heard its whistle streaming across the night, leaving a trail behind it in the air, and turned over under their warm covers or else only stirred a little in their sleep.

Factories were black against the grey rain, the cranes and ironwork standing out black, sullen with their strength. At dusk the leaves of the tree behind the house were soft in their new yellow-green. Sometimes across the black



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ironwork white steam drifted, thinning, or the top of a chimney glowed red against the wet air, or a puff of dirty yellow smoke showed for a moment, before it was melted in the flux of rain and night. There were white and purple tiles in the bathroom and a safe place for used razor blades. Silver lines of rails striped the sooty darkness of the railroad yards, dotted here and there with rain-misted spots of dim red and green from the signal lights.

As he got off the train and walked down the cold platform Fred wondered whether he should take the ferry across the river to New York or the tube. As a rule he always took the ferry, because from the deck he could see the ships and taste the salt in the air and listen to the harbor sounds. But now he hesitated.

Near the station at the docks along the waterfront, ships were loading freight under the glare of floodlights that cut sharp-edged white triangles out of the night. Cranes were swinging over the red-lead-painted deep holds and steam shot up in short interrupted jets above the clanging donkey engines. Men in shining black or yellow oilskins worked on the decks, the rain streaming off their backs in glittering thin lines. Through the mist came the whistles of ships in the river as they moved slowly forward through the darkness and danger. On the slippery decks of ships men walked carefully, straining their eyes through the wet blind air. Ropes were cold and slippery in men's hands. The cold oily water of the river moved uneasily, rising and falling, coming forward and receding, pushing uncertainly at the land.

On the flat land from which the train had come houses were warm and quiet in the darkness, still and secure against the rain and the cold air. The rain fell on growing vegetables in back gardens and upstairs children were sleeping.

"Oh, you bachelors . . ." said Mrs. Shaw.

Ships at their docks moved restlessly with creaking hawsers and their whistles sounded from the river, groping through the night. The night was lonely and cold.

He went down into the tube and got into a train that was bright with lights and warm from the presence of many people. ⵌ

Old Dog's New Trick

Continued from page 56

hope I won't study 'bout dat Sugar Dew gal no mo'.

But de man don' breath 't can fo'git de gal 't do him wrong. Nossuh. Lissen at me, chillens! I tellin' you what Gawd love, de bounden truth. De man don't live 't can fo'git de sorrah a no-'count gal bring.

How I know?

Plink, plunk, k'plunk! Plink, plunk, k'plunk!

My gal done tol' me so-o-o!

He boun' to keep a-studyin' whiles he chop de cotton rows, he boun' to keep a studyin' whiles he pick up de planks to build de cabin, he boun' to keep a-studyin' whiles he cut wood fo' de fiah, an' come de night-time, wid de moon sweet-talkin' de whole worl', an' de warm li'l wind side-talkin' de trees in de shadders, den he got to study on it de mos' of all, study on it to it drive him crazy, an' de mo' no'-count was de gal, de mo' he cain' fo'git her. He study on it whiles de rain dreen down an' whiles de sun do shine. He study on it night an' day, mawnin' an evenin', standin' or either settin', to he don' work in de fiel' an' de crop is jus' as no-'count as was de gal; an' when de gin-whistle blow in de fall of de year, dey ain' enough cotton to pay de sto'-keeper man.

To de top of it all, de rebilitation office say: "Whe' at ouah money? Whe' at de gove'ment's money?"

"How come?" say Ol' Cuz. "What gov'ment money?"

"De money to pay fo' de mule an' de ax an' de spade."

"De gov'ment never sol' me dat, suh. De gov'ment gi' me all dem. You gi' em to me yo' ownse'f in de spring of de year."

"You know good an' well," say de white gemman in de rebilitation office. "I tol' you de gov'ment gwy supply you wid all you' needin's, so you can make a crop an pay fo' it."

So I sees de whole worl' is jus' like a no-'count Guinea gal wid a sweet-talkin' tongue but a side-talkin' heart 'at's hongry fo' money. De sun shine bright, but de sto'-keeper man say: "Whe' at my money?" De Wash'ton gov'ment gi' you a mule an' such, but now de rebilitation office say: "Whe' at de gov'ment's money?"

Ol' Cuz 'bout ready to gi' up. He gwy leave de li'l new cabin, he gwy leave disheer country, yessuh, he gwy pack up de banjo box an' hit de road. Packin' up, he run 'cross de ol' tobey, de one he ain' never wore sence de night it tol' him 'bout de Guinea gal, an' he sees de flannen sack bright red once mo'. Bright red a good-luck sign.

How I know?

Plink, plunk, k'plunk! Plink, plunk, k'plunk!

My gal done tol' me so-o-o!

An' on de sudden my min' say: "You ol' fool, Cuz, you been havin' bad luck by you ain' wore de tobey, da's all."

So I tie de tobey 'roun' my neck wid a twine, an' I ain't sca'cely got him on, to de white gemman f'om de rebilitation stop by de road an' get out de cyah an' come in to make talk.

"I jes' want to 'splain," he say, "you don' got to pay de cash money all in a piece, Cuz. You gi' me a li'l bit one time, an' a li'l bit mo' de nex' time, an' de gov'ment plenty satisfy. Co'se, I don' rightly see how you gwy do it, wid no cotton to sell, an'

Continued at top of page 176

Not a hair out of Place

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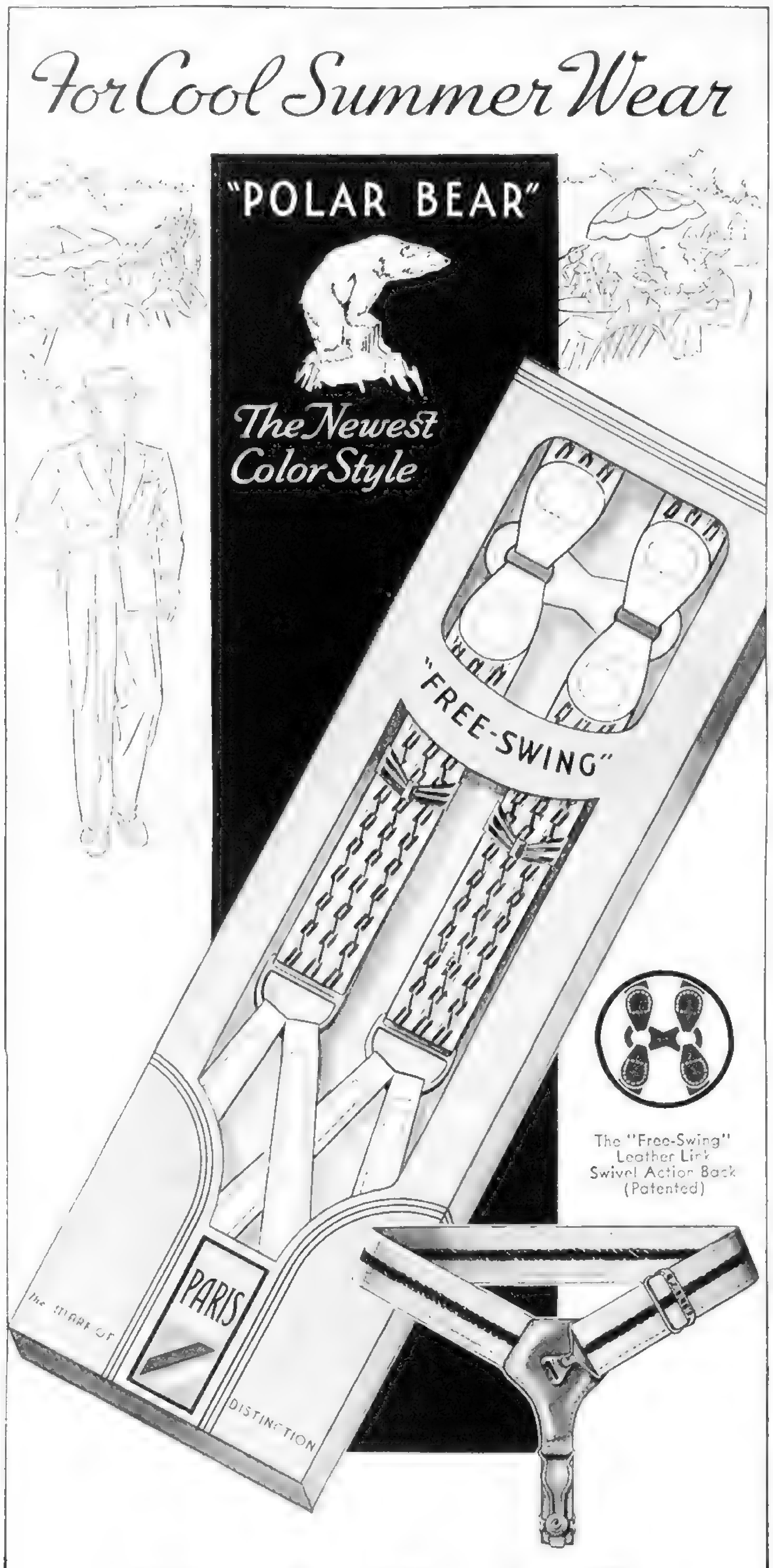

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Old Dog's New Trick

Continued from pages 56-175

you' place run down so pitiful, but dat you' look-out."

I pat de tobey. It done bring me good luck a'ready, by de Wash'ton gov'ment gwy gi' me time to pay. Dat night I catch me some toad frogs an' de nex' day I catch me a black cat. I dig de graveya'd dirt. I do like my mammy's mammy show. Wid de banjo box I put my feets to de road. De ol' folks knows Ol' Cuz make good mojoes, an' whe' de ol sheeps goes de young sheeps follows. It look like ev'y body ready to buy a hand. De money come in fas', mo' money 'n de cotton bring. Sing hallelujah! De good luck yuh to stay an' de bad time gone by.

I meets up wid a slim gal, an' de young bucks laugh when Ol' Cuz, ol' as he is, drop he wing an' strut. But dey laugh de udder way when de tobey do de work, an' Ol' Cuz bring de young gal to de cabin whe' she plenty satisfy to stay at.

I make de payment to de rebilitation gemman in Tallulah. He want to know how come I raise de money. I show him de mojoe, an' he laugh an' say I fin' a new gov'ment doin's, an' what letters is de Wash'ton folks gwy put out fo' de new depa't-ment. But all de same, he 'low Ol' Cuz got a pow'ful cha'm to satisfy de gov'ment. If de mojoe good enough fo' de gov'ment, it good enough fo' y'all too. Yassuh, evem de Wash'ton gov'ment got to ga'ntee de hands Ol' Cuz make in de night time. A fiel' in de bottom lan', not owin' ayre copper cent no mo', a hawg in de pen, a mule in de shed, a young gal in de cabin, an' de tobey do it all.

Ask de rebilitation office in Tallulah, chillens, if Ol' Cuz ain' tell you what Gawd love.

Or either ask Ol' Cuz. Da's me. How I know?

Plink, plunk, k'plunk! Plink, plunk, k'plunk!

May gal done tol' me so-o-o! #

Divorcées in Name Only

Continued from page 67

fraudulent Nevada divorce . . . the defendant's pretended change of domicile was a fraud and a sham."

Could any language be stronger? And yet I read only last week in the *New York Times* a dispatch from Reno which divulged that of the 3088 divorces obtained in Reno by "temporary residents" (sic) during 1935, 144 were obtained by "unhappily married couples from New Jersey."

"Well," you may say, "what of it? We are all nice people. There is nobody in our set in the least like that awful first Mrs. Andrews and so who's going to make a fuss?"

I am sure I don't know. Maybe your next spouse who isn't yet in your set. Or your current spouse's next spouse who isn't either. Or maybe an ambitious or malicious district attorney who might seek to advance his own interests or throw yours for a loss by taking a crack at one of you for bigamy. Or maybe nobody. But even if nobody, what *is* the sense of your taking a chance—even a remote one—of getting yourself or your present or future children into trouble?

There is one class of people moreover, and not a small one, and you may belong to it, to whom the chance is by no means remote. I allude to those people who are the beneficiaries of "family trust funds."

Suppose your rich grandfather has left you a million dollars in trust for your life, the principle upon your death to be paid outright to your "issue," a word the legal meaning of which is "legitimate children." And then suppose that after being married to, say your boyhood sweetheart for a couple of years and having had a little stranger come to crown your happiness, you and the said boyhood sweetheart begin to give each other the creeps. With her enthusiastic coöperation you thereupon go to Reno and get one of its phony divorces. And then you marry No. 2 (the girl of your dreams) and another little stranger comes along. And then, alas, you die. Well you were never legally divorced and so you were necessarily never legally remarried, and so just think of the limb your child by No. 2 is, like both the little Andrews' children, out on. Even if wife No. 1 doesn't raise the point of her child being your sole issue (and boyhood sweetheart or no boyhood sweetheart, I miss my guess if she doesn't because, say what you will, one million dollars is one million dollars) the courts will, nevertheless, appoint something known as a Special Guardian to inquire into and protect the first child's interest. That will be a lawyer full of zeal for his ward and his fee and raising the point will just be his meat. But even if he turns out to be such a fool as not to raise it, there will always still be the lawyer for the big trust company who is holding grandpa's money—and that one, you may be sure, will be no fool. With great regret and solely out of his sense of duty to his client, the trust company, he will feel, and well he may, that he must point out to the trust company that it may not safely pay half the fund to the child of No. 2 until the Surrogate has passed upon the validity of that Reno divorce that of late you so regrettably got. And then the hell and the litigation will both break loose.

This is no idle theorizing. The court reports of every state in the union bulge with cases in which the sole dispute is the validity of these bogus divorces from Nevada and Mexico and France and God knows where. The future reports will continue to bulge with them. Occasionally the papers headline them—always if there is enough money involved. For example, quite recently Miss Libby Holman, the crooning ingénue, was persuaded to accept a paltry $750,000 in full settlement of her much greater interest in the huge estate of her late husband.

The most forcible argument pressed upon Miss Holman in the course of the negotiations was that her husband's first wife had obtained a Reno divorce and that Miss Holman's status as widow was therefore shaky and subject to upset, and that if it should be upset, neither she nor her child would get a dime.

Well, I repeat, what is the sense of taking a chance on that kind of thing? Even if you have no trust funds, your next spouse may. After all, you never know your luck. So stay at home and get your divorces, yes, even if you have to tell the truth. And if it is going to take longer at home than it would in Reno, still stay at home. For, believe me, if you go to Reno in haste, you will repent at leisure. ⧺

So's Your Old Man

Continued from page 85

parachute, but my uncle couldn't find the ring—" Just now some bright individual will say, "You mean the pilot was your nephew." To which the narrator replies with deliberation, "He is no relation to me at all." Then one of those last-analysis boys says, "You say the pilot is no relation to you?"

"Correct."

"And both your uncle and your nephew were in the plane?"

"Correcter than ever."

"And the plane would hold only two people?"

"Colossally correct."

"Two people, that is, counting the pilot as one?"

"I'm out of adverbs to express how correct that is."

"*Well!*"

"Oh, yes. The man who went up with that reckless pilot is my uncle—and he is also my nephew. Consequently I am his nephew, and at the same time his uncle."

The narrator can then explain, unless his listeners would prefer to work it out for themselves. Let's assume that the reader would also express this preference. (The answers to these matrimonial twisters will be found at the end of this article, in case anyone is becoming impatient.)

Of course the best-known of all kinship brain-dusters is the ancient and honorable question (usually introduced by twelve-year-olds with a vast air of secrecy) "Brothers and sisters have I none, but that man's father is my father's son." I suppose that it would insult the intelligence of the reader should I give the answer to this hoary wheeze. . . . Oh, well, I'll include it anyway. It has a way of turning up in disguise. One correspondent sent it in as something brand new, describing a stately old dowager looking at the portrait of a beautiful girl and saying, "I never had a sister; but that girl's mother is my mother's daughter."

Incidentally it may come as news to some that the proverbial "wise child that knows his own father" originated in the Shakespearian "Wise father that knows his own child." Act I, scene ii of *The Merchant of Venice* contains the remark. Either way you put it the proverb constitutes an unfortunate reflection on the morals of mothers; unless, of course, the authors were thinking about such puzzles as these.

No collection of scrambled relationships can be complete without the celebrated tangle invented by no less a mogul than Mark Twain, which runs as follows:

NOTE LEFT BY A SUICIDE

"I married a widow with a grown daughter. My father fell in love with my step-daughter and married her—thus becoming my son-in-law, and my step-daughter became my mother because she was my father's wife.

"My wife gave birth to a son, who was, of course, my father's brother-in-law, and also my uncle, because he was the brother of my step-mother.

"My father's wife also became the mother of a son, who was, equally of course, my brother, and also my grandchild, for he was the son of my step-daughter.

"Accordingly, my wife was my grandmother because she was my father's wife's mother—I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time—and as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather—I AM MY OWN GRANDFATHER!"

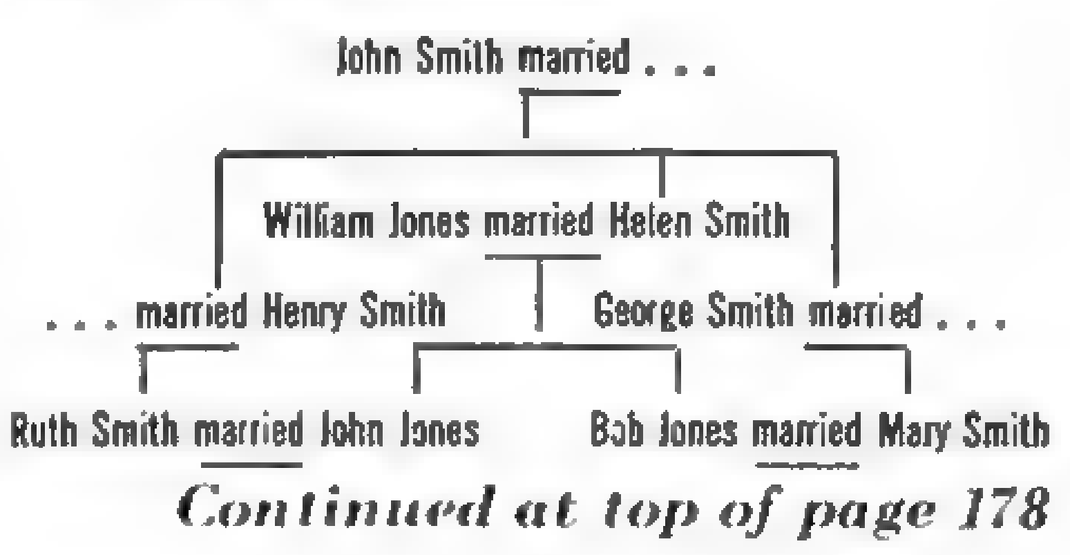
Certainly no one ever got into such a tangle before or since, and his seeking of the quiet of the tomb was entirely justified.

ANSWERS

The statement that "A man married his widow's sister" is easily explained. A man marries a woman, who dies; he then marries his deceased wife's sister, and himself dies. It is then entirely correct to say "He married his widow's sister," because he did—before he married his widow.

The gentleman spoken of by the ladies on the bus was the speaker's uncle.

To explain the brother-in-law and father-in-law tangle we had best resort to a family tree. Here it is; let us call the families involved Smith and Jones, just to be original:


John Smith married . . .
William Jones married Helen Smith
. . . married Henry Smith
George Smith married . . .
Ruth Smith married John Jones
Bob Jones married Mary Smith

Continued at top of page 178

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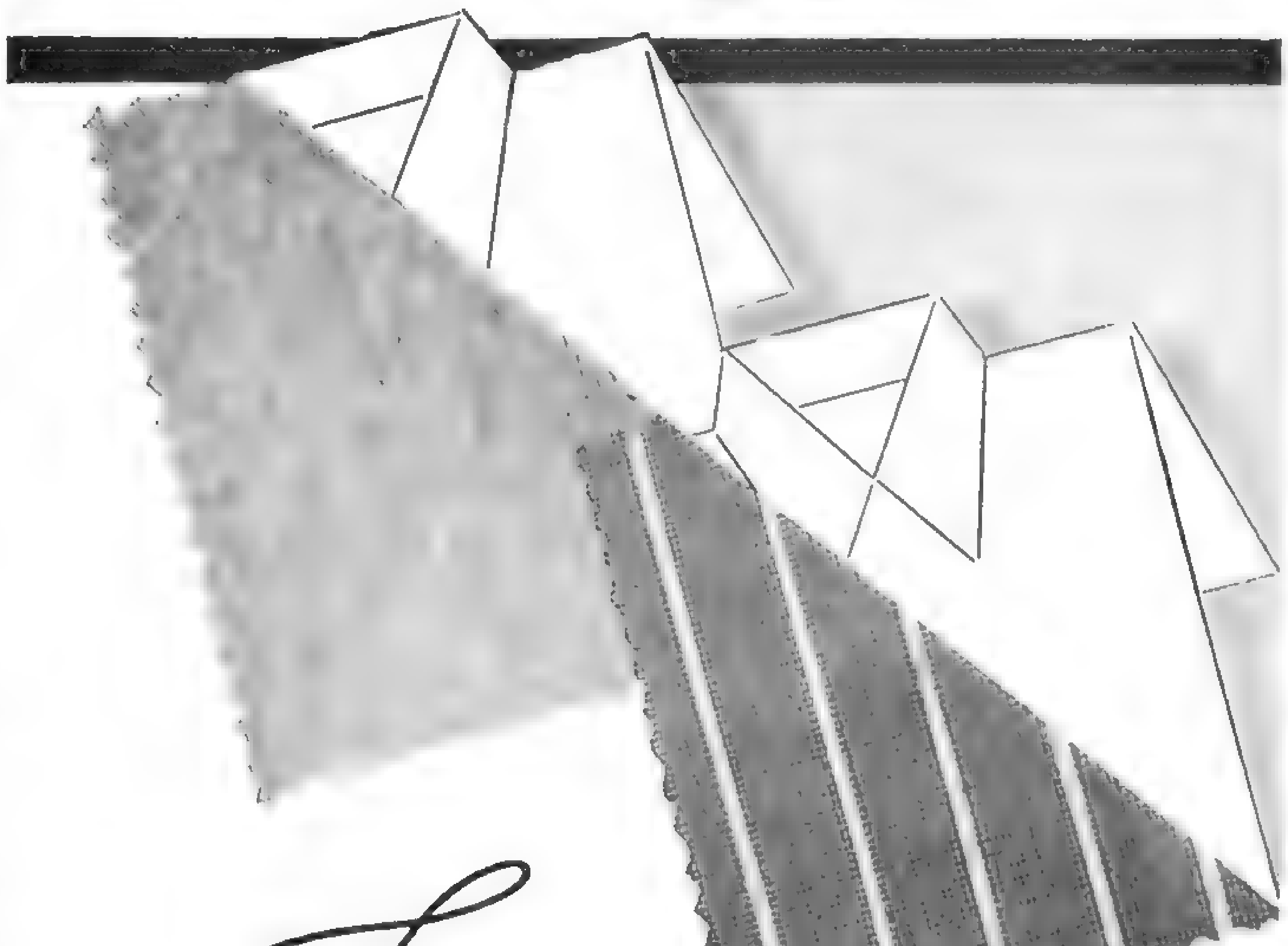

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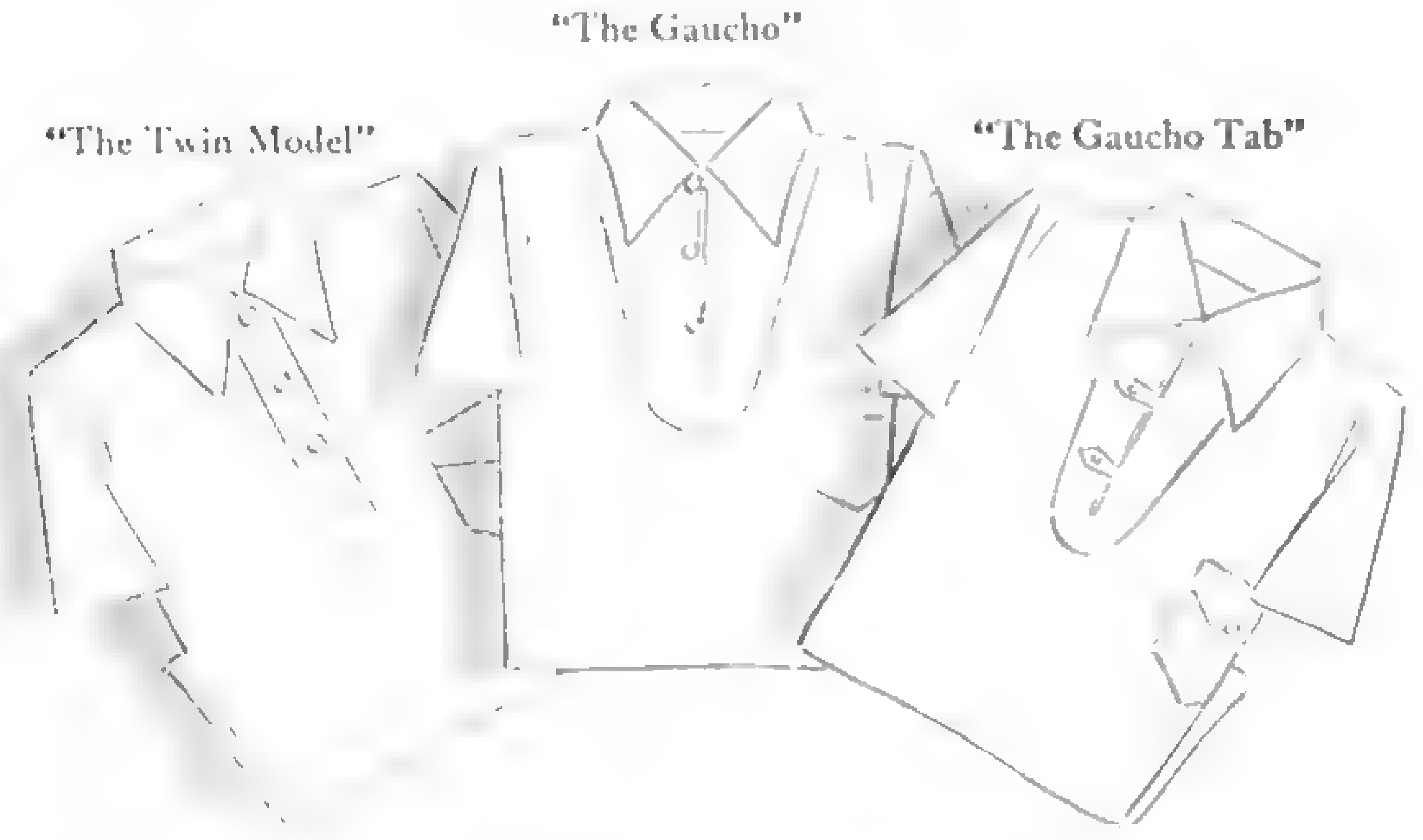

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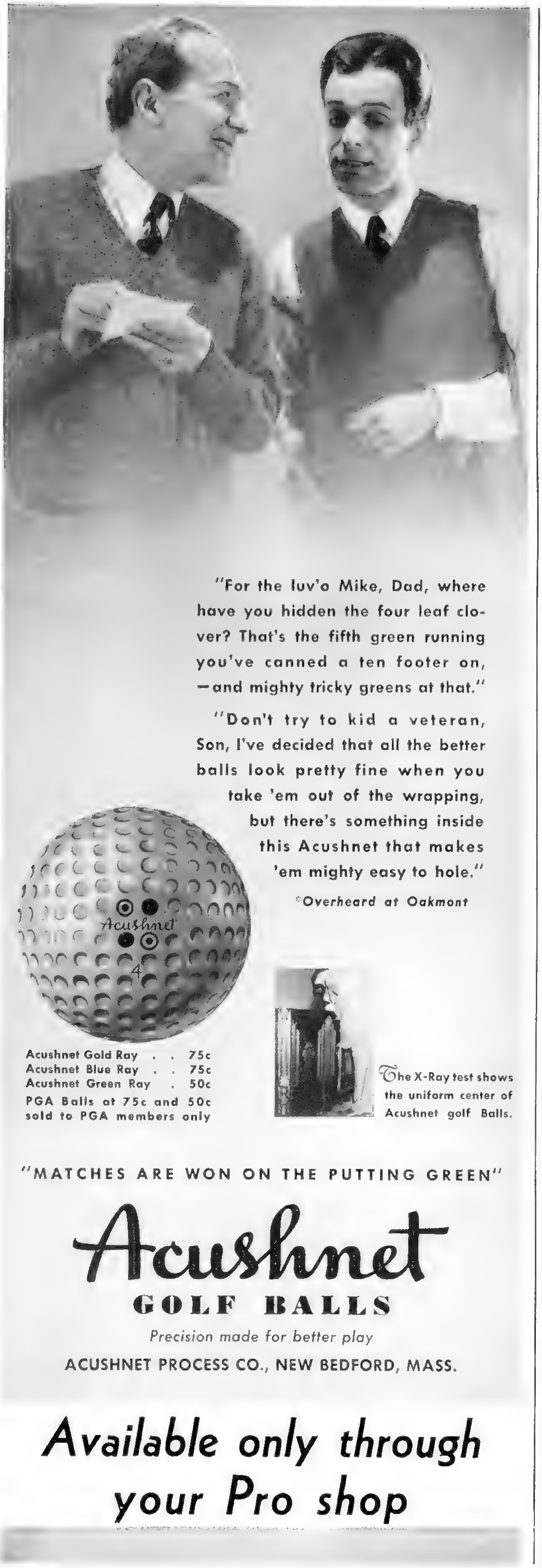
"For the luv'o Mike, Dad, where have you hidden the four leaf clover? That's the fifth green running you've canned a ten footer on, —and mighty tricky greens at that."

"Don't try to kid a veteran, Son, I've decided that all the better balls look pretty fine when you take 'em out of the wrapping, but there's something inside this Acushnet that makes 'em mighty easy to hole."

*Overheard at Oakmont

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So's Your Old Man

Continued from pages 85-177

Now John Jones can say to George Smith, "You are my father's brother-in-law, because my father married your sister Helen; you are my brother's father-in-law because my brother Bob married your daughter Mary; and you are my father-in-law's brother because my wife Ruth was your brother Henry's daughter."

As for the young man who was Augustus Smith's nephew but not his sister Sophronisba's nephew, well—he was her son.

And the family party of seven consisted of two little girls and a boy, their father and mother, and their father's father and mother. This accounts for everybody listed, as you will see if you check on it.

The man who was the other man's uncle and nephew at the same time was a son by the following marriage: two men each married the mother of the other, and a son was born to each marriage.

Each of these sons is at the same time the uncle and nephew of the other. I might state that there are other ways of getting the same answer; but this one is the simplest.

And of course "Brothers and sisters have I none . . ." that man's father is myself. Surely I am "my father's son." #

When Irish I's Are Smiling

Continued from page 70

understand the love all Irishmen have for talent. Ford himself doesn't talk much about Ford. But get him to talk about August's photography and you get eloquence.

August can photograph moods, and after Ford had visited Ireland he wanted to make *The Informer* and he wanted Joe August to make it for him. In Ireland he met O'Flaherty and even Gypo, the original of the character McLaglen subsequently played in *The Informer*. Gypo was O'Flaherty's handy man.

Ford came back to Hollywood, his thinning hair all on fire with the idea of making a sockeroo picture out of *The Informer*. The producers were afraid of it. It was too depressing, too realistic, too different from the routine program pictures, and besides hadn't British International made a version of it with Conrad Veidt back in 1929 and flopped with it?

So Ford went to sea and made *The Lost Patrol*. That was a grim, realistic story and when it clicked R. K. O.-Radio listened to what he and Joe could do with *The Informer*. Cliff Reid, who produced *The Lost Patrol* said yes to *The Informer* and then everything was set.

They couldn't spend much money on sets, but Joe said he'd fix that.

How he fixed it is one of the miracles of Hollywood. The cheapest thing, he learned long ago, was light. The next cheapest thing in Hollywood is fog. In *The Informer* all the street scenes were on one little set, but August lighted the little set a thousand different ways, and with smoke and fog made a glorified soap box look like a big, gloomy Irish city.

Those who work with him say August doesn't know how he does these things, but that's mistaking inarticulateness for instinct. He knows, but he can't explain.

He says the things the actors can't say, or the writers can't write. The cold, dismal feeling of the slums is realism and August has a feeling for realism. He photographed McLaglen without make-up and so his lenses went right through McLaglen's skin to his soul. He caught the half Irish part of McLaglen and smoked out the rest.

"He made all the difference between a good picture and a great picture," said Jack Ford when everybody was tossing Ford all the orchids for the success of *The Informer*.

"How long did it take him to do it? Twenty-four years. He came out of Denver that long ago and his first job was in the Tom Ince studio. He was cranking camera on the William S. Hart oat operas before most of us now rolls-roycing around Hollywood had ever seen a two-gun man.

"When I came to Hollywood I went to a similar school of action. I began as a prop boy at Universal where my brother Francis Ford and Grace Cunard were making elegant serials. I took his stage name and dropped the O'Fiennes overboard. I worked on nearly two hundred westerns and even directed *The Iron Horse* by the time I was 28, but I couldn't get exactly what I wanted on a screen till I ran into Joe August."

It all reminded me of a conversation I had in London years ago with Karl Freund, an ace German cameraman who had cranked on *Variety*, *Berlin* and other pre-Nazi successes. Freund laid the whole success of pictures to westerns.

"People accepted the most incredible stunts in westerns," he said, "because they believed a photograph was a document and documents never lie. The scenery was beautiful and true, so the stories had to be beautiful and true too. Anybody trained in westerns was trained for anything."

Well, Ford and August have proved his point and if the front offices don't let them go on proving it they can always read them the riot act and go back to westerns. Meanwhile they're going to see what they can do with Sean O'Casey's *The Plough And The Stars*.

Their Irish I's are smiling. #

Safer . . . and More Beautiful!

Handsome is as handsome does in this stunning Pontiac. These graceful, uncluttered roof lines are the lines of safety as well as of style for this smoothly rounded top is a single piece of solid steel, an ever-present protection as well as a thing of lasting, time-defying beauty

You ought to look into this!

Beneath its bright and lustrous surface Body by Fisher combines more of safety, more of comfort, more of style and strength than any other automobile body in the world. The roomy luxury of its perfectly appointed interior is kept enjoyable in the worst of weather by Fisher No Draft Ventilation. Its one-piece solid steel "Turret Top" not only protects, but ties the whole body into a stout, weave-proof, shock-proof unit. Style is self-evident in every line and detail of finish, but only experience can show you how small a toll hard usage extracts—how long and service-free is the life of the solid steel "Turret Top" Body by Fisher. One of the best reasons for making your next car a General Motors car is the fact that only members of this famous family have Body by Fisher with Fisher No Draft Ventilation and the one-piece solid steel "Turret Top."

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HE WANTS A ROYAL PORTABLE FOR GRADUATION Z-Z-Z
Roeg

Now's the time to put the "bee" on poppa!

You've needed a New Royal a long while. Just think how one would have helped these last three months!

But that's as three minutes compared to the way you'll need one from now on!

Because today the demand is for men with ideas—men who can think at the keys of a typewriter.

A few hours this summer and you'll master it—be able to type like a veteran, ready to get the most out of school or business.

You can do this with the New Royal. It is the only portable with Touch Control, Royal's amazing invention which permits you to adapt instantly the key-tension to your exact finger-pressure. Many other exclusive improvements. Yet the New Royal Portable costs only a few cents a day to own!

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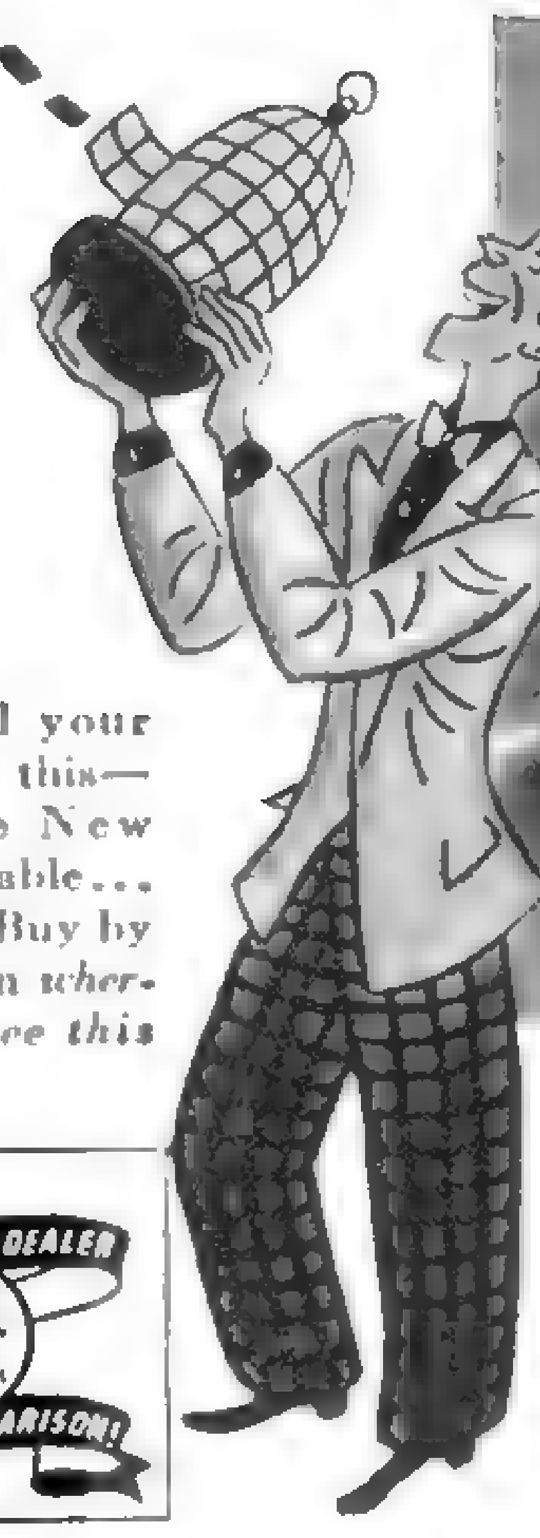


P. S. Tell your bee to add this—"See the New Royal Portable . . . Try it . . . Buy by Comparison *wherever you see this emblem!*"

AUTHORIZED DEALER
ROYAL
PORTABLE TYPEWRITERS
BUY BY COMPARISON!

Royal Typewriter Company, Inc.
Dept. E-66, 2 Park Avenue, New York City

Ammunition, please . . . all about the New Royal Portable with Touch Control!

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8

THE OLD REFRAIN

What the hell's the idea? Have you merged with *Harper's Bazaar* without telling us? I'm speaking of feminine attire advertised in Esquire. For one thing I call it heresy. Other things it can't be called in print.

We men bought your magazine from the first because it was a "Quarterly for Men" and later "The Magazine for Men." Unless you change this to "The Magazine for Fops," you're misrepresenting—using the mails to defraud.

Either you have a lot of feminine readers, however, inconsistent, such as wives of husbands and others. Or you have good space salesmen. Or both.

Certainly you're not doing without food to pay your talent. Certainly there's enough advertising for men only. Are the few dimes you get from this added revenue going to balance the male-reader budget? For not many of us are going to take that one looking at the stars with our ears pinned to the resin.

You're usually tough. Getting soft? Don't tell me there's a woman in the case.

Please, not that.

We hate women? Nothing better . . . in their place.

The word to the wise is, and should be, "Sufficient."

Antagonistically yours,
Rutherford, N. J. Edward Bozorth

THREE AT DARTMOUTH

Salvete from Eleazar to Esquire. We have been interested in following the argument now raging between the five at Smith and the Six at Princeton. While reputed for skis and ski-clothes, we do not always confine our *gelandersprungs* and christies to skiing and therefore feel qualified to take up the torch.

Strange as it may seem we find ourselves forced to agree with the "hot dogs" from the college in New Jersey on some details relating to women's dress. We too think that bonnets should be featherless; and that the coiffure should have a touch of originality although fuzzy-and burr-headed wenches are taboo. As for evening dress, well, the Greeks have the last word. Flowing Grecian gowns recall shades of Eros and Aphrodite (or something to that effect). We might add that tiaras give a final touch to a much desired smoothness.

But for some suggestions:—Women, for God's sake (and ours too) leave off the flaming or vermilion nail paint. Ship that silver, green, black and blue nail lacquer up to Harlem and stick to coral or natural. Knitted dresses are all right at times but very infrequent ones at that. Likewise, kindly confine your shorts to the tennis courts only. And as for those damn ski-rompers which you parade to our Winter Carnival (you thinking they are ski-suits), such as some purple and yellow creations recently exhibited, may they be relegated to the ash heap. May we suggest white jackets or parkas (viz. 1936 Carnival Queen) and dark pants, or suits of dark blue, green or brown in entirety.

You Princetons left out one very important item—women's aggravating affectations and mannerisms. Must we again beg, implore, beseech, and entreat them to stop painting in public? Must they forever knit? And shouldn't they practice what they preach concerning infallible (?) lines?

In men's clothing we find our opinions partially in agreement with both sides (however Princeton might lay off high-hatting Smith, we love her for her faults). As do the Princetons, we like our midnight blues and can't see much wrong with Chesterfields. And to echo Smith:—derbies are out as are bow-ties. Princeton, let's leave those to S. Choirboy, the twirp, and the Harvard gynecomorphics (Web. pg. 444). Likewise mustaches and sloppy socks should be done away with.

Let us suggest no crew cuts, more gabardines and may those dawn, red, and green dinner jackets of Princeton make them ever wallflowers. Here's for more Glen Urquhart jackets and a lusty cheer for brown suede shoes. Personally we don't think much of those side vents on coats—they remind of Dr. Dentons. In the summer we'll take white Shetland and toss out Seersucker.

Having thus given our all we pass the now flaming torch to the Vassar Chain Gang, the Wellesley Whoop-de-Doodles, or the Yale rowdies, but fair Harvard stay clear—you'll get your fingers burned.

Valete,
A Dartmouth Triumvirate
Hanover, N. H.

SNAKES AND EVES

There always has to be a first. The coincidental appearance of three articles in the March issue and my hospitalization (none of your business) for a short time, with much time on my hands, has resulted in my entering the much-too-damn-long list of letter-to-editor writers. "For each one kills the thing he loves" (or was it "slays"), which means, of course, that I enjoy Esquire no end, and feel its few faults all the more keenly therefor.

I agree with someone who wrote recently that you are getting too damned morbid. I almost expect to find the magazine printed in Russian one of these days.

I wonder if a prerequisite to entrance to your contributing staff is the ability to deride or derogate someone else in unusual terms, and to make mountains out of mole-hills (I plead guilty, too). But why does V-W-Potter get so hot under the collar, or doesn't he realize that any three critics could tear his *Revue of Reviews* to pieces, merely by picking on his choice of diction? Imagine using a whole half-column on the fact that a critic used the word "credible" where the great Potter would have used another adjective.

Next time you have someone write a snake article, how about having it checked up by a herpetologist. I don't mind a yarn that is obviously a yarn, where facts don't matter, but here are a few ideas, as set forth by Mr. Mannix, which need correction:

Snakes can bite or strike from any position. They don't even have to be coiled at all. The shortest time recorded between the bite, and the death of the victim, a young boy, is seven minutes. (The King Cobra can kill in ½ minute.) As a rule, rattlers don't *bite* with their poison fangs, they strike, and the momentum carries the loosely hinged fangs into the victim. That is, the fangs swing out, and are carried into the flesh of the victim by the force of the snake's movement.

It is true that snakes don't commit suicide, yet it is also true that they do kill themselves . . . the point is that they strike at any moving object, and, if excited, seeing their own tail move, will strike at it. And it will die of its own poison. Hogs, by the way, are immune to rattlers, because of their enormous layer of fat. It takes from one to four weeks for the poison to be renewed, after a snake has been "milked" of its poison. When it strikes at an object it may have some poison left, but when milked takes weeks for replenishment. Snakes will strike three or four times or more at an object that annoys them. But it is also true that they will run away if they can.

Practically all poisons are taken into the blood stream and distributed throughout the body, to various organs. Rattlesnake poison hits blood and nervous system.

No one who does any snakebite treatment today uses potassium permanganate in any strength. It just isn't used. Incision, tourniquet, and suction, is the accepted method of treatment. In the Jackson Hospital in San Antonio (which treats, and successfully, more rattlesnake bites than any other place in the country) they hardly ever use antivenin any more. They find the suction treatment, with other usual supportive measures (as can be found only in a hospital) to be the best.

It is rather amusing that *all* these trips *always* have a pre-medical student along to add local and bizarre color effects. And interesting, too, to see them change from pre-medical to medical students in about half an hour.

One parting shot . . . the orange-colored rattler is *not* Crotalus Horridus!

And now to another section of discontent—so women are good drivers, eh? Well, let me tell *you*. . . .

Why the emphasis on inexperience, and on the results of this test and that test . . . we aren't interested in the way they'll drive 20 years from now (or isn't that enough experience), or what grades they make on psychology tests. It's what they do *on the road* that counts.

So police officers think women are better drivers, too, eh? Mr. Kearney must have spoken to different W. C. P. police officers than I used to meet. And since when has "Dr." Kearney decided to set aside the verdict of medical men of authority who say that men and women *are* different, fundamentally, physiologically and psychologically (whether better or worse is beside the point)?

Traffic arrests (which impressed Mr. Kearney so much that he italicized the numbers) mean nothing. Even guileless Mr. Kearney knows that a coy smile works wonders when a man's argument won't. I have personally seen a certain spot picked as a trap for certain offenses and have seen 18 drivers commit the same minor offense, 10 men and 8 women (in a suburban town where there are many women drivers), and all 10 men received summonses, while only 2 women (who were foolish enough to talk back instead of turning on the sunny smile) were dealt with the same way. And it happens all the time.

I divide women into two classes of drivers . . . good and bad. When they are good, they are very very good, easily the equal of good men drivers, but the vast majority of them are bad. Here, of course, Mr. Kearney says, oh no not bad, just inexperienced. The answer is the same . . . we are talking about drivers now, not 20 years from now. Besides, *if* a woman is the same as a man, then the young woman just learning to drive ought to drive with as much regard for others as the young man just learning. (Someone try to tell me now that women have the same sense of obedience to law, and honor and integrity, etc., etc., etc. and etc).

And courtesy . . . I hope devoutly that I shall some day see an act of courtesy by a woman driver . . . and I have seen a *few* by men drivers! Women feel that they are women . . . and therefore mere men should give them the right of way—and left of way—and every other direction. Why is left-road driving inexperience? Granted it may be the first time, how about after that? And how about the angry scowl you get when you try to pass, and she won't move over and you dare to honk again . . . even gently!

I should like to see *where* Mr. Kearney had all that wonderful hand-signaling (feminine) done for his benefit. Out West no one signals, and they are most *all* crazy drivers (except you and me, of course), but back East, even in the Westchester section (I lived there a year, and know whereof I speak) I found very very few women signallers as compared to men (and the women drivers there outnumber the men).

And mileage per accident ought to mean something. Taxi and insurance company statistics prove that *per mile driven*, in all kinds of weather and under all conditions, the women average over twice as many accidents. Why say "Oh, she's inexperienced." The answer is "Then she is not a good driver."

And apparently Mr. Kearney and Col. Connor are in favor of back-seat drivers. Well, I'm not.

The answer seems to be that good drivers are good drivers, and bad drivers are bad drivers, man or woman, and that whatever the cause, inexperience, psychology, physiology, or what have you, women, as drivers, are not, *as a group*, the equal of men drivers.

We can rehash this 20 years from now.

Sincerely,
Fort Bliss, Tex. RAYMOND W. SASS

RIGHT! LEFT! RIGHT!

Your article on Prince Starhemberg which appeared in a recent number of ESQUIRE represents the ultimate in prostitution of the writer's talent. It is understood of course that writers must live, and therefore they cannot be too choosy about the matter of accuracy in their literary efforts. As long as a statement looks good on paper and will amuse people, the chances are it will sell, and after all that is what the author is after.

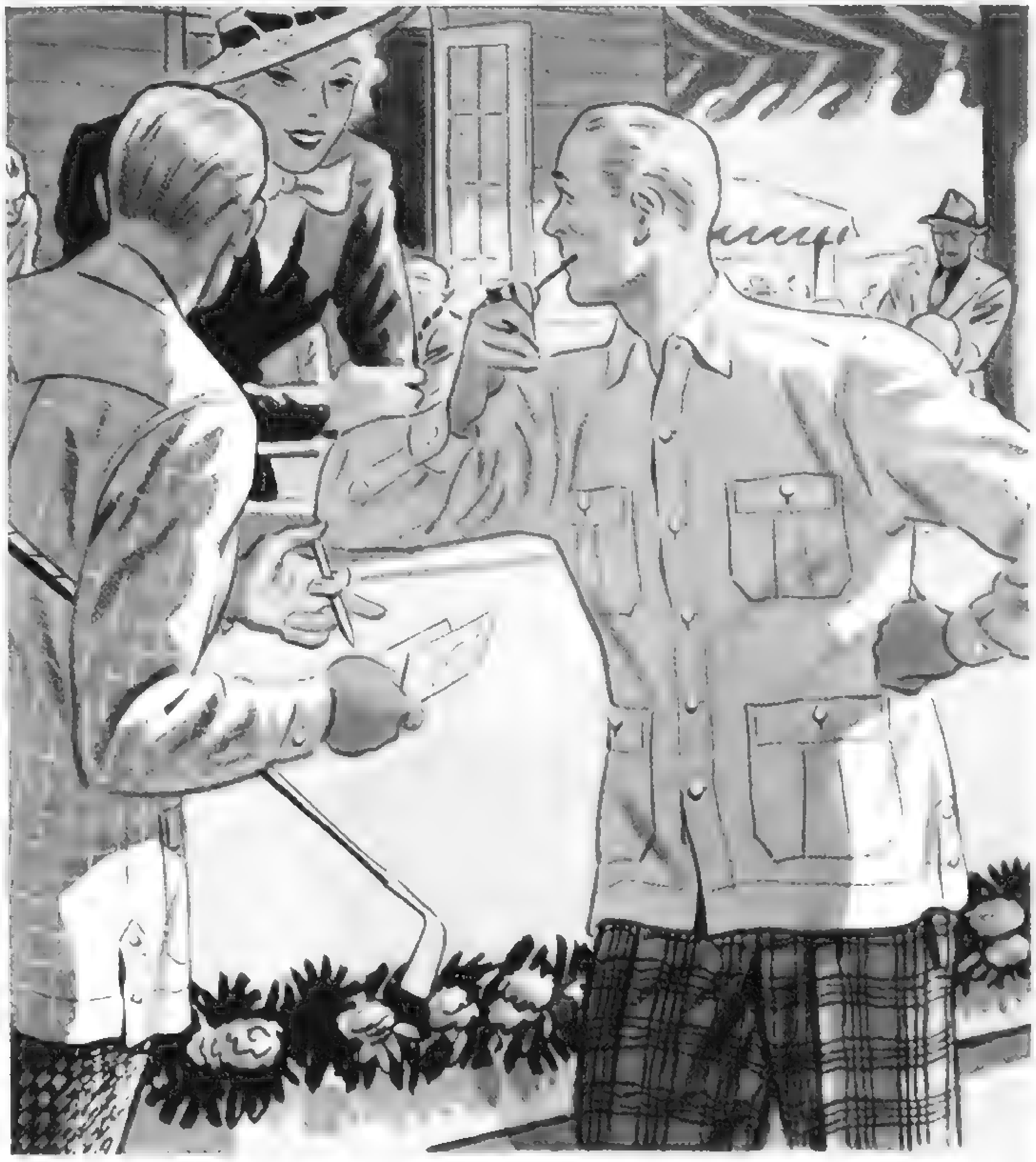
The article on Prince Starhemberg is not only deliberately malicious and fictitious, not only derogatory and derisive in the approved psuedo-satiric style of the Gentlemen of the Left; it is not only inaccurate and deceptive, superficial and unwarranted, but also it is clever. It is admirably designed to amuse those who know nothing about Austria or Austrians. This is its first and primary function—to provoke belly chuckles. The secondary motive, to get the uninformed to digest this sugar coated bit of misinformation about Austria and to lay down the magazine with the idea that now they have a true picture of Starhemberg and Austria, and thus provide for the inculcation of an anti-Austrian feeling in the minds of the readers of ESQUIRE—this motive is well screened behind the rib-tickling phraseology.

Presumably you have kept in close touch with European affairs, and therefore know quite well that Prince Starhemberg would not be King of Austria for anything, nor even Regent so long as he can possibly get out of it. Of course one must take into account the peculiar mentalities of gentlemen of Leftist persuasions; a good deal of cleverness and even brilliance mixed up with a dash of extraordinary obtuseness. There is just a chance that you do believe what you say, and if that should be the case, I apologize for doubting your honesty in writing this article. Superficially, however, you seem deliberately insincere, an insincerity inspired perhaps by the desire to drive a wedge between the Monarchist forces in Austria, a strategy attempted by the Nazis with a certain measure of success.

Prince Starhemberg knows that being a King in these days—and especially being a King of a poor nation such as Austria—is a twenty-four hour a day job. The Prince is not looking for that kind of a job. Like most Austrians his primary object in life is to enjoy it. Admittedly a somewhat comic opera character in his pursuit of the major vices, he is by no means unintelligent and he is capable of great spurts of energy. Sustained mental effort is something that he shies away from, however, as he quite frankly admits himself. There, incidentally you have the key to the Austrian national character; Austrians, as a race, are not so dumb as some authors have liked to imagine them; the fact is they are intellectually lazy.

The Hapsburgs are the Imperial Family. The Starhembergs may be older, they may always hold themselves somewhat aloof, but the time is not yet when a Starhemberg will turn against the legitimate Emperor. The most fanatical followers of the House realize that restoration is not an immediate issue because of the attitude of the Little Entente (the little Serbian dogs are barking loudly just now), and because there are pressing social and economic problems which must be solved before Kaiser Otto ascends

Continued on page 182



The Breezecoat

Wear it for golf—at the club —and for evenings around home

There are two outstanding outdoor "firsts" for 1936. One is the style of jacket worn all day by the Cuban planters, complete to the little side-vents utilized when they ride. The other is the comfortable and porous type of fabric as first worn by the peasants. We've combined them in this one smart garment. Requires no coat, shirt, or undershirt. Wear it around the house in place of a coat or "shirtsleeves"; wear it for sports in or out of your slacks. Of a sturdy, porous fabric in a natural linen shade, or natural with a self overcheck. Sizes — small, medium and large $5

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Where you'll find authentic men's fashions—FIRST!

A short Johnnie Walker before dinner . . .
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Clothed in tradition . . . backed by common sense . . . is the custom of enjoying a "Johnnie Walker and soda" before dinner. Smooth, tangy, bracing . . . it whets the appetite and warms the spirit.

And, of course, after dinner, you'll find the knowing ones sticking with Johnnie Walker. For no whisky "sits better" after food and drink. Johnnie Walker Scotch Whisky is BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. All Red Label is 8 years old; Black Label, 12. So stick with Johnnie Walker . . . for an evening with this genial gentleman means a fresh and pleasant tomorrow.

No matter what the clock says stick with . . .

JOHNNIE WALKER

"SCOTLAND'S MOST FAMOUS WHISKY"

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK, SOLE DISTRIBUTOR

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8-181

the throne of his ancestors. Otherwise, apart from moral reasons, His Majesty would start out with two strikes on him.

If Austria continues to exist as an independent state, and it will continue to do so as long as peace lasts in Europe, then one day the Hapsburgs will come back. And if they do not come back and Austria falls, then it is the end of Europe anyway and nothing much will matter. Senseless prediction? No, because Austria is the centerpiece of the European structure, and if ever the Nazis win her, then in short order it will be the end of Czecho-Slovakia and Greater Roumania, and if anyone is optimistic enough to suppose that these changes can be brought about without a European war and all that such an eventuality implies, then such a person has great disillusionments in store for him before he ends his days.

In order that Austria may continue her independent existence and become a livable country for every one of her inhabitants, a supreme executive who is above all parties is necessary, in order that one group shall not rule the country exclusively and indefinitely. Only a Hapsburg is above parties, and Prince Starhemberg realizes the fact that the above-mentioned condition excludes him.

Heimwehr, Legitimists, Christian Socialists, Social Democrats, and even Nazis, can all cooperate in a peaceable and progressive government, so long as all parties admit the principle of the Kingship, and a Socialist or Nazi victory at the polls does not automatically entail a fight for a change in the executive head of the country.

Your caricature on Starhemberg's ancestors is not as clever as the rest of your article. Anyone who has the brains Christ gives to green grasshoppers realizes that the old Knights were products of their period. Not plaster saints in any age, they seem unprincipled from a twentieth century point of view. But an attempt to deal with a twelfth century character in twentieth century terms of morality indicates a complete lack of perspective—a common failing of the Leftist gentry.

Since you are a Hungarian yourself, Herr Lengyel, you certainly must have some knowledge of the character of Austrians and Hungarians. Undoubtedly you are perfectly aware that the semi-feudal retainers of the great nobility and the peasantry in general are as independent and self respecting individuals as Europe produces. They don't "fall all over themselves" when the lord happens along, and if one of them feels it necessary to disagree with a Starhemberg, an Apponyi, a Hohenloe, or anyone else, he certainly makes no bones about tying into him.

It is very true that a commoner does not, ordinarily, exceed certain bounds. While not servile in the manner that and American office worker or salesman is servile when in the presence of a superior, the Austrian peasant knows that he is the heir to a thousand-year-old tradition of respect for the nobility. A real understanding of the nature of the deference of the Central European peasantry to the gentry requires a very thorough understanding not only of the traditions and history of the country, but also of the human element itself, and this comprehension you probably do not have as a result of your long aloofness from the lands in question.

Anyway a Hungarian or an Austrian may raise his hat to a Schonburg-Hartenstein or a Forgach Von Gacs und Gymes, and still not be a bootlicker as is the average Western office worker or industrial employee. I would advise you, seriously, to try to assimilate this fact.

The Vienna siege touch is crudely done. In justice to your honesty of purpose I assume that you have never read much about the siege, and certainly nothing about the Turkish losses *before* Sobieski ever got near Vienna. Fortunately any slurs that you cast do not affect the essential truth that Austria saved Europe as much as the Poles did.

Prince Starhemberg was, I believe, wounded twice in the war, and served with distinction on two fronts from 1917 on. Certainly he did not play so innocuous a part as you would have the uninitiated reader believe.

As for Franz Winkler, who is he to speak authoritatively on anything? His own record is not so free from blame certainly. Also he is dunderheaded and possessed of an abortive imagination. At the moment I am not sure just how much the Heimwehr has squeezed out of Mussolini. Sometimes the interests of the two have coincided, and Starhemberg has seen fit to gratify the peasant dictator's grandiose opinion of himself, but the Italians usually run up against a blank wall when they try to impose conditions contrary to the welfare of Austria upon the Heimwehr which admittedly has its quota of crooks and traitors who would cheerfully sell anything to the Italians or anyone else for a price.

The fiction that Mussolini originated the putsch on the Socialists in 1934 is still being perpetuated by the John Gunther type of writer. The so-called *putsch* originated in a speech made by Julius Deutsch about three years ago; a number of men who were Austrians before anything else agreed that after that speech the Socialists would have to be dealt with forcibly in all probabilities, because (1) they were violently opposed to the Hapsburgs whom they attacked with a viciousness that simply could not be borne by men who retained their feelings of loyalty to this great family, (2) because they attacked the church which is the root of everything Austrian, and (3) because they were Socialists first and Austrians not at all, totally devoid of any feeling for and appreciation of Austria's past, culture, traditions, and institutions; if only they had been Austrians first and Socialists second everything could have been different. The verbal belligerence of the Socialists' leaders closed the door on any possibility of reconciliation.

Of course it was not realized that when the showdown came the Socialists would be clever enough to hide themselves behind their women and children in the apartment buildings, and thus put the forces of the Right in the wrong in the eyes of the world. What was intended was to round up the leaders at the first provocation and if possible get the *Schutzbund* out into the open and thrash the daylights out of it. Like many other ideas this one did not work out right.

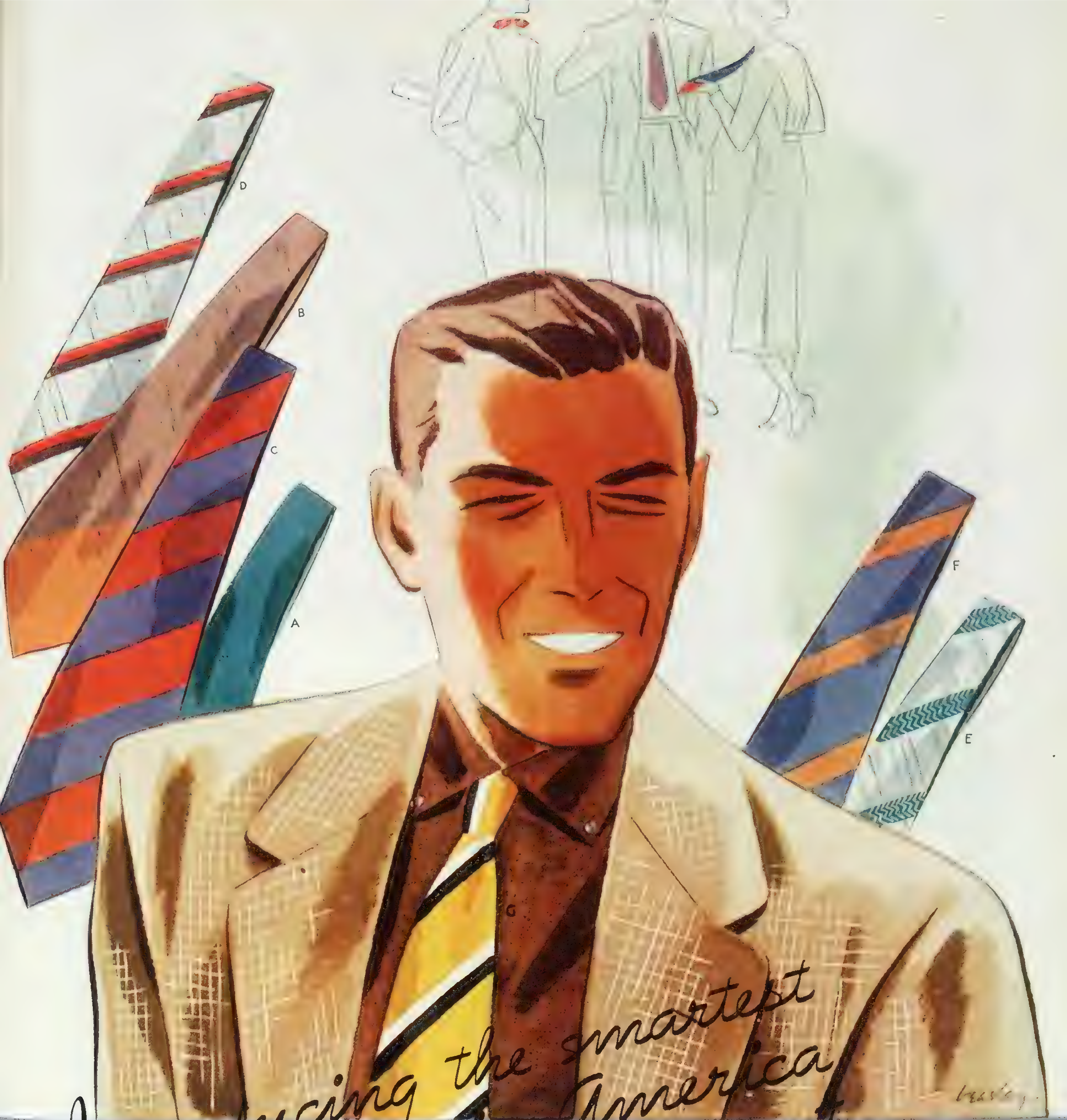
To return to the subject of Starhemberg, he is perfectly aware of Mussolini's feeling for him. Mussolini does not like him, but thinks he can use him. Starhemberg will play with Mussolini so long as the interests of Austria are served by his doing so, but Mussolini has already found out that the Prince is one person he cannot bluff or intimidate—naturally, since it is not to be supposed that the holder of a thousand-year-old name can be handled in such a manner by a man of peasant blood, no matter how forceful the latter may be.

Your worst mistake in the whole article is your exceedingly incorrect portrayal of Chancellor Schussnigg. By no stretch of the imagination is he "a pleasantly colorless personality." It is quite true that he is no demagogic extrovert, neither is he a genius. He is, however, an eminent constitutional lawyer, a man possessing a good war record, and an exemplary personal life. He is as honest and hard working an executive as there is in office today anywhere in the world.

No one possessing such qualifications and characteristics is colorless.

Very truly yours,
S. W. GOULD,
Sec. Austrian Independence League
Chicago, Ill.

Continued on page 184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The newest mode for the fashionable man . . . styled in Summer's smartest patterns . . . a new four-fold construction . . . is washable . . . easy to knot . . . cool . . . and hard to muss . . . see these smart PALM BEACH Cravats at your favorite Men's Shop or Department Store . . . they're a "BEAU BRUMMELL" origination . . . a style triumph!

Four-In-Hands, $1.00 Bows, 65¢

Every tie bears this label, your assurance that it is made of genuine Palm Beach cloth.

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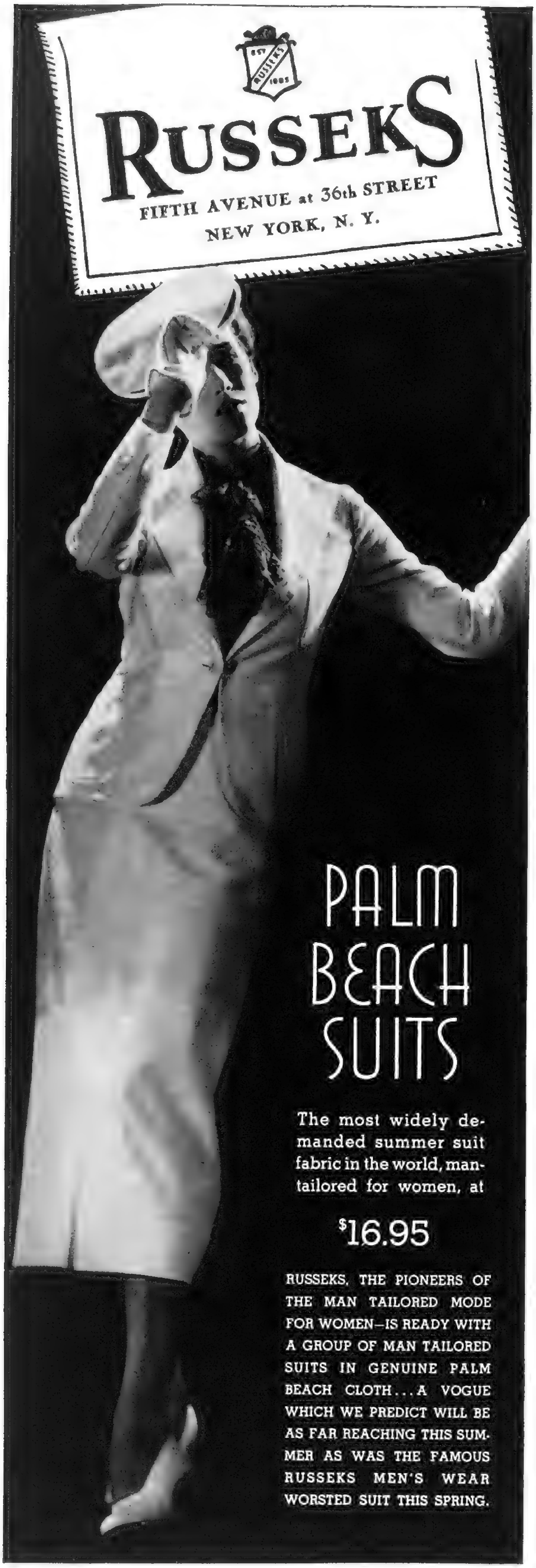
THE WEISBAUM BROS., BROWER COMPANY Cincinnati



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The most widely demanded summer suit fabric in the world, man-tailored for women, at

$16.95

RUSSEKS, THE PIONEERS OF THE MAN TAILORED MODE FOR WOMEN—IS READY WITH A GROUP OF MAN TAILORED SUITS IN GENUINE PALM BEACH CLOTH . . . A VOGUE WHICH WE PREDICT WILL BE AS FAR REACHING THIS SUMMER AS WAS THE FAMOUS RUSSEKS MEN'S WEAR WORSTED SUIT THIS SPRING.

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8-181-182

BULLY-BEEF FROM A MAVERICK

Don't tell us that there aren't any new plays to review because we learn from better periodicals—certainly not from you—that there are. Potter is making an ass of himself. His first two articles were crap and everybody knows it and we can't believe that you don't. Is he going to review current plays or are you going to throw him out?

Furthermore, Seldes' *Eros* was mightly like a rose we submitted to you some time ago, which has since been published elsewhere. Or is it going to be that he has had it in the bottom of the very convenient trunk for lo these many years?

Furthermore, you have only published one *good* short story since and including your first issue—Hemingway's. You *have* published some amusing ones—notably Michael Fessier's—but only one good one. As for Louis Paul, people are just beginning to realize their mistake. To us he never was even a flash in the pan.

Furthermore, occasional good material in your articles is ruined by atrocious writing, your Names are either has-beens (F.) or are saving their good writing for magazines, if not better, at least noted more for their literary excellence than you, your jokes aren't funny, and the sophomoric letters you print clearly reveal your class of reader's sophistication. We blush for you. You may make over two million a year from circulation alone, but you don't make a good magazine even so.

This letter is anonymous. We wish you a speedy return to your less widespread coat-and-pants connections. We hope you choke.

Editor's Note: *We still don't like the story you submitted.*

IF, IF, 1000 X IF

You might add, as a supplement to the article *She's No Longer Faithful If*—that this also applies if, after she finds you deeply immersed in the article itself, you catch her sneaking into the bathroom with Esquire opened at the faithless page. She's going to check on herself now, and look at the loopholes she left behind her. And I'll bet ten bucks to a yard of jerked moose meat she discovers, she isn't as smart as she thought she was.

More power to Esquire.

Sincerely,

Amsterdam, N. Y. F. N. Ellers

EVOLUTION OF SOUR PUSS

I am getting more of a sour puss each month as I scan through what was once something I looked forward to with anticipation. "A New Face with Lizzie's Cream Mask, Sweet Strands of softest cashmere, Dish Rag Hats, etc." How soon before the cockeyed nurse will greet us on a full page solemnly squinting through a roll of the stuff that made Chic Sale famous. Soon the lucky woman in eight will be smiling in the midst of her seven anguished sisters. The uplift articles will be confined to the brassiere ads and we will be informed that we can wear our sheerest gowns with no qualms. What the hell is this, anyway? Will we be driven back to the *Argosy* for our reading?

I think that your 400,000 circulation is getting those punks on the advertising staff a trifle slug-nutty. It is also starting to show in your reading matter. I read an alleged sea story a month or so ago and the writer, damn him, spelled hawser, "hauser" about five times. A "hauser," you damn fool, is a German house, or such, and a "hawser" is a line, not a rope. As an amateur cook, I am interested in some more of your high living recipes. I could give you a recipe for spaghetti that has laid them in the aisles time and again.

These screwy puzzles you have started to print are the bunk. I've laid awake nights after reading them and wondered what kind of a crackpot figured them out in the first place.

Better yet, how about some real deep stories. Like this: A woman is driving down a cobbled street in an old model T Ford. As she goes around a corner the motor poops out and dies. She gets out, lifts the hood and looks at the engine. A mug steps off the curb, lifts his hat and says, "Can I help you?" and she answers "No." Tell this to a bunch some night and watch them. If they laugh uproariously, you know they are liars. If they look serious and start to figure it out, get their hats and ease them out the front door. Nuts to you! It's as good as some of your stories and better than a lot of them.

Yours for clean living,

Alan A. Alexander

San Francisco, Calif.

STEIN SONG FOR POOR OLD ESQ.

Below is a theme song for your editorial board to try close harmony on the next Saturday night when they all go around the corner to Sweeney's place to get stiff and cackle gleefully, prodding each other admiringly in the ribs with typewriter-calloused forefingers, congratulating each other on their most recent and heinous literary crimes.

Oh we print Esquire and we're very tough,
Sweetness and light is very old stuff—
We gotta have murders or adulteries at least,
Of fornication each page is a feast.

If a writer ain't cynical he ain't in on our rates,
'Cause we're smart-alecks, wisecrackers, sophisticates:
So rally 'round the ads boys, a-rootin' tootin' bevy—
Our seelect public eats it up, so spread the slush on heavy.

I hope this breaks your heart.

Seattle, Wash. Ridgely Cummings

TEACHING MEYER LIFE'S FACTS

This is the first . . . but since you've made so much of Choirboy . . . I simply can't pass up Meyer Levin's March review.

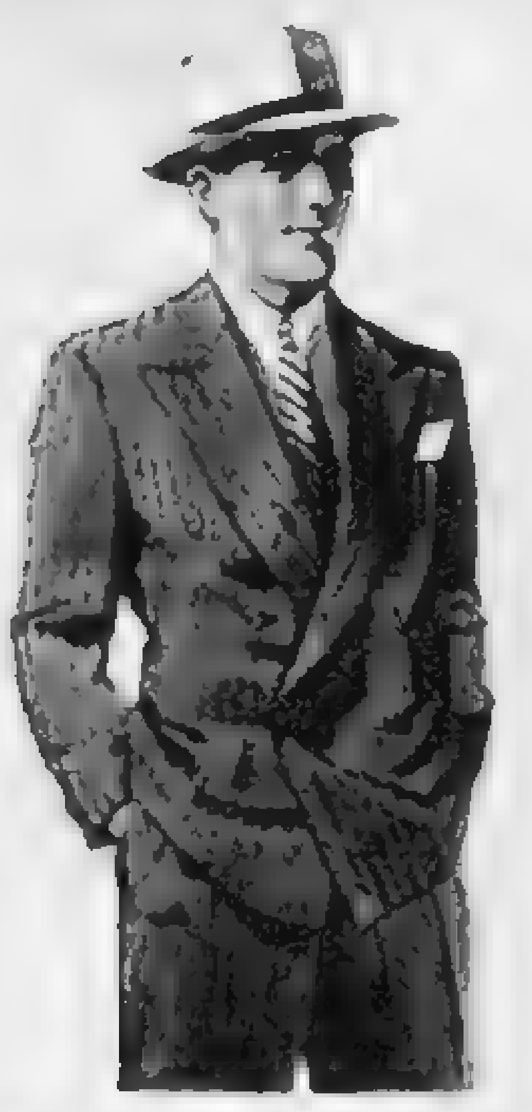
I suppose thousands of letters have bewailed Meyer's knowledge of the Bees and the Flowers . . . but his statement on page 185 certainly deserves to be duly credited by those of us to whom the psychiatrist's wife in *Private Worlds* was quite as true as anything we see in most of the movies today.

We wonder just how deeply Meyer thought about his statement in regard to the operation; ". . . surgeons doing things around a lady's navel." Is it wrong for us to assume that said lady, who, according to the dialogue, was soon to be a mother, would not need an operation (in the vicinity so aptly put by Meyer) after tumbling down a flight of stairs? Is it wrong to believe that such a combination of environment and circumstances coupled with the type of hysterical tension that is often present during pregnancy might well explain the poor woman's unfortunate experience, and subsequent speedy recovery?

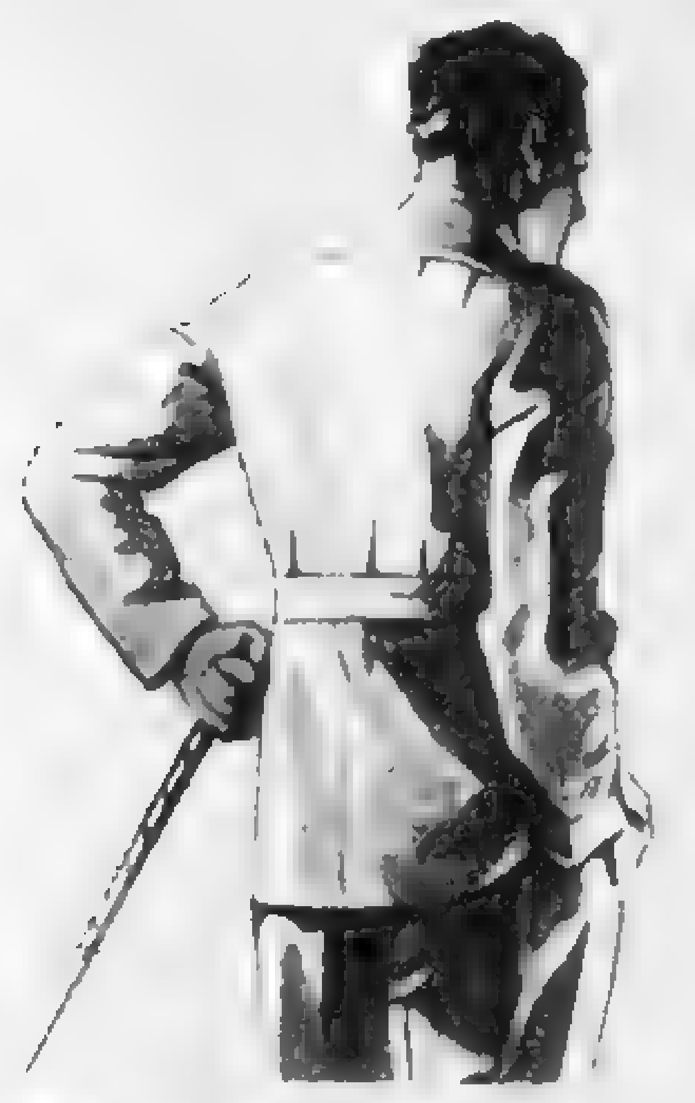
Brace up Meyer, you're doing all right. Only remember that all of us who attend the cinema as an amusement, not a profession, are always able to find the faults in a picture without having them aired over for us. What we want to know is what is good, and what good points to look for, so that we may wring every bit of pleasure out of the brief moments that flash by; occasionally.

Enough is too much, so adios.

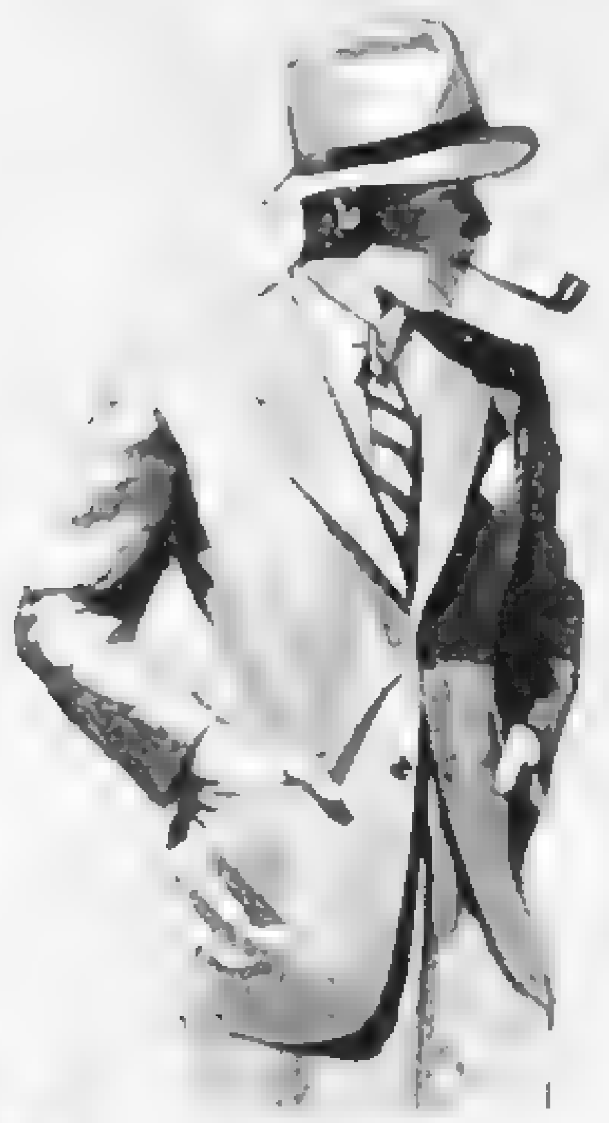
St. Paul, Minn. W. B. Wheelock



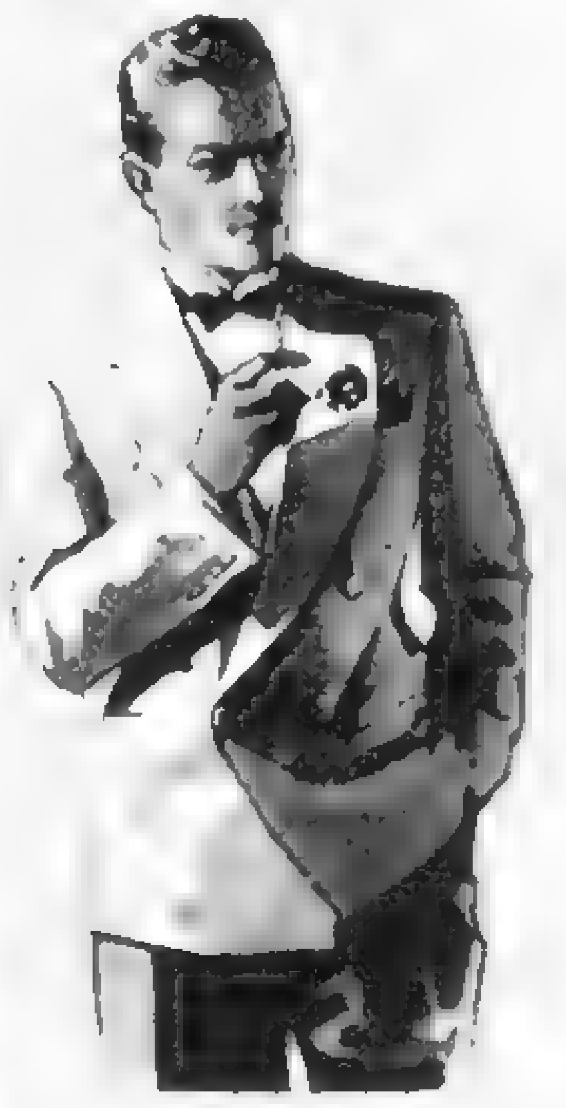
● Handsome *darker* shades in the New Palm Beach, for town and travel *right now*... Smart—shape-retaining—sturdy-wearing... In blues, greys, browns—and in British stripes.



● Ideal... these Palm Beach Sport Suits—combining roomy comfort, authentic style and lasting shapeliness Shown in checks, plaids and the new distinctive fleck weave.

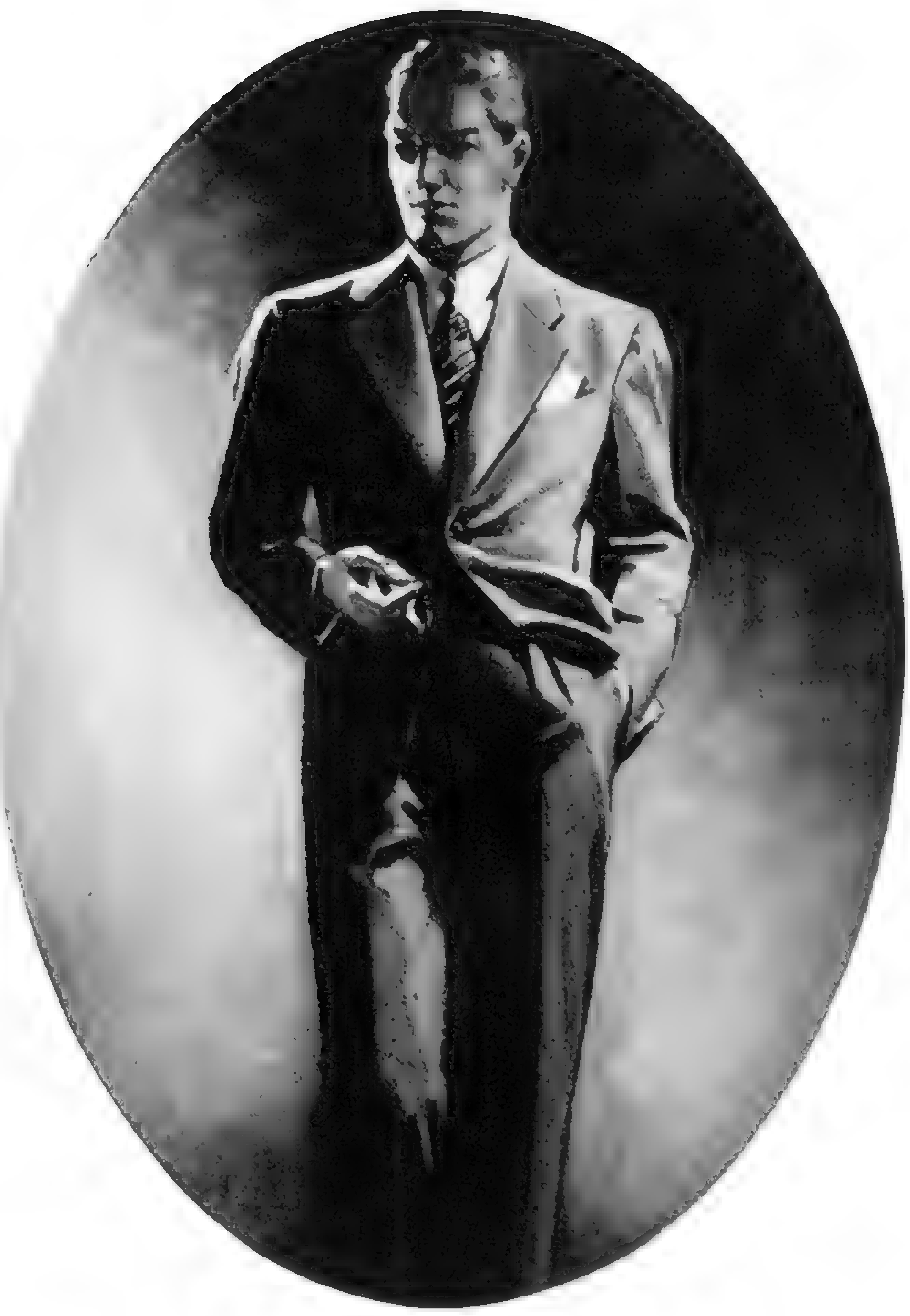


● New weaves... new patterns—in the 1936 Palm Beach, See the airy-light screen weave, with tailoring qualities that belie its feathery weight.



● The Palm Beach Tux: white single or double breasted jacket, black tux trousers.

Model above shows the new notch lapel, with long, graceful swing to bottom button. $18 50.



It is said to be the most widely demanded suit in the world...

● This Summer, the words *"Palm Beach Suits"* will be on the lips of millions of men. For these words have become the symbol of comfort and style ● Yet, how many men know that "Palm Beach" is a patented fabric... made of special cool yarns and cleverly woven and tailored by Goodall?

● Goodall alone make Genuine Palm Beach. Their highly skilled specialists not only produce the famous *fabric*... but also tailor it into the smartest washable garments of Summer.

● The result of this unusual *concentration* is a value unique... and a suit that meets every occasion of warm weather...

PALM BEACH SUITS

GOODALL COMPANY · CINCINNATI

TAILORED BY GOODALL
Palm Beach
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
FROM THE GENUINE CLOTH

Every Genuine Palm Beach Suit bears this label

● Own a new white, a blue, and a grey ...if those are your winning colors. When you feel like wearing the coat of one with the trousers of another... just mix them to suit the morning's mood. Three suits cost you about fifty dollars... and with three suits, you have nine possible changes!

● Slacks that tempt you with a cheap price tag are often bad actors. The New *Palm Beach Slacks* may cost a trifle more, but they're a real investment.

Smart, cool, washable, comfortable... with a shapeliness that stays right with them. Handsome patterns and lively shades . . . . $5.00.

● *Boys' and Students'* Palm Beach suits are styled and tailored like the men's garments. Same handsome weaves, patterns and colors. Smart, sturdy, washable; great for all Spring and Summer wear...

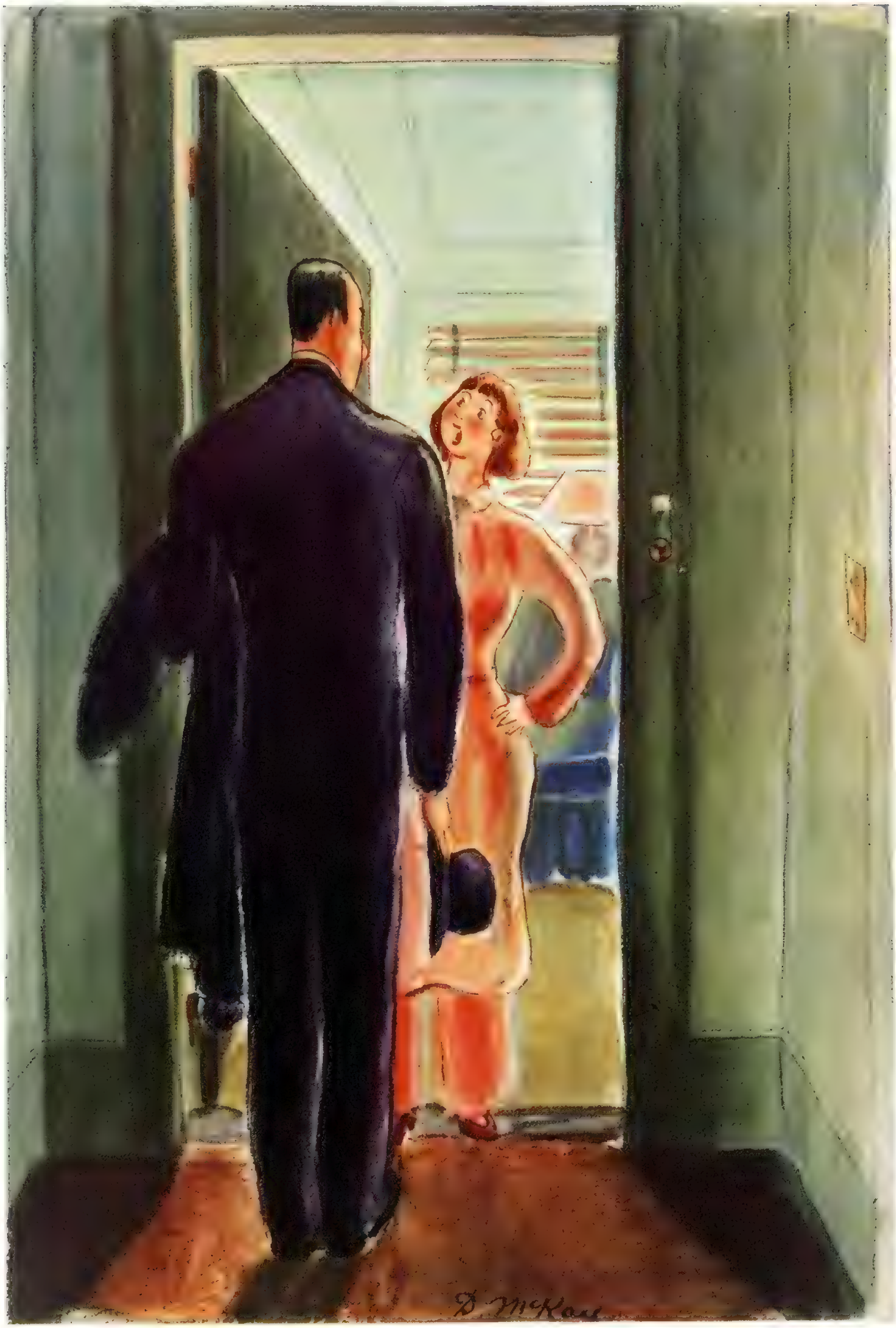
Boys' suits with shorts, knickers and longies; and of course, extra slacks. $5.75, $6.75, $10.75, etc.

● *Palm Beach* owes its fame to its special yarns and patented weave. Never confuse Palm Beach cloth with others, such as linens, cottons or worsteds. Always look for the Palm Beach trademark label shown at the bottom of this page. It is sewn in every garment made of the genuine cloth. The price for all men's two piece suits is...

$

16^{75}

At all good clothiers



"Tommy! What are you doing here? You know my husband's in Mexico!"

Motion Picture Exhibitor

Continued from page 102

the remaining sluff pictures for competitive buyers. But under Block Booking, the compulsion of buying the entire output of a studio so loads even an important exhibitor with product, that it is rarely possible for him to use more than three or four "Services"; and thus his competitors get a chance at the other companies. Thus, while the Exhibitor is compelled to take whatever bad pictures may emanate from his studio, he likewise has some assurance of getting his quota of good ones under his contract. Of course, there is a joker in the contract too, by which a Studio, if it discovers (to its own amazement) that what had started out to be a regular program picture has somehow turned out to be Epic and Colossal, said Studio can arbitrarily yank aforesaid picture out of the regular agreement, and jack up its price as a "Super-Special." On the other hand, if a picture is superlatively bad, a powerful and important Exhibitor is allowed an extreme minimum of "rejects." But how small is the proportion of rejections allowed as against the number of poor pictures made, many a raspberrying audience can testify. Further, although the Exhibitor definitely commits himself to play or pay for the number of pictures specified in his advance contract, he has no redress if the Company fails to deliver any or all of the pictures, *provided they are not made.* Yet, in fairness to the Producer, it should be borne in mind that it is humanly impossible for him to enter into a guarantee to positively deliver certain stars, directors, and authors, when for all he knows they may not even be alive a year hence. Obviously he has no control over their destinies, and here again it must be stressed that Studios deal with variant human personality as a commodity, and probably in no other business is the "Act of God" so likely to happen. But again, in fairness to God, it should be remarked that a lot of the things that do happen may just as likely have emanated from the other locality.

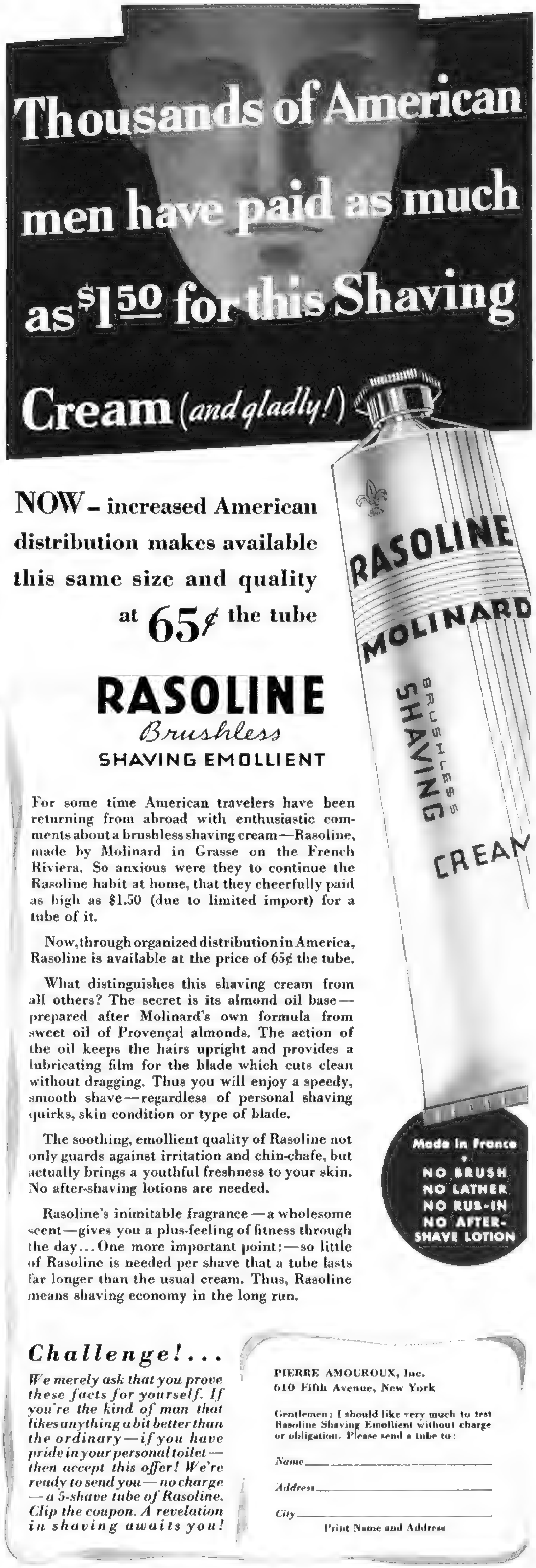
Now in case you are beginning to think you understand something of how pictures are bought, let me hasten to disabuse your mind of its error: Pictures are *never* bought. Of course not. They are merely *licensed for showing* by Exhibitors, under the Copyright Law. Ownership of all film negatives rests in the Producing company (or their Bankers; it being not uncommon to hock a negative as security for a loan to finance an important picture). The present rental contract, which is really a license, was originally evolved by the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America; and profoundest legal minds, sitting in solemn session all over the world, have unanimously agreed that it is certainly a pip. It provides for every contingency, known and unknown. If, for example, a crow should fly over a Producer's home, come next Michaelmas—don't worry, boys, it's provided for under the contract. About the only redress the Exhibitor has, is the custom much in vogue, wherein if an Exhibitor can prove to the satisfaction of the Producer that he was compelled to pay much more for a picture than its results justified, he gets an "adjustment." This is an arrangement constantly in practice.

And now, just what prices must the Exhibitor, that lucky lucky fellow, pay for the privilege of projecting Sadie Doaks upon his silver screen? A picture has no fixed, that is, no intrinsic value. There is no catalogue price. Its value is a matter of Quota and Bargaining. The "Quota" is set by the releasing studio, and the bargaining is done by the Exhibitor or his purchasing agent. Every Studio has a Sales as well as a Producing department; and in the major studios this Sales department is a separate corporation comprised, like any other organization, of a President, a general sales manager, division managers, branch managers, and salesmen. Their product is distributed through "Exchange" centers, of which there are approximately thirty-two in the United States.

During every summer, when your favorite star is vacationing and relaxing in a comfortable divorce court in Paris, the studios back home are humming with activity. This is the time when plans are made for the ensuing season—the number of stories to be placed in production, directors, stars, and casts to be engaged and allocated. And likewise during the summer, the Sales department is in convention in some important city; and it is at these conventions that the ambitious advance program of the Producing department is handed over to the head of the Sales department in a beautifully bound catalogue—or should we say Brochure? Yes, Brochure is the least we can do for a catalogue that uses gold-foil for its pages. When the General Sales Manager tenderly receives this Brochure into his true and trusted hands, a strange light comes into his eyes, he turns to his staff in exaltation, and there follows a period of exhortation that can only be compared to a revival meeting. We cannot hear everything that he is saying, but mostly the words will be epic and colossal. And his inspired message, briefly digested, means simply this: "Go get 'em, Boys." Get whom? The Exhibitors, of course.

So the Division Managers go home, and the fun begins. Now we have said that a picture has no fixed price, but a Quota. It

Continued on page 186B



Thousands of American men have paid as much as $1.50 for this Shaving Cream *(and gladly!)*

NOW - increased American distribution makes available this same size and quality at 65¢ the tube

RASOLINE

Brushless

SHAVING EMOLLIENT

For some time American travelers have been returning from abroad with enthusiastic comments about a brushless shaving cream—Rasoline, made by Molinard in Grasse on the French Riviera. So anxious were they to continue the Rasoline habit at home, that they cheerfully paid as high as $1.50 (due to limited import) for a tube of it.

Now, through organized distribution in America, Rasoline is available at the price of 65¢ the tube.

What distinguishes this shaving cream from all others? The secret is its almond oil base—prepared after Molinard's own formula from sweet oil of Provençal almonds. The action of the oil keeps the hairs upright and provides a lubricating film for the blade which cuts clean without dragging. Thus you will enjoy a speedy, smooth shave—regardless of personal shaving quirks, skin condition or type of blade.

The soothing, emollient quality of Rasoline not only guards against irritation and chin-chafe, but actually brings a youthful freshness to your skin. No after-shaving lotions are needed.

Rasoline's inimitable fragrance—a wholesome scent—gives you a plus-feeling of fitness through the day... One more important point:—so little of Rasoline is needed per shave that a tube lasts far longer than the usual cream. Thus, Rasoline means shaving economy in the long run.

Made in France
NO BRUSH
NO LATHER
NO RUB-IN
NO AFTER-SHAVE LOTION

Challenge!...

We merely ask that you prove these facts for yourself. If you're the kind of man that likes anything a bit better than the ordinary—if you have pride in your personal toilet—then accept this offer! We're ready to send you—no charge—a 5-shave tube of Rasoline. Clip the coupon. A revelation in shaving awaits you!

PIERRE AMOUROUX, Inc.
610 Fifth Avenue, New York

Gentlemen: I should like very much to test Rasoline Shaving Emollient without charge or obligation. Please send a tube to:

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ____________________

Print Name and Address

Galecoat
by Alligator
STORM and SPORT

A new smartly styled, beautifully tailored coat made of our exclusive Galecloth that is water repellent and looks and feels and handles like a fine worsted.

At All Better Stores
$15.75 *and* $18.50

THE ALLIGATOR CO.
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

Motion Picture Exhibitor

Continued from pages 102-186A

must return its full quota—that is, its production and distribution and advertising costs, plus an ample profit, to the Studio that made it. This is done by dividing the United States into Territories and fixing a percentage of return from each. This is called a percentage breakdown. New York, for example, is usually a 12% territory; Southern California and Arizona, serviced out of Los Angeles, are a 4% territory; and so on. The allocation of the thirty-two Exchange centers is based primarily, of course, upon population.

When the Branch Manager receives his quota price for a specific picture, it in turn becomes his business to collect it among the exhibitors in his territory, according to their ability or willingness to pay. Yes, it works something like a Community Chest Drive, only this time you can't shut the door in the solicitor's face; the Exhibitor needs him; Gawd, how he needs him. But he doesn't tell him so; he lights a cigar with assumed nonchalance and sits himself down to bargain. Incidentally, some of the finest horse-traders in the world today are trading not horses, but films. If you live in a Key city, probably most people in your town know where to find Automobile Row, or the Wholesale District, or the Produce Market; but few, if any, are familiar with that bitterest of all hawkers' streets called Film Row.

If you could open the door to one of those little plate-glass offices and listen to the conversation going on inside, it might surprise you to hear a man offering a hundred dollars if he could only have Miss Tessie Twinkletoes for just three nights, and being told that if he wants Miss Twinkletoes he will also take Sadie Doaks *and like it.* But, the man moans, I ain't got no use for two of them, and besides, Sadie Doaks is perzon, she ain't got no draw, she will lay an egg, I can't get off the nut that way!

It might be well here, on our trek through Cinemaland, to pause for a moment and insert a small glossary of Showmen's terms for the benefit of the uninitiated. To say that a leading lady is perzon and aint got no draw and will lay an egg, means, briefly, that the star's name is poisonous to the public, that she has no ability to draw customers into the theatre, and she will probably lay an egg—a goose egg, *i.e.,* Zero, at the Box Office. "Getting off the nut" means simply "making our overhead." There are a few other familiar adjectives by which Motion Pictures are described among the Trade. A *Natural* is a swell picture, perfectly cast, with a natural appeal to men and women, old and young, alike.

A *Program* picture is medium-grade stuff that just about fills out the program and that's all. Finally, when a cinema production is superlatively bad, it is said to Smell. There is another word for this, but Smell is supposed to be more elegant.

So, armed by long experience, and cynically prepared in advance to discount anything the Film Salesman is going to say, the Exhibitor sits down to a long siege. Remember, he needs pictures if he is going to stay in business, and there are not many places where he can get them, there being at present only about eight major Producing companies in this country. Balance these against the twenty thousand picture shows in the United States—shows that run day and night, Sundays and holidays, fifty-two weeks in the year, and you will see how the demand stacks up against the supply. So it would seem, on the face of it, that the Exhibitor is not in a very good spot to bargain. And in most cases he is not. There are rare and enviable circumstances, however, when the Exhibitor is said to be in a "Closed" situation. This means that he has either the only movie house in his home town, or in some way is too far removed from immediate competition to be desperate for product. Sometimes even, he may have a choice of three or four "services" from different Exchanges. And of course at such times he just sits quietly smoking the salesmen's cigars. On the other hand, if a salesman is seen smoking *his,* it is probable that it is the Film Company's turn to put on the screws.

This is a picture of the small end of the game—the small-fry exhibitor fighting to keep his single and relatively unimportant theatre alive. But with the De Luxe and major cinema houses, buying and booking is done on a different scale. In the first place, most major Studios own their own theatres, and they very naturally give first choice of pictures to their own houses; and, as different situations of supply and demand prevail in different cities, Producing companies exchange products and privileges, taking and giving one "Service" in exchange for another. Those theatres not directly owned by the Studios, are controlled by large operating chains, and when the buyer for one of these chains goes out to book films for houses numbering into the hundreds, he is obviously in a position to dictate some of the terms of such a quantity deal. Practically all important pictures today are played on a percentage basis. This percentage varies in accordance with the seating capacity of a house, admission prices, etc.; in extreme cases, it may reach as high as fifty per cent of the gross for the Film company. In the hey days, it was not uncommon for a theater to pay fifty thousand dollars for the first-run showing of an out-

ALLIGATOR
Raincoats

Authentically styled, models for every outdoor occasion.

At All Better Stores from
$5.50 *to* $15.00

THE ALLIGATOR CO.
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

standing picture. Today ten thousand per week is about top for acclaimed hits for first-run, and this gradually scales down until in the last run in the outlying "grind" houses, the ten-thousand-dollar picture is eventually bought by the ultimate exhibitor for about twenty-five dollars. Yet it is the same picture, the same identical product that cost the first-run exhibitor up the street ten thousand smackers to show. The difference between ten thousand, and twenty-five dollars, in this instance, is simply Time. It is not that the play has lost anything integrally or that the actors are no longer performing so well; for the electric smile turns on again and again with mechanical perfection, and the flash of genius has been fixed in celluloid for all time.

So it is not excellence which the last-run showman has lost, but Time: the time which it has taken the picture to reach his theatre, and during which thousands of people may already have seen it elsewhere. As his chances of a numerous audience decrease, so do his costs for his product. Then, you may ask, why don't people wait and see the picture, which is identically the same film negative, when it has reached a later and consequently cheaper-priced theatre? They do, thousands of them do! And for this, the first-run man who is paying ten thousand dollars for the first showing rights demands protection. He deserves it; and he gets it, under the terms of an arrangement fixed by a Board of Trade, and more recently by a committee appointed by the Code authority. This time-element in the showing of pictures is called Zoning and Clearance; it has for many years been the leading bone of contention of the Exhibitors, dividing them among themselves instead of against the Film Exchanges; and though innumerable committees have sat in long and conscientious study of the matter, to date no thoroughly satisfactory solution has ever been reached. Every fair-minded person agrees that the Exhibitor in the first zone who is paying expensive first-run prices is entitled to some Clearance, or lapse of days, before he can be repeated upon in another theatre at a lesser admission; but just how many days or weeks or months should elapse, just how far the succeeding exhibitors may reduce their prices as they go down the line from third to fourth run, and so on, has never been satisfactorily determined.

We have said that most important picture houses are controlled by large chain organizations and that when they go out to buy pictures they use up most of the cream of the products, leaving what they cannot possibly use to be bid for by independent owners. The chains own not only first, but second and third and sometimes fourth-run houses as well, thus adequately protecting themselves against competition. So they absorb a large number of pictures from the market every season for their own extensive needs, and naturally the smaller buyer must take his choice after theirs.

It was in the harassed brain of one of these independent theatre owners, unable to buy top-class product, that there was born the ingenious idea of the Double Bill; he saw his neighboring merchants all around him constantly having merchandise Sales—bargain days, two-for-one sales, one cent sales, and the like. How would it be, he asked himself, if not always being able to give his customers first quality, he could make up for it in quantity, and give them two mediocre pictures instead of one fine one? Surely out of the two they would find something that was pleasant and entertaining, and would consider that they have gotten their money's worth. A happy idea; the public took to it like duck-soup! That inventive Exhibitor's box office receipts began to go up and up; he was chucklingly happy! . . . But not for long. Because he soon discovered to his unutterable chagrin that no good game can be confined to one player. (As witness, Double Solitaire.) With a rebuking frown of disapproval, the bigger operators promptly put two pictures into their own theatres, two of their *good* ones, and the Public, who know a good thing when they see it, eagerly hurried away to better pickings. Now they will have nothing less. No matter what they may say to the contrary (and they all deny it most vehemently) the masses *like* Double Bills. Any attempt to withdraw them has immediately reacted at the Box Office with a straight drop of from thirty to sixty per cent. So the Double Bill, like Mary Shelley's monster, now threatens to destroy the hand that created it; and its father, the independent owner, now flounders experimentally from Bank Nights to China Nights, and free Ice-Box Nights, and the like. But always the chain organizations can afford to give away more money and bigger plates, and so the dizzying circle goes 'round and 'round, and exhibitor overheads mount prohibitively higher and higher. Meanwhile, the Studios, having a double demand for their product, are in the most formidable position of their existence. Ask your Broker for their recent statements.

Sometimes instead of Double

Continued on page 188

★BESPOKE TAILORING FOR MEN & WOMEN Oviatt's of Los Angeles

Pure
India
Cashmere
THE JAMES OVIATT BLDG

● For 25 years JAMES OVIATT'S originality as a stylist—his love for only the supreme in quality and craftsmanship has won the preference of international figures of the films, the stage, finance, sports and society.

● ALL OVIATT MODELS MADE IN OUR OWN SHOPS ..on the premises... by hands trained the Oviatt way from protected patterns woven abroad and imported direct... Made to individual measure—Suits, for men and women, $95 to $125... Overcoats and Formal Clothes to $250.

Oviatt's Ready-to-Wear Models made in our own shops from Oviatt direct imports of woolens, $65 and up.

Presenting the Model
Designed by Adolphe Menjou

LEKTROLITE
The Flameless Lighter

ADOLPHE MENJOU, motion picture's best judge of masculine styles, adds the final touch of perfection to Lektrolite by designing a Chinese case of black lacquer with Rhodium inlay. Lektrolite eliminates sulphurous fumes, matches, wicks, flints—all gadgets. No stains on teeth or fingers, because Lektrolite ignites tobacco with a low temperature (no flame) which does not release high temperature coal tar products. The fastidious Menjou has found that Lektrolite pals equally well with the gang on the fairways (Lektrolite lights your cigarette in any wind) or "all dressed-up in tails"—so—he has designed a model that will go over in any crowd, on any occasion. Priced $15.

Oviatt's also Present

THE LEKTRO-SHAVER

The Packard Lifetime Lektro-shaver with the $200,000 Master Barber Cutter brings electric shaving to perfection—no blades, no lather, no brush, no water, no face burn. It gets into the hollows, over the bumps, over difficult angles in a neat, clean sweep—yet—you can shave sitting at your desk or in dress clothes. It's so perfect you can shave blindfolded—there's no pull, no tugging, no pinching, cutting. It cannot irritate the skin. Priced $15.

OVIATT'S SPECIAL SERVICE. If your beard is one of the tormenting kind—send us a few hairs from your face and we will furnish you a Lektro-shaver especially gauged for your individual problem. "Tailored-to-your-measure" Model, $20

Adolphe Menjou using the Lektrolite designed by him

LEKTROLITE and
LEKTRO-SHAVER

MAIL ORDER COUPON

Oviatt's, 617 So. Olive Street, Los Angeles

Please send me prepaid the Adolphe Menjou Model of the
LEKTROLITE ______ (write in how many)
The LEKTRO-SHAVER ______
I enclose $ ______
Name ______
Address ______

MEN'S FORMAL, BUSINESS AND SPORT GARMENTS • WOMEN'S SUITS OVER OVIATT'S MEN'S MODELS

★ Our Trade Mark. Infringements will be prosecuted.

Club-Comfort in the Clouds!

● To accelerate the Indian and Australian services, 28 giant flying boats are being built for Imperial Airways. Each will have sleeping accommodation for 16 passengers on board, 4 lounge cabins (one for smokers) a kitchen and a special hold for freight and luggage

● Imperial Airways have also placed an order for 12 new high-speed air liners—the largest and most comfortable in the world. Two-deckers with four saloons on the main deck

EUROPE · AFRICA · INDIA · THE ORIENT · AUSTRALIA

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

THE LONGEST AIR ROUTE IN THE WORLD

Bookings and information from Mr. P. E. Bewshea, Imperial Airways Ltd., The Plaza, Fifth Avenue and 59th Street, New York. Telephone: Plaza 3-0794 and 3-1740. Or any Cunard White Star Office or ship

Stuarts

for Men of Action
QUIET, PERFECT GROOMING
MEN'S SCALP STIMULANT Lenthéric PARIS
MEN'S SHAMPOO Lenthéric PARIS

Among the Requisites by Lenthéric:
Scalp Stimulant (*for Dry or Normal Scalp*)
5 oz. $1.00, 16 oz. $2.50
Men's Shampoo, 5 oz. $1.00

Requisites *by* Lenthéric

at the better shops

Motion Picture Exhibitor

Continued from pages 102-186A-187

Bills, Stage Shows have been tried to bolster up a mediocre picture; but in the main they have not been successful. Of themselves, they bring no money into the Box Office. Their best application has resulted when they are used in De Luxe houses that play top-class pictures anyway, and the stage presentation is supposed to give a sort of tone to the theatre—an added note of luxury, and that is all. But the day of the vaudeville show, as such, is over—definitely over. If you are one of those die-hard vaudeville fans who used to have two seats in the fifth row at the old Orpheum every Sunday night no matter what, this may strike you as bitterly untrue. Yet, whether you know it or not, your own tastes and standards of entertainment have been so insidiously and continuously raised by Radio talent and the Screen, that if you could see today the old vaudeville show that used to lay you in the aisles with its devilish cutting up, you would find it not awesome, but just plain awful. Except in the rare instances of "personal appearances" good vaudeville talent is no longer available to the theatres. With the sure selection of cream going to the top, all the first-rate entertainers have gravitated to the Screen and the Air. Obviously, both of these mediums with their almost unlimited audience capacity and their correspondingly high salary rates, based on enormous circulation, are away out of the reach of the individual theatre. To illustrate this briefly: This is being written from the office of a theatre that modestly advertises itself to be the World's Finest. Empty or filled, its vast arena of five thousand upholstered seats is an imposing, even an inspiring sight. Just recently, as a spectacular attraction we presented on our gigantic stage (notice how the words spectacular and gigantic come naturally to a showman's mind) a vaudeville act comprised of a world famous comedian, a dialectician, and a man with his Violin. . . . The public broke down the doors and we hung up a house record: in the short space of one week, we had played to one hundred thousand people! Colossal, everybody said; even *epic.*

Yet, these same three entertainers go on the Air any night without any more effort, and in the short space of *thirty minutes* they perform to ten million people simultaneously. National advertisers can afford to pay for this sort of circulation, but not your local theatre. And the Big-Boy entertainers have families to feed too. They go where they can get it.

No; vaudeville has gone the way of all flesh, and today the shadows on the screen are having their inning. Today, as of old, the Play's the thing. And the kind of play the public gets is the kind it wants, don't let anybody fool you into thinking otherwise. If today we have gangster pictures and sex-lure pictures, it's the times and not the Studios that are out of joint. Every reasonable person knows that from the Periclean age to our own the Drama has been not a director, but a reflector of the public mind. The Theatre holds up, not a guiding-light, but a *mirror* to the manners of its day. And so the producers of Motion Pictures sit up nights and burn up days trying desperately to give a free public what it clamors for. All the Producers have to go by, all they have to work from, is the report of the Motion Picture Exhibitor. Keenly alert, and with a clinical impassivity, the Exhibitor sits with his steady hand on the pulse of the public Taste. And he measures that pulse by the rhythmic beat of the ticket-machines in the Box Office. Night after night, day after day, the tired Public climbs into the lap of its neighborhood theatre and says, "Uncle, tell us a story." Uncle tries; he tries with the best creative talent the world has to offer to somehow tell you new stories and show you prettier pictures 365 times a year. And when you turn down your thumbs, he remembers. And when you smile, he remembers that too. All you have to do to get a nobler type of picture is just to ask your Uncle Exhibitor for it. You are his only little Sugar-Plum. But ask him not by writing a letter to the editor of your newspaper, or by reading a paper to your civic club; ask him in the only language he understands—your patronage at the Box Office. Patronize what you eulogize; come in and see Little Alger acting his way through a high-minded and beauteous world; if that's what you want, pay for it; buy tickets for it; so that your theatre manager can blithely thumb his nose at his competitor up the street who is roping back the crowds on the sidewalk clamoring to see *A Lurid Lady Tells All.*

Passing from silence to sound, from black-and-white to color, from crude beginnings to artistic opulence, the Moving Picture writes, and having written . . . moves on: having but two desires—to successfully entertain you, and in doing so, to make money. The two are really one.

Meanwhile, a little boy stands just outside the door of the Field of Entertainment and timidly knocks for admittance. He is very young yet—so young that he can hardly make himself heard above the grind of the Motion Picture cameras. Yet, daily he studies to improve himself, and sooner or later he is going to come in and with tremendous strength sweep the entire world of entertainment before him; so that now he can afford to just stand quietly outside the door and wait. . . . His name is Television. ⋕

The Glandbook in Practical Use

Continued from page 36

thyroids can also be confused through the great width of the eyes distinguishing both; the thyroid, however, will have a higher brow line in contradistinction to the pituitary who will have a brow nearer to the eye itself. Teeth likewise, provide us with excellent and immediate clues; the thyroid has smaller but pearlier teeth; the pituitary has longer and stronger teeth beautifully set in a more highly arched palate.

If you should be so fortunate as to have been previously acquainted with the lady you are now attempting to analyze, you will not only be able to catch a glimpse of her teeth, but her hands and fingernails as well. The rather large hand, of course, would indicate towards prepituitary, and the small hand towards postpituitary. The exquisitely beautiful hand with long tapering fingers (the kind that photographers display in advertisements of hand-cream) is emphatically and absolutely thyroid. The thymus hand is peculiar and tends to have straggling fingers, double-jointed, or is slightly misshapen; it is *singular* in some very absolute way. For instance, the knuckles are anything but prominent. In all cases the thymus hand will be easiest of all to recognize because it has the most peculiar fingernails in the world . . . they are as thin as paper and break off easily and annoyingly. The adrenal fingernail is heavy, and if Miss Adrenal is strongly mixed with thymus she will tend to have heavy fingernails bent downward, and rather clawlike . . . the thymus propensity towards misshapen hands. The pituitary fingernail again is ridged. Also, it has very little moon. The less moon, the stronger the pituitary influence; the more moon, the stronger the thyroid.

If the lady offers you some of her history, she will be telling you with every breath to exactly what glandular type she belongs. Berman says that if she has had early love affairs, has matured early, tends to blush easily and upon the slightest provocation, and is sentimentally rather than intellectually inclined, she is postpituitary. If she has been a tomboy, aggressive, possessive, courageous, sport-loving, and imperious toward her girl companions, she is, of course, adrenal-cortex. If she has been extremely bright at school, walked away with first honors, and at the same time was voted the best looking girl in the class, she may be a well balanced thyroid-pituitary. The thyroid girl of this kind will be more brilliant than the postpituitary who is too early bothered by the mists and vapors of sex. The potential hyperthyroid is interesting, too. A girl on the way to becoming a hyperthyroid may be tremendously elated one day and terribly depressed the next. She never finishes the things she starts so energetically. The true hyperthyroid is easily distinguishable, if not through her eyes (which are not always too large), then from her manner. She is always restless. If you are both seated comfortably in one place, she will want to go to another. She abhors comfort and inertia. She will go to ten night clubs a night. She will not sleep, or she will sleep but little. She will take, nevertheless, a great deal of exercise. Her heart will trouble her at an early age.

Incidentally, this is as good a time as any to remark that in any discussion of glandular types there is a natural inclination to quote gobs and gobs of Berman. Remembering how, in our desire to erect a sidewalk sport upon the rudiments of a laboratory science, we have indulged in extremes of synthesis and simplification, there is also an equally natural hesitancy to involve Berman too inextricably. So perhaps the best way to settle the question of crediting Berman is to say simply, now and for good, that you are at liberty throughout to credit Berman for scientific statements that you find creditable, without blaming him for any liberties that may have been taken here with the science to which he has devoted the last twenty years and in which he is today pre-eminent.

But to get back to the Glandbook, and to consider its practical use. You may have found it difficult to assign some people to any one of the four main type classifications given by the Glandbook. You must, of course, remember that single dominants, that is, pure types, are a minority of the population. All people are mixed to some degree. Some cannot be classified without the use of the hyphen, at least once. Some are so balanced that it is impossible to classify them accurately without two hyphens, as, for instance, adrenal-thyroid-thymus. Now with this as a recognized hazard of the course, it is perhaps in order to provide a helpful hint or two as to the means of making the analysis in the more complex cases. Just as an artist or sculptor roughs out or blocks out preliminary and tentative "feelers" toward the ultimate finished outline, so there are certain first roughing out processes that tend to simplify and speed up the glandular analysis.

For instance, if she's dark in complexion, try your luck at fitting her into Type B, for the chances are overwhelming that she's an adrenal or in any case has strong adrenal compensation. If she's light, keep on looking, for she may belong to any of the three other main types.

Continued at top of page 190

Completely Fagged?
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SLACKS—business suit and sport trousers—all agree that Pioneer Summer Braces have a positive sustaining effect that lasts from morning 'til night, day after day—right through the season.

But let a chalk-stripe pair of flannels tell you his experience:

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"There was a time when the big shot was none too particular about the assistance he gave me. Many's the time I hung on by sheer will power when every stripe was sagging and I was about ready to drop. The boss has hips like a malacca cane—and knees—gawd what knees!

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The Glandbook in Practical Use

Continued from pages 36-189

If she's blonde, try the A classifications first, to see how they fit, because she's probably pituitary unless she's a dyed or bleached blonde. If she's brunette, try B or C. If she's a redhead, B is as far as you'll probably have to look to find her descriptive fit in the Glandbook. If she has hair of a mixed shade, look first of all under D and the chances are that you will not have to look much farther.

To show you how mixed the types may be, a girl may be small, well-bosomed, have good long teeth in a well arched palate, show every sign of being a post-pituitary, but she may have very crinkly hair and other adrenal signs which will then type her as a postpituitary-adrenal, especially if the other adrenal signs are strongly marked. If, in the bargain, she has paper-edge fingernails, she will also have some thymus in her background. And if in addition she wears glasses, that indicates that she has a thyroid deficiency. This girl will be very likely to be both excitable and prudish, and have a certain childish petulance.

The "deficient" women are of course less beautiful than the dominants. When a woman has deficient thyroids, she becomes cretinoid, and her face and hands will be pudgy, coarse, and foreshortened. Berman says that the features will have a tendency to great irregularity and extreme separation between the eyes. Pug noses, in man or woman, are an indication of subthyroidism. (Some few years ago pug noses were considered an important attribute to feminine beauty!) The face of the subthyroid is often brutally common; the eyes are deepset and do not glow (the very opposite of the hyperthyroids). If a person shows these tendencies, we call him or her a *sub-thyroid*, as that will be his or her most marked characteristic. If the thyroid has refused to work properly, it types as certainly as if the thyroid were working overtime, and the person's thyroid, even though it be "sub" will be the central point around which his or her personality, such as it is, revolves.

The individual corresponds to four targets on a rifle range. His glandular makeup is his score (out of a possible 100) on each of the four targets. For example, take a strong pituitary, and the score might be as follows: pituitary 75, adrenal 25, thyroid 30, thymus 15. But a mixed type, such as adrenal-pituitary, might score pituitary 60, adrenal 65, thyroid 25, thymus 15. The classification can only be expressed with a hyphen, as adrenal-pituitary.

The triple-hyphenated type is one in which three of the four possible dominants are all on the plus side (above 50) and approximately equal. For instance: pituitary 60, adrenal 60, thyroid 60, thymus 15. The combination resulting is pituitary-adrenal-thyroid, and such an individual will possess physical and psychic characteristics representing a blend out of the A, B and C classifications in the Glandbook.

By and large, you will find that of the personably attractive people, at whom you might look twice, about 60% will fit into single classifications, about 25% will require analysis by fitting their characteristics into two classifications in the Glandbook, while only about 15% will have glandular makeups so complicated as to require, for their complete identification, reference to three of the type classifications.

If you are reasonably observant and reasonably judicious, you should be able to size up strangers well enough, by this analysis, to know whether or not you want them to remain strangers and whether, upon making their acquaintance, their behavior will be what you would like it to be. I trust that at last and at least in this I make myself clear. #

The Horns of the Bull

Continued from page 31

table for him.

Upstairs the matador who was ill was lying face down on his bed alone. The matador who was no longer a novelty was sitting looking out of his window preparatory to walking out to the café. The matador who was now a coward had the older sister of Paco in his room with him and was trying to get her to do something which she was laughingly refusing to do. This matador was saying "Come on little savage."

"No," said the sister. "Why should I?"

"For a favor."

"You've eaten and now you want me for dessert."

"Just once. What harm can it do?"

"Leave me alone. Leave me alone I tell you."

"It is a very little thing to do."

"Leave me alone I tell you."

Down in the dining room the tallest of the waiters, who was overdue at the meeting, said "Look at those black pigs drink."

"That's no way to speak," said the second waiter. "They are decent clients. They do not drink too much."

"For me it is a good way to speak," said the tall one. "There are the two curses of Spain, the bulls and the priests."

"Certainly not the individual bull and the individual priest," said the second waiter.

"Yes," said the tall waiter. "Only through the individual can you attack the class. It is necessary to kill the individual bull and the individual priest. All of them. Then there are no more."

"Save it for the meeting," said the other waiter.

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"Look at the barbarity of Madrid," said the tall waiter. "It is now half-past eleven o'clock and these are still guzzling."

"They only started to eat at ten," said the other waiter. "As you know there are many dishes. That wine is cheap and these have paid for it. It is not strong wine."

"How can there be solidarity of workers with fools like you?" asked the tall waiter.

"Look," said the second waiter who was a man of fifty. "I have worked all my life. In all that remains of my life I must work. I have no complaints against work. To work is normal."

"Yes, but the lack of work kills."

"I have always worked," said the older waiter. "Go on to the meeting. There is no necessity to stay."

"You are a good comrade," said the tall waiter. "But you lack all ideology."

"*Mejor si me faltan eso que el otro*," said the older waiter (meaning it is better to lack *that* than work). "Go on to the *mitin*."

Paco had said nothing. He did not yet understand politics but it always gave him a thrill to hear the tall waiter speak of the necessity for killing the priests and the Guardia Civil. The tall waiter represented to him Revolution and revolution also was romantic. He himself would like to be a good Catholic, a revolutionary, and have a steady job like this while, at the same time, being a bull fighter.

"Go on to the meeting Ignacio," he said. "I will respond for your work."

"The two of us," said the older waiter.

"There isn't enough for one," said Paco. "Go on to the meeting."

"*Pues me voy*," said the tall waiter. "And thanks."

In the meantime, upstairs, the sister of Paco had gotten out of the embrace of the matador as skillfully as a wrestler breaking a hold and said now angry, "These are the hungry people. A failed bull fighter. With your tonload of fear. If you have so much of that use it in the ring."

"That is the way a *puta* talks."

"A *puta* also is a woman, but I am not a *puta*."

"You'll be one."

"Not through you."

"Leave me," said the matador who, now, repulsed and refused, felt the nakedness of his cowardice returning.

"Leave you? What hasn't left you?" said the sister. "Don't you want me to make up the bed? I'm paid to do that."

"Leave me," said the matador, his broad good-looking face wrinkled into a contortion that was like crying. "*Puta*."

"Matador," she said, shutting the door. "My matador."

Inside the room the matador sat on the bed. His face still had the contortion which, in the ring, he made into a constant smile which frightened those people in the first rows of seats who knew what they were watching. "And this," he was saying aloud. "And this! And this!"

He could remember when he had been good and it had only been three years before. He could remember the weight of the heavy fighting jacket on his shoulders on that hot afternoon in May when his voice had still been the same in the ring as in the café, and how he sighted along the point dipping blade at the place in the top of the shoulders where it was dusty in the short-haired, black hump of muscle above the wide, wood-knocking, splintered-tipped horns that lowered as he went in to kill, and how the sword pushed in as easy as into a mound of stiff butter with the palm of his hand pushing the pommel, his left arm crossed low, his left shoulder forward, his weight on his left leg, and then his weight wasn't on his leg. His weight was on his lower belly and as the bull raised his head the horn was out of sight in him and he swung over on it twice before they pulled him off it. So now when he went in to kill, and it was seldom, he could not look at the horns and what did any *puta* know about what he went through before he fought? And what had they been through that laughed at him? They were all *putas*.

Down in the dining room the picador sat looking at the priests. If there were women in the room he stared at them. If there were no women he would stare with enjoyment at a foreigner, *un ingles*, but lacking women or strangers he now stared with enjoyment and insolence at the two priests. While he stared the birth-marked auctioneer rose and folding his napkin went out, leaving over half of the wine in the last bottle he had ordered. If his accounts had been paid up at the Luarca he would have finished the bottle.

The two priests did not stare back at the picador. One of them was saying, "It is ten days since I have been here and all day I sit in the ante-chamber and he will not receive me."

"What is there to do?"

"Nothing. What can one do? One cannot go against authority."

"I have been here for two weeks and nothing."

"We are from the abandoned country. When the travel money runs out we can return."

"To the abandoned country."

"One understands the action of our brother Basilio."

"Madrid is where one learns to understand. Madrid kills Spain."

"If they would simply see one and refuse."

"No. You must be broken and worn out by waiting."

"Well we shall see. I can wait as well as another."

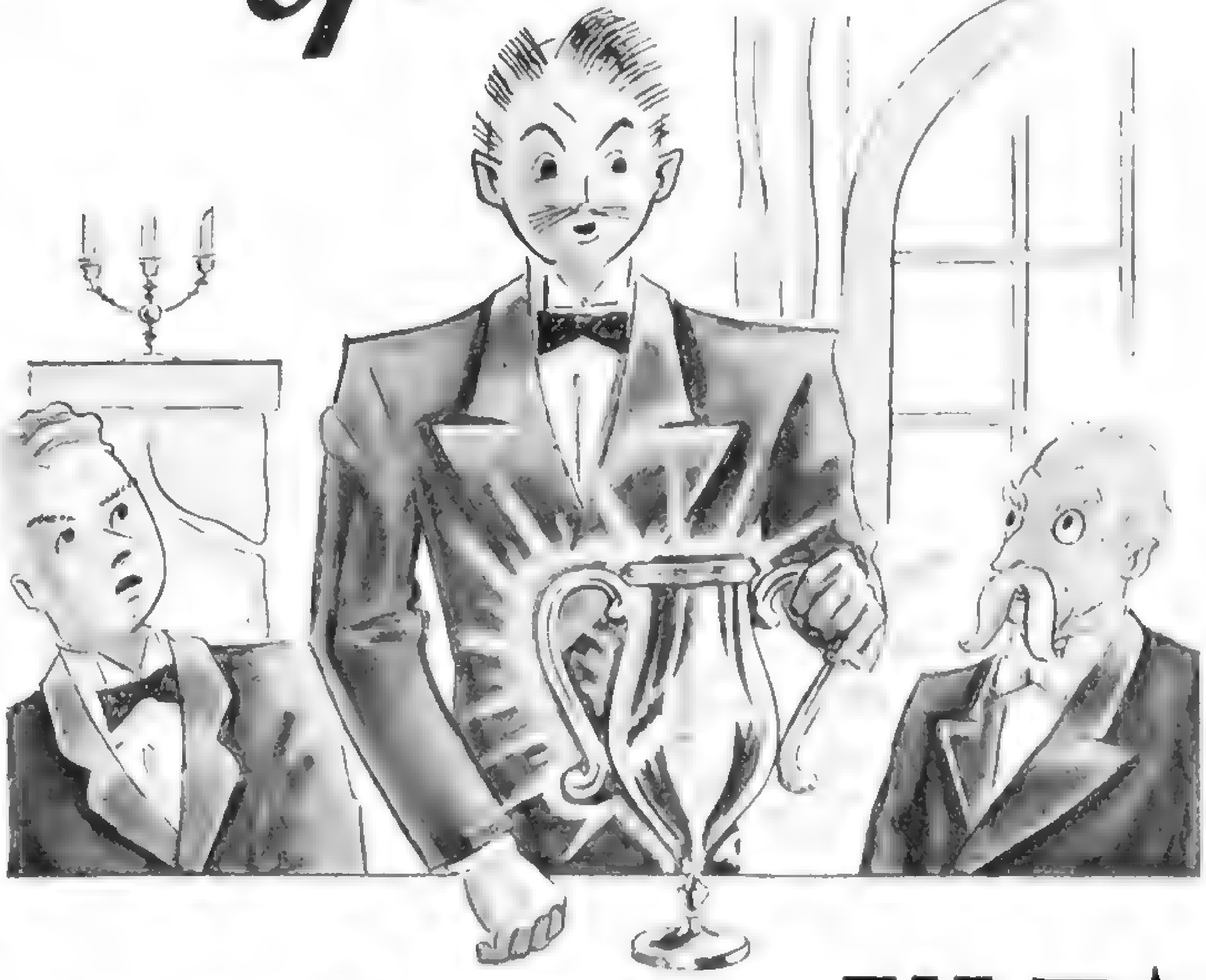
At this moment the picador got to his feet, walked over to the priests' table and stood, grey-headed and hawk-faced, staring at them and smiling.

"A *torero*," said one to the other.

"And a good one," said the picador and walked out of the dining room, grey-jacketed, trim-waisted, bow-legged, in tight

Continued on page 192

And so, Gentlemen-



it must have been W. P.*

"I'll admit it seems strange . . . me winning this handsome trophy, but I hope you won't hold it against me. You see, Pro McTavish became so disgusted while giving me a lesson that he broke all my old clubs over his knee and made me buy a new set.

" 'If ye canna put a wee bit o' power in yer wrists yer ainself, mayhap these clubs will do it for ye.'

*". . . and, gentlemen, they did just that. They gave me *W. P."*

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The Horns of the Bull

Continued from pages 31-191

breeches over his cattleman's boots that clicked on the floor as he swaggered quite steadily, smiling to himself. He lit a cigar and tilting his hat at an angle in the hallway went out to the café.

The priests left immediately after the picador, hurriedly conscious of being the last people in the dining room, and there was no one in the room now but Paco and the middle-aged waiter. They cleared the tables and carried the bottles into the kitchen.

In the kitchen was the boy who washed the dishes. He was three years older than Paco and was very cynical and bitter.

"Take this," the middle-aged waiter said and poured out a glass of the Valdepeñas and handed it to him.

"Why not?" the boy took the glass.

"*Tu*, Paco?" the older waiter asked.

"Thank you," said Paco.

The three of them drank.

"I will be going," said the middle-aged waiter.

"Good night," they told him.

He went out and they were alone. Paco took a napkin one of the priests had used and standing straight, his heels planted, lowered the napkin and, with head following the movement, swung his arms in the motion of a slow sweeping veronica. He turned and, advancing his right foot slightly, made the second pass, gained a little terrain on the imaginary bull and made a third pass, slow, perfectly timed and suave, then gathered the napkin to his waist and swung his hips away from the bull in a media-veronica.

The dishwasher, whose name was Enrique, watched this critically and sneeringly.

"How is the bull?" he said.

"Very brave," said Paco. "Look."

Standing slim and straight he made four more perfect passes, smooth, elegant and graceful.

"And the bull?" asked Enrique standing against the sink, holding his wine glass and wearing his apron.

"Still has lots of gas," said Paco.

"You make me sick," said Enrique.

"Why?"

"Look." Enrique removed his apron and citing the imaginary bull he sculptured four perfect, languid, gypsy veronicas and ended up with a rebolera that made the apron swing in a stiff arc past the bull's nose as he walked away from him.

"Look at that," he said. "And I wash dishes."

"Why?"

"Fear," said Enrique. "*Miedo.* The same fear you would have in a ring with a bull."

"No," said Paco. "I wouldn't be afraid."

"*Mierde,*" said Enrique. "everyone is afraid. But a torero can control his fear so that he can work the bull. I went in, in an amateur fight and I was so afraid I couldn't keep from running. Everyone thought it was very funny. So would you be afraid. If it wasn't for fear every bootblack in Spain would be a bull fighter. You, a country boy, would be frightened worse than I was."

"No," said Paco. He had done it too many times in his imagination.

Too many times he had seen the horns, seen the bull's wet muzzle, the ear twitching, then the head go down and the charge, the hoofs thudding, and the hot bulk pass him as he swung the cape, to re-charge as he swung the cape again, then again, and again, and again, to end winding the bull around him in his great media-veronica, and walk swingingly away with bull hairs caught in the gold ornaments of his jacket from the close passes, the bull standing hypnotized and the crowd applauding. No, he would not be afraid. Others, yes. Not him. He knew he would not be afraid. Even if he ever was afraid he knew that he could do it anyway. He had confidence. "I wouldn't be afraid," he said.

Enrique said the word again that meant contempt. Then he said, "If we should try it?"

"How?"

"Look," said Enrique. "You think of the bull, but you do not think of the horns. The bull has such force that the horns rip like a knife, they stab like a bayonet, and they kill like a club. Look," he opened a table drawer and took out two meat knives. "I will bind these to the legs of a chair. Then I will play bull for you with the chair held before my head. The knives are the horns. If you make those passes then they mean something."

"Lend me your apron," said Paco. "We'll do it in the dining room."

"No," said Enrique, suddenly not bitter. "Don't do it Paco."

"Yes," said Paco. "I'm not afraid."

"You will be when you see the knives come."

"We'll see," said Paco. "Give me the apron."

At this time while Enrique was binding the two heavy-bladed razor-sharp meat knives fast to the legs of the chair with two soiled napkins holding the half of each knife, wrapping them tight and then knotting them, the two chambermaids, Paco's sisters, were on their way to the cinema to see Greta Garbo in *Anna Christie*. Of the two priests, one was sitting in his underwear reading his missal and the other was wearing a night shirt and saying the rosary. All the bull fighters except the one who was ill had made their evening appearance at the Café Fornos where the big, dark-haired picador was playing billiards. The short serious matador was sitting at a crowded table before a coffee and milk, along with the middle-aged banderillero and other serious workmen.

The drinking, grey-headed pica-

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STORES and DEALERS
from Coast to Coast

dor was sitting with a glass of cazalas brandy before him staring with pleasure at a table where the matador whose courage was gone sat with another matador, who had renounced the sword, to become a banderillero again, and two very house-worn looking prostitutes. The auctioneer stood on the street corner talking with friends. The tall waiter was at the Anarcho-Syndicalist meeting waiting for an opportunity to speak. The middle-aged waiter was seated on the terrace of the Cervezeria Alvarez drinking a small beer. The woman who owned the Luarca was already asleep in her bed where she lay on her back with the bolster between her legs, big, fat, honest, clean, easy-going, very religious and never having ceased to miss or pray daily for her husband dead, now, twenty years. In his room, alone, the matador who was ill lay face down on his bed with his mouth against a handkerchief.

Now, in the deserted dining room, Enrique tied the last knot in the napkins that bound the knives to the chair legs and lifted the chair. He pointed the legs with the knives on them forward and held the chair over his head with the two knives pointing straight ahead, one on each side of his head.

"It's heavy," he said. "Look Paco. It is very dangerous. Don't do it." He was sweating.

Paco stood facing him, holding the apron spread, holding a fold of it bunched in each hand, thumbs up, first finger down, spread to catch the eye of the bull.

"Charge straight," he said. "Turn like a bull. Charge as many times as you want."

"How will you know when to cut the pass?" asked Enrique. "It's better to do three and then a media."

"All right," said Paco. "But come straight. Huh torito! Come on little bull!"

Running with head down Enrique came toward him and Paco swung the apron just ahead of the knife blade as it passed close in front of his belly and, as it went by, it was, to him, the real horn, white tipped, black, smooth and as Enrique passed him and turned to rush again it was the hot, blood-flanked mass of the bull that thudded by, then whirled like a cat and came again as he swung the cape slowly. Then the bull turned again and, as he watched the onrushing point, he stepped his left foot two inches too far forward and the knife did not pass but had slipped in as easily as into a wine skin and there was a hot scalding rush above and around the sudden inner rigidity of steel and Enrique shouting, "Ay! Ay! Let me get it out! Let me get it out!" and Paco slipped forward on the chair, the apron cape still held, Enrique pulling on the chair as the knife turned in him, in him, Paco.

The knife was out now and he sat on the floor in the widening warm pool.

"Put the napkin over it. Hold it!" said Enrique. "Hold it tight. I will run for the doctor. You must hold in the hemorrhage!"

"There should be a rubber cup," said Paco. He had seen that used in the ring.

"I came straight," said Enrique, crying. "All I wanted was to show the danger."

"Don't worry," said Paco. "But bring the doctor! Bring, bring the doctor."

In the ring they lifted you and carried you, running with you, to the operating room. If the femoral artery emptied itself before you reached there they called the priest.

"Advise one of the priests," said Paco holding the napkin tight against his lower abdomen. He could not believe that this had happened to him, nor did his voice sound his own.

But Enrique was running down the Carrera San Jeronimo to the first aid station and Paco was alone, all through it, first sitting up, then huddled over, then slumped on the floor, until it was over, feeling his life go out of him as water empties from a bathtub when the plug is drawn. He was frightened and he felt faint and he tried to say an act of contrition and he remembered how it started but before he had said, as fast as he could, "Oh my God I am heartily sorry for having offended Thee who art worthy of all my love and I firmly resolve—" he felt too faint and could not remember and he was lying face down on the floor. It was over very quickly. A severed femoral artery empties itself faster than you can believe.

As the doctor from the first aid station came up the stairs accompanied by a policeman who held on to Enrique by the arm, the two sisters of Paco were still in the moving picture palace of the Gran Via where they were intensely disappointed in the Garbo film which showed the great star in miserable low surroundings when they had been accustomed to see her surrounded by great luxury and brilliance. The audience disliked the film thoroughly and were protesting by whistling and stamping their feet. All the other people from the hotel were doing almost what they had been doing when the accident happened, except that the two priests had finished their devotions and were preparing for sleep, and the grey-haired picador had moved his drink over to the table with the two houseworn prostitutes. A little later he went out of the café with one of them. It was the one for whom the matador who had lost his nerve had been buying drinks.

The boy Paco had never known about any of this nor about what all these people would be doing on the next day and on other days to come. He died, as the Spanish phrase has it, full of illusions. He had not had time to lose any of them nor even time to complete an act of contrition. He had not even had time to be disappointed in the Garbo picture which disappointed all Madrid for a week. ⧺

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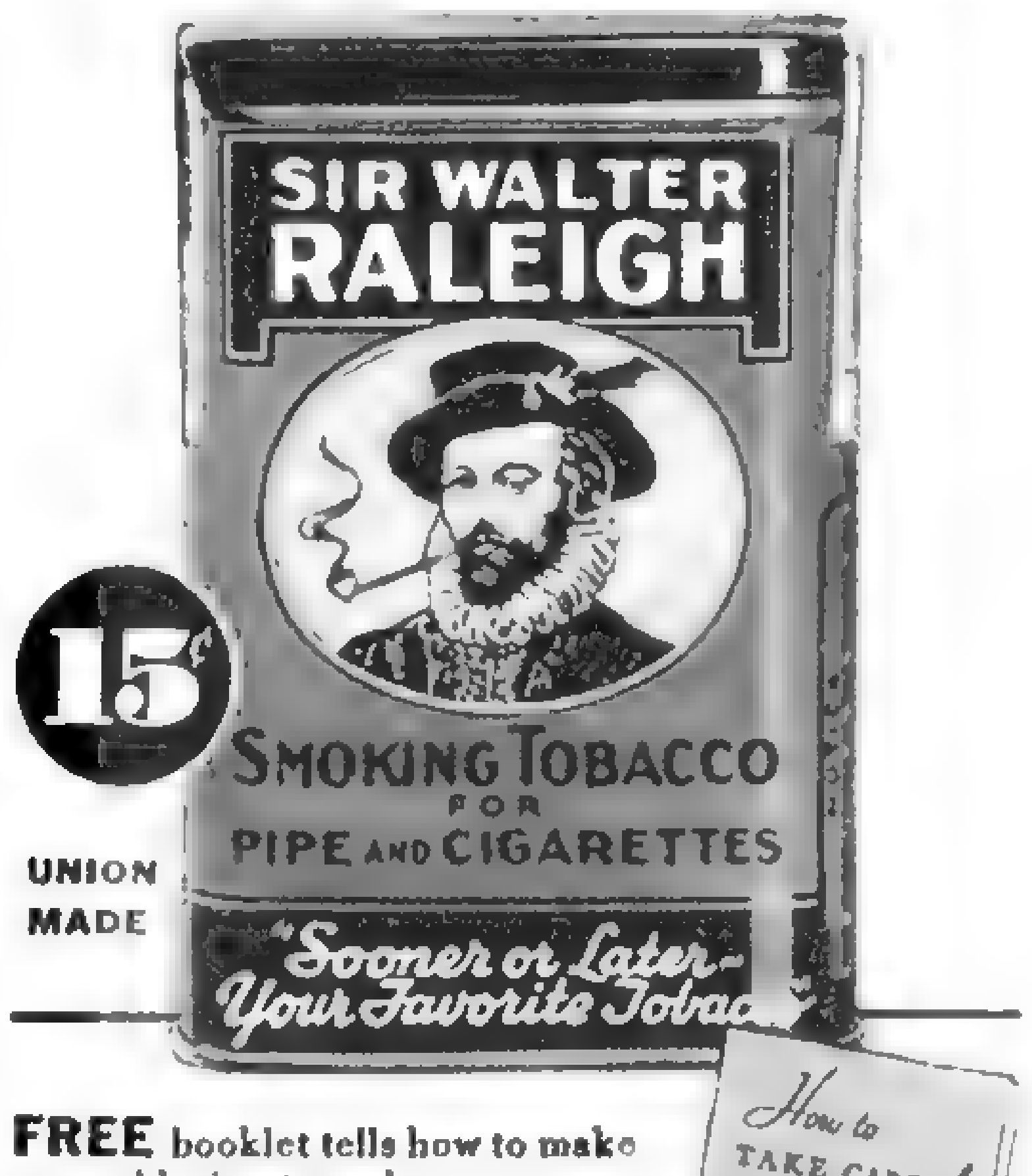
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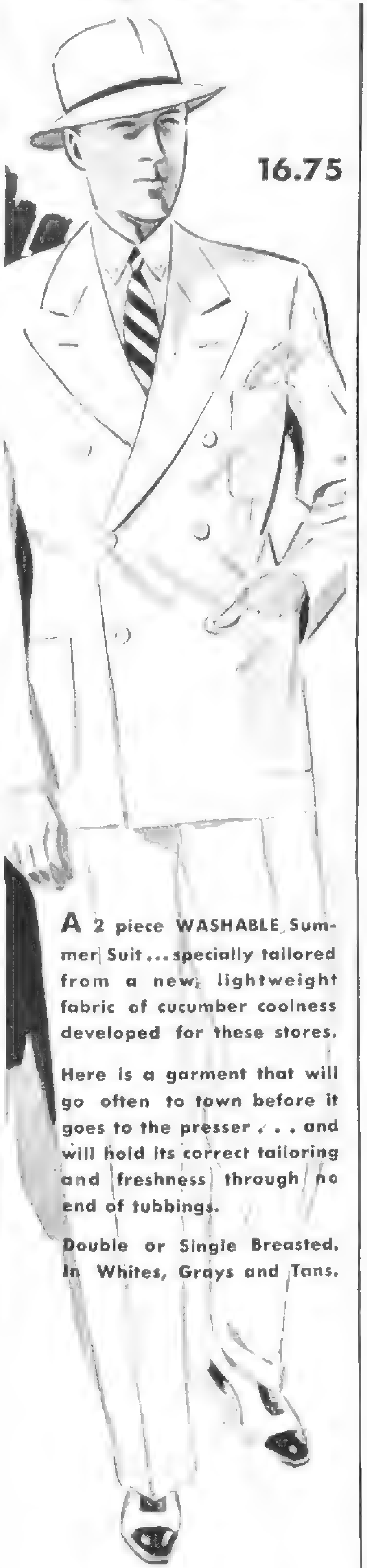

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The Sound of Death

Continued from page 40

be worse so she turned on the taps for a hot bath instead and took off her pajamas and finished the drink Tommy had left and then mixed herself another and then wandered around the room with it; she took the two tens from the mantel where Tommy had left them and stuffed them into her purse and then she stopped in front of the mirror and looked at her breasts and studied her face, then she pulled her hair forward to make bangs the way Doris wore them to see how she would look that way but she certainly looked orey-eyed.

"The pace that kills," she said to herself and took another drink from her glass; this was the fourth day now, or no, it was the fifth if you counted Friday night, it was the longest drunk she'd ever been on and she'd have to stop tomorrow or Singer's probably wouldn't take her back at all, but anyway the drink was making her feel better; she felt cool and at the same time warm all over and pleasantly fuzzy inside, and she decided when Doris came maybe they'd both go over to Gil Glasner's and see what was doing there. So she lit a cigarette and took up her glass and walked over to the window; her apartment was only on the fourth floor, they would soon be tearing the old house down too to make room for a skyscraper, but meantime she could look right into the excavation across the street. It was always so dusty and at the same time so bright, with little twinkles of light on the tools and the machinery and the dust in the air making the sunlight seem livelier but the flash when she saw it was different: it was like a deep thick glow that flushed up suddenly from the earth and as suddenly subsided, doused in a shapeless black mass of dirt and smoke in the midst of which she saw a swarm of spinning fragments that kept on rising long after even the smoke had disappeared; they rose and rose, still spinning, becoming rocks, bits of woods, lengths of board turning end over end and rising lazily higher and higher until you would almost think they were floating. Then they too began to fall, raining down into the excavation, clattering against the fence, some of them bouncing right out into the street among the passing cars.

It was only then that she heard the *thud* of the blast or maybe it was then that she remembered hearing it because when she heard it it was already as if it was inside her: an abrupt heavy heave of sound that felt as if a gigantic pump had made one stroke, squeezing the air tight inside and around her and then had drawn all the air away again and left her empty. But the sound was still echoing back and forth among the buildings and she heard windows rattling all over the house, and even before she saw the men running and heard them yelling she knew something awful had happened but she hardly knew what. All she saw now in the spot where the blast had been was devastation but she couldn't remember how it had got that way: whether the big derrick with all the wires and things had collapsed before the explosion or afterward, or when the big mat had fallen, or whether the man she had seen standing beneath it had really been there or not, and where was he now? "Jesus!" she said softly to herself and started to lean farther out of the window and then she remembered how she was, without any clothes on, and she must have jumped when the blast went off because her glass was practically empty and her body wet all down one side, so she knelt down on the floor before the window so only her shoulders were showing.

"Jesus!" she said again, and she could still feel the force of the explosion like pumping away inside her and suddenly her stomach got all cold and small. "That's no way to die," she thought, and so she leaned back and drank up what was left in the glass. "And me with a head!" she said, and leaned out the window again to watch.

* * *

It was more like a shudder of earth than an explosion. All you heard was a short, unaccented *thud*, not loud. An indefinably solid sound, felt rather than heard, or felt first as the shock struck through the ground you stood on, and heard only afterward and then heard inwardly. Mrs. Speicher, sitting in one of the back rows of the Cathedral, two blocks down the Avenue, heard it. It was funny too, kind of ghostly: before you knew there was going to be a sound there was this noiseless quick thump that seemed to come from the floor beneath you and travel right up inside you. . . . Then the sound itself, faint, hardly more than an added murmur in the vast hazy quiet of the place.

Mrs. Speicher hadn't been praying; she couldn't, though she always pretended to; but when the sound came she raised her head and looked around her. No one else seemed to have noticed it. . . . There were a dozen or so people, mainly women, scattered kneeling among the chairs, and two men in robes or cassocks walking up the aisle at the side, and a man in overalls just crossing in front of the altar. None of them seemed to have noticed it.

Patrolman Ostlich, at his post directing traffic, heard it; above the drumming of motors, the gear-sounds, the horns, he heard it. Then, almost before its repercussions had died away, he saw the jumble of heads of people running and noticed the signs of developing confusion around the excavation. Holding up his hand against the downtown flow of traffic, he hurried over to the sidewalk. When he reached the sidewalk, he started to run.

Tommy Piacenti, at his desk

Continued on page 196

Style may depend upon half a dozen hair-widths

The renewed vogue of the wing-tip shoe bids fair to carry into the "white" season undiminished. In the windows of Douglas dealers now you'll see all the newer trends. The slight slenderizing of toes, the interesting treatments of buck, white, reverse-calf, the increasingly popular ventilated shoes.

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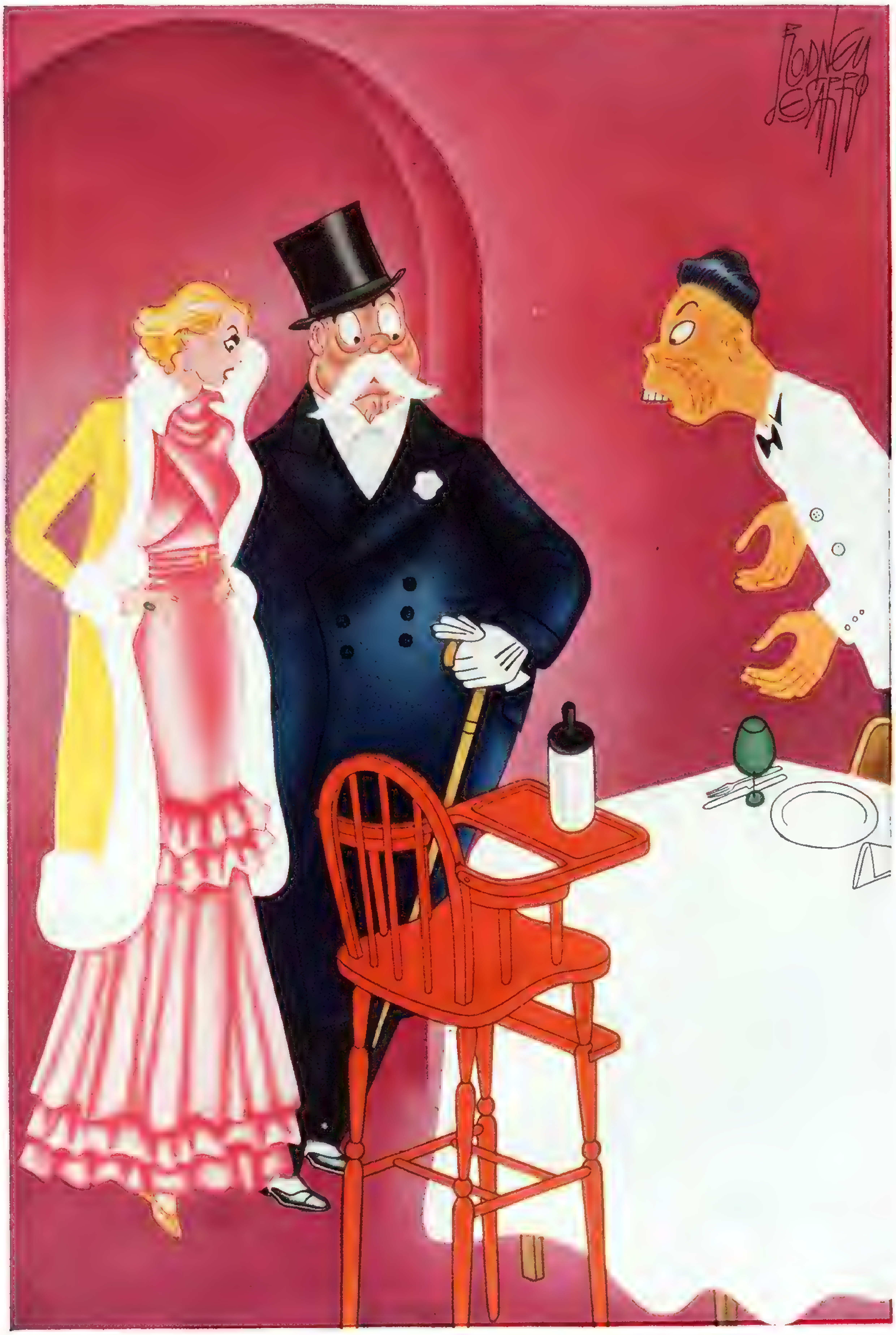
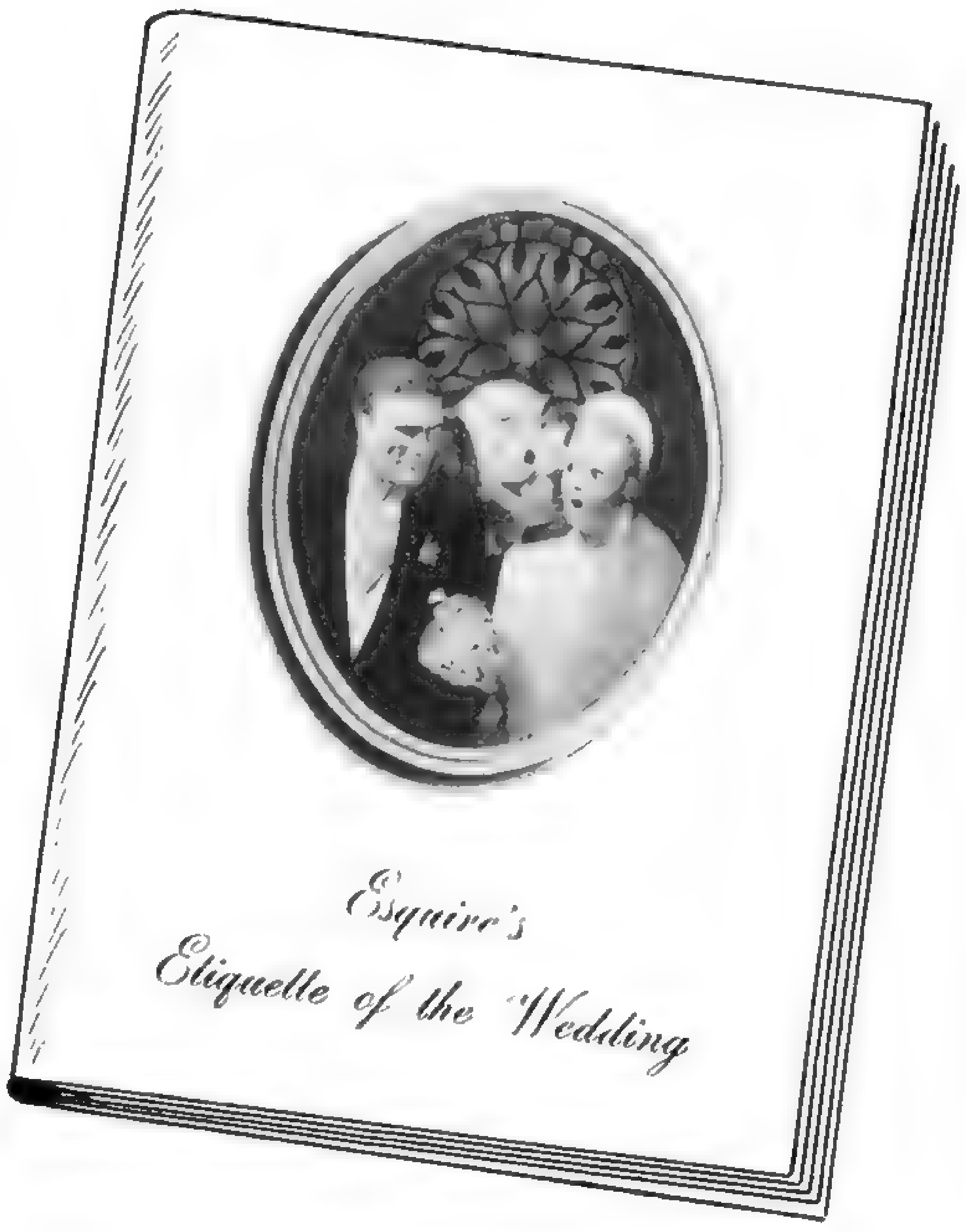

Rodney de Sarro

"But me understand you say you bling your baby back for supper"

The Other Side of Marriage

OR, WHAT TO WEAR TO THE WEDDING



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The Sound of Death

Continued from pages 40-194

in the company shed, was checking over time cards and entering them in the works ledger when he heard it. He ran out on the works side of the shanty, and stood at the head of the stairs leading down into the diggings. There was a cloud of dust still in the air, but he could see the derrick down and the mat beneath it, all in a tangle of rigging cables. The super wasn't around. He was at the main gate, or somewhere. Tommy stood wondering if there was anything he ought to do.

Then he saw Hanley, the head foreman, coming running towards him and ran down to meet him. Hanley's red face was mottled and streaked with gray; he looked as if he were going to throw up.

"Anybody in it?" Tommy asked as they met.

Hanley kept looking up at the open door of the office. "Yeah," he said. He was panting. "A laborer. Where's Simmons?"

"Down below. At the gate, I guess."

"Find him, will you? And get a call in for an ambulance. I got to get back there." As Hanley started away, Tommy saw the super, running like hell down the truck ramp. "There he goes now," Tommy said. Men were running from all over the excavation.

* * *

A solid *thud*, heavy and decisive. "We feel we have been very lenient so far with you but," Warder was saying, dictating his letter, but he was really thinking of Miss Kohler's legs when he heard it. She had her legs crossed so she showed a lot, and he was trying to think of something to say about them, something easy and casual, when the sound came, the deep hard *thud*.

It was so abrupt, sort of, that it bumped the words out of him before he thought. "You've got swell legs," he said, not as lightly as he'd have liked, but almost earnestly. At the same moment she gave a little jump and looked at him questioningly. "Didn't that sound *loud?*" she exclaimed, and without so much as a by-your-leave she ran over to the window.

"Oh, Mr. Warder," she was saying. "Let's just look, sh'we? Sh'we look? I'll . . . Oh, *look!*" she broke off, and began waving her hand behind her. "Oh, Mr. *Warder!*" she cried. "C'mere, *quick!* Accident! Accident!"

Warder watched her from his chair, feeling a little annoyed. Fun was fun, but this breaking off in the midst of dictation. . . . And besides, he was reaching the point where too much jumping about always annoyed him; it made him feel his own growing portliness too keenly. But her legs, seen from the rear, looked better than ever, with the calves showing full and warm and symmetrical and the skirt drawn tight over her thighs as she leaned. He got up and walked over to the window after her.

When he got near enough, he gave her a little pat on the behind; not a hard pat, just a light little friendly one. "Be calm, child. Be calm," he said, and let his arm slip carelessly around her waist as he squeezed in beside her at the window. "Where is it?" he asked. She didn't say anything, but he could feel her lean gently against him. Down below, in the corner where they'd been preparing for the blast before, there was now quite a crowd of workmen. And all along the street, outside the fence, more people were gathering. From their height, in that sunlight, it all looked pleasantly ant-like in its animation. There was a steam shovel crawling slowly across the floor of the diggings, towards the spot where the wrecked derrick lay.

"Its been years since I've seen a good accident," Warder said.

* * *

Sciarpolo was the first man to see the lad that was hurt. The derrick had been smashed to hell, so Simmons had brought a shovel up and had a line run from its bucket to the mat, so they could hoist it away. Meantime, Sciarpolo and Petrie, another foreman, had wedged their way in along the side of the mat, where it lay jammed against the foot of the rock-ledge. They crouched there, waiting for the shovel to lift the mat clear. It seemed a long time doing it. They could hear Simmons shouting orders down below, and the racket of the shovel's exhaust as, almost inch by inch, the engineer put pull on the line. They could see the line tighten, slowly. But the mat clung to the rock as if spiked there. Then, suddenly, with a loud springing of its metal weave, the mat gave to the pull, folding stiffly back on itself to reveal the rock-filled cavity below. "There he is!" yelled Sciarpolo. "Hold it!"

He was lying loose as a sack, face up, among the rubble of rock thrown out by the blast but mostly on top of it, and most of his clothes had been whipped off by the force of the blast. He was pouring blood. He was alive, though, for he rolled his head slowly to one side as they clattered down beside him. The flesh on that side of his face was as if raked off, and what showed was a pulp of dirt and blood and tattered tissue. There was so much blood on his face they couldn't tell whether his eyes were open or not.

Both men bent over him, neither of them daring to touch him or knowing what to do. "God, man," said Sciarpolo softly. "You got it bad, didn't you?" He waited a moment and then added more loudly. "Can you say anything? Can you hear us?" The man didn't say anything. They could hear his breathing, with a kind of gurgle in it. Sciarpolo turned to Petrie. "Do you think we can move him?"

Petrie's face was dead white. "God! We got to do something," he said. He looked only at Sciarpolo, not at the man. "We got to do something," he said again. Then they heard Simmons scrambling up along the side of the ledge. "Did you reach him? How is he? Is he . . . Jesus God!" Simmons said as he caught sight of them below. "The poor fellow."

"I don't think we can move him, do you, Mr. Simmons?" Sciarpolo asked instantly. "Not without a stretcher?"

Simmons stared down. "No. No, I guess not. God knows how much he's broken up inside. There's an ambulance on the way. We could get him some water. We could loosen up that rock around him." He broke off suddenly. "He's alive, is he?" he asked, as if the thought had not occurred to him before.

"Yes, he's alive," Sciarpolo answered softly.

* * *

"Ooh, *look!*" cried Miss Kohler. "And there's an ambulance! Isn't this thrilling?" Warder didn't look down. It was too far away to see much of what was going on down there. He was looking at her. He couldn't help it. He knew how she would be, soft and big-hipped and a little too bouncy; she wasn't the type he usually went for, and besides, a girl in his own office—that was bad business. But just now there was something warm and compelling in the very feel of her, squeezed so close against him in the narrow window. He could feel her leg against his, almost all the way down. And she did have swell legs.

But she seemed no more conscious of him than if he hadn't been there, she was gazing absorbedly down at the scene below. Suddenly he wanted to make her pay attention to him, he wanted to penetrate her mystery, to awaken her to himself as a man. Abruptly, he tightened his arm around her waist, and when she glanced up he fixed her with a meaningful gaze. "Did you hear what I said back there?" he asked.

Miss Kohler shook her head playfully.

"I said you had beautiful legs."

"Mis-ter War-der. You've been peeking."

"Not as much as I'd like to." She had twisted around a little to face him but she hadn't resisted the pull of his arm; she was still quite close and she was looking straight into his eyes, there was an odd little satisfied expectant smile on her face. For a moment Warder saw and feared that smile: he seemed to see behind it the battery of desks in the outer office, stenographers whispering, office intrigues, all the power she would hold over him and the use she could make of him; he wanted to draw back but her willingness was too much for him. "I'll bet you're swell—all over," he said, a little thickly. She said, "Think so?" but hardly moving her lips, and as he approached her she didn't turn her head away, she only drew back a little so that he had to lean over her and when their lips met his whole body was as if pressing down on hers. She let him bear her back till her shoulders were hard against the side of the window, then she twisted her head aside and pushed with her hands and broke free.

"Give me air," she said. He was breathing hard. She looked up at him and made a grimace. "We're being oh so silly," she said. She let her hand rest against his chest.

"No we're not."

"But we are, darling."

It had been so easy it made him feel funny to have her calling him darling, but then he thought maybe this is just one of those times when you're lucky, maybe if it hadn't just been today she would never have felt that way again. "No," she said, with her eyes in his. "No. Let's look what they're doing down there. Let's be nice and look at the . . ." but this time she opened her mouth against his and let her lips cling as if they would never relinquish his. "Sweet," she said.

"Now we really *must* look."

* * *

It was funny, Mrs. Speicher thought. There had been that sharp quick *thud*, so that for a moment the whole structure of the Cathedral seemed to hang quivering over the silence inside it, and then that had passed and no one else seemed to have noticed it. But from then on she couldn't bring herself back to the thoughts she had been having, from then on she couldn't get herself back into a sense of peace. . . . Or maybe it was the way she had been thinking.

Maybe the way she had been thinking was wrong. But she couldn't help it. . . . It was such a long walk home from the hospital, and just the thought of Will in his bed there, among all the other beds in the ward, it was enough to make anybody feel weak. So she had gotten into the habit of going into the Cathedral on the way back and sitting down there. She couldn't pray. She would bend her head down like the others and cover her eyes with her hands, but she couldn't pray; she had strength enough for herself, she had courage, but the only thing in the world she wanted was to have Will home again and well, and you didn't have to be a doctor, or a minister, or even God himself to know that could never be. You had only to look at him, bloated in the belly and board-thin everywhere else, and his voice like a whisper, to know that the cancer was killing him. . .

So what the Cathedral was, was a place where she could just stop and not be, for a while. Where she didn't have to think. Only lately she had gotten into a funny way where she would sit, with her head down and her hand over her eyes, and watch her thoughts. As if they were something outside her, and not really thoughts but something growing and tak-

Continued at top of page 198

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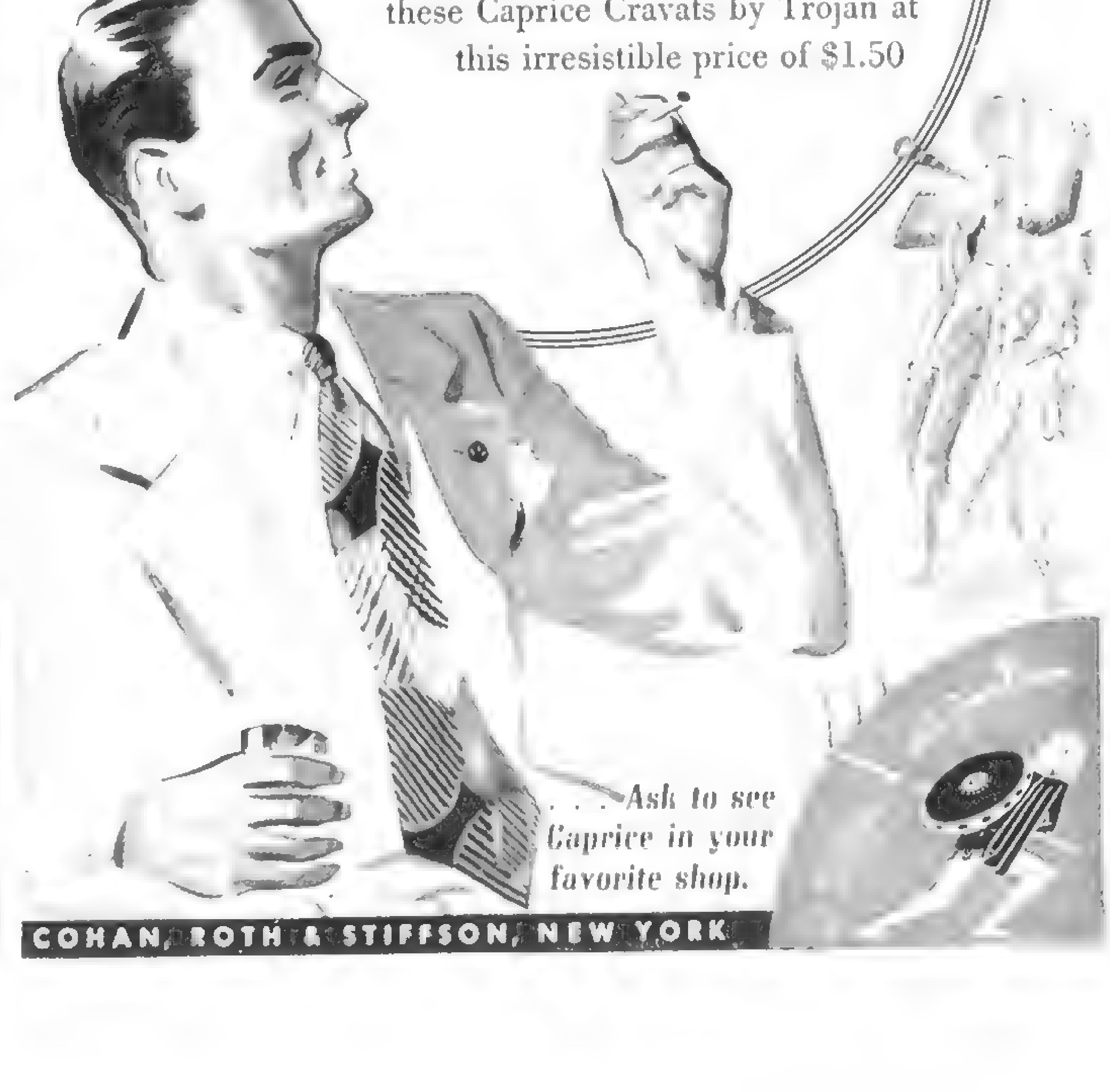

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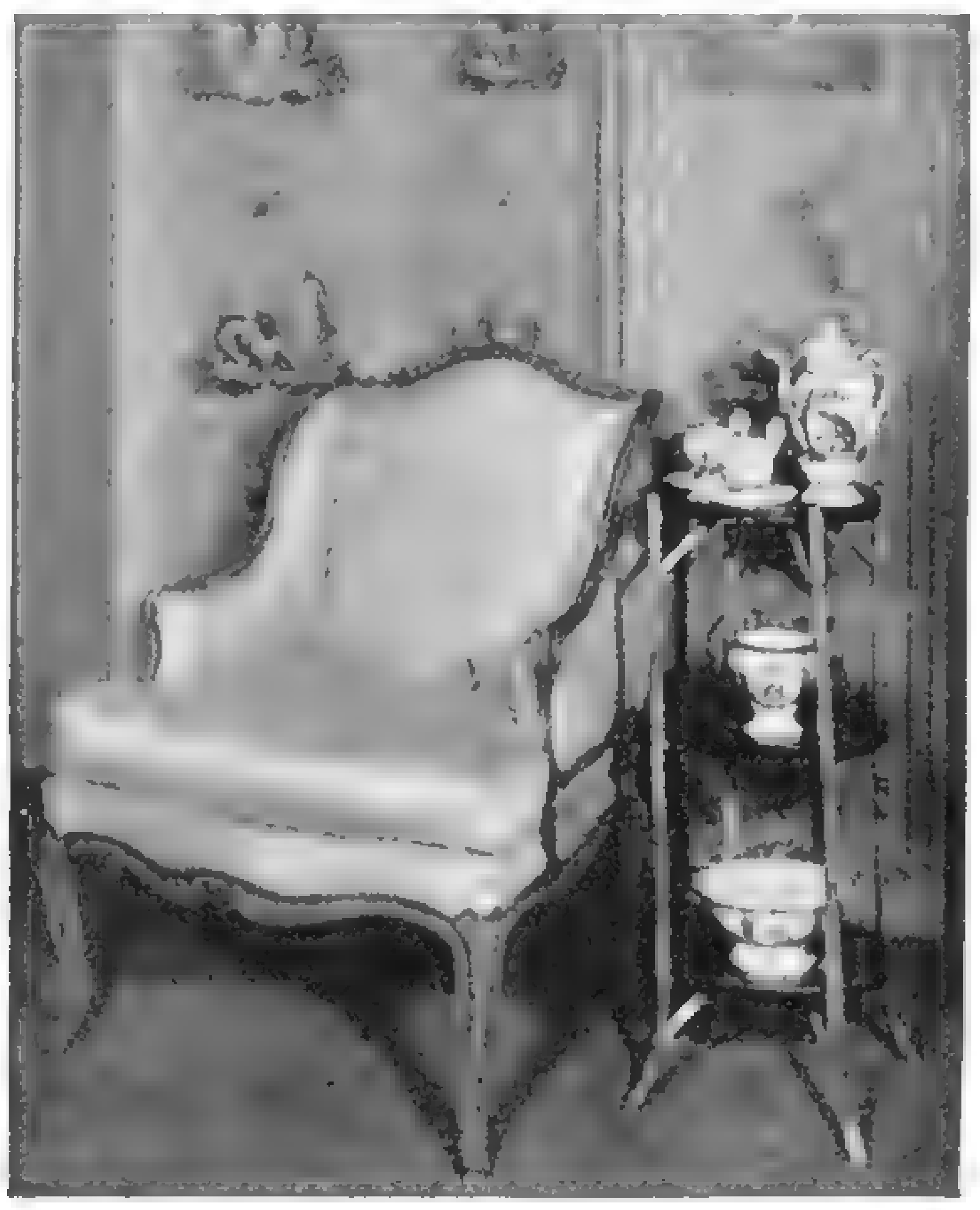

One of the numerous 18th and 19th Century settings, to be found at Symons Galleries, showing how various styles and periods may be successfully combined. In this photograph are found a late Sheraton lacquer and bamboo muffin stand, a Paris porcelain tea set, a Louis XV bergere and a Directoire paper three-fold painted screen.

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The Sound of Death

Continued from pages 40-194-197

ing all shapes and colors, in the darkness before her eyes. . . . And maybe that was what was wrong, because sometimes they would take strange shapes, like great birds or animals or maybe just green meadows and a river flowing, but today when the *thud* came she had been seeing her thoughts as flowers. And not real flowers, but more like the flowers you see painted on china or done in enamel: flowers with long stems, sprouting high, and their petals brighter-colored than any real flowers ever were.

She had watched them, springing so gay and clean and noble, and they had gotten mixed up with Will in her mind. . . . With Will and her, and the two kids, and the laughing, and the time when they had lived up on Amsterdam, and Will's bowling, and the times they went out with the Greers. . . . It almost came to seem that she was back there, as if they might both be back there again, some time. . . .

And then the *thud* came. Like a warning. . . . Like a sudden sharp thrust of dread that withdrew again and left her empty. And she knew: if you wanted to have courage, you couldn't have thoughts like that.

If you wanted to have strength. . . .

* * *

Joe had just a glimpse as they went past him with the stretcher to where the ambulance was waiting at the foot of the ramp. But it was enough, and after the ambulance had gone racing, motor full out, in second, back up the ramp and away, he stood there a while in the crowd of workmen, feeling lucky and a little sickish and bitterly sorry for the poor guy and his suffering, all at the same time. Then he heard somebody say, "Well, did you get your job, Mack?" and turned. It was the same little round-eyed guy he had seen at the main gate above. He was standing with his hands in his overall pockets, as before, and staring at Joe with that odd gaze, as if he were thinking of something else. Joe didn't know whether to be mad or what. "Yes, I got a job," he said.

"Trade?" said the little man.

Suddenly, for no reason, Joe felt friendly towards him. "Yeah," he said. "I'm a rigger. But they took me on as a laborer."

The little man nodded. "That's what they do," he said. "But you'll be doin' a rigger's work, never fear. At laborer's pay." #

The Color of the Press

Continued from page 46

were marooned in an upstate village where the only newspaper for sale was J. David Stern's New York *Post* or Philadelphia *Record*, or Camden *Courier*. In these papers he might have read (on Page 1 of the *Post*) the sensational headline:

HOW HEARST HELPED DRIVE
LINDBERGH INTO EXILE

and under it, set two-columns wide so all could run as they read, the statement of which the following are extracts:

"Photographers in the pay of Hearst endangered the life of little Jon Lindbergh and were guilty of the most outrageous violation of a family's right to privacy."

(Here was repeated the *Times* exclusive story of the unnamed photographers who ran down the Lindbergh car.)

"Colonel Lindbergh told his friends that had he been with Mrs. Lindbergh he, too, would have thought it a kidnaping and taken 'appropriate action'. He is a crack shot and carries a gun.

"He discovered the photographers were Hearst men.

"Here is a fact that has never been published and which should be made known to the American public. Colonel Lindbergh made it clear to his intimates that this was the deciding factor in determining him to take his family out of the country . . .

"Hearst uses the Lindbergh 'exile' to attack the New Deal . . "

From all the foregoing facts and quotations it is obvious that policies and prejudices—in short, color—have been injected into so factual an event as the Lindbergh flight; and as Mr. Stern's readers cannot be expected to buy Mr. Hearst's papers and vice versa, it is again obvious that public opinion, ranging all the way from cockeyed to corrupt, can be created among a supposed free, enlightened and intelligent reading public.

The Lindbergh case better than any event in recent history illustrates one phase of newspaper ethics, or rather lack of them. The press almost always suppresses news critical of the press; it usually suppresses scandals in which editors and publishers are involved; it generally colors or suppresses news which reflects on its own integrity.

This is a great political year, the year of the nomination of presidential candidates, the crystallization of public opinion and the election of a man who will be tremendously influential in shaping our individual as well as national destiny. Not only is Rome burning, but more than half the world is on the verge of war, and America is involved—if only in the effort of maintaining its neutrality. If ever public opinion needs to be informed it is today, and if ever honest reporting about the Democratic and Republican and minor parties is a fundamental necessity, it is right now.

Before we examine the press on the opening of the 1936 campaign, where political bias seeped into the news and headlines, giving

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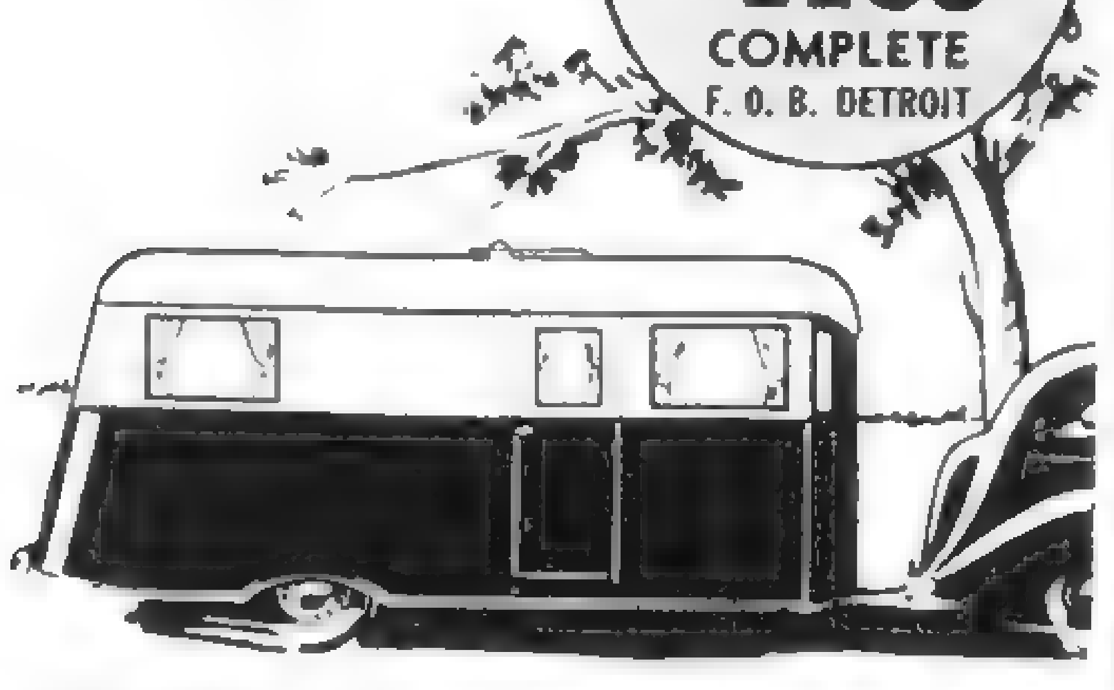

Don't be a summer shut-in. Don't sing the hot-weather blues. Get yourself a streamline Covered Wagon—and *live!* Three new models—fitted out with every travel luxury—kitchen, dining room, bedrooms and bath . . . Ice box, cooking and heating stoves, dressers, enamel sink, running water, electric lights.

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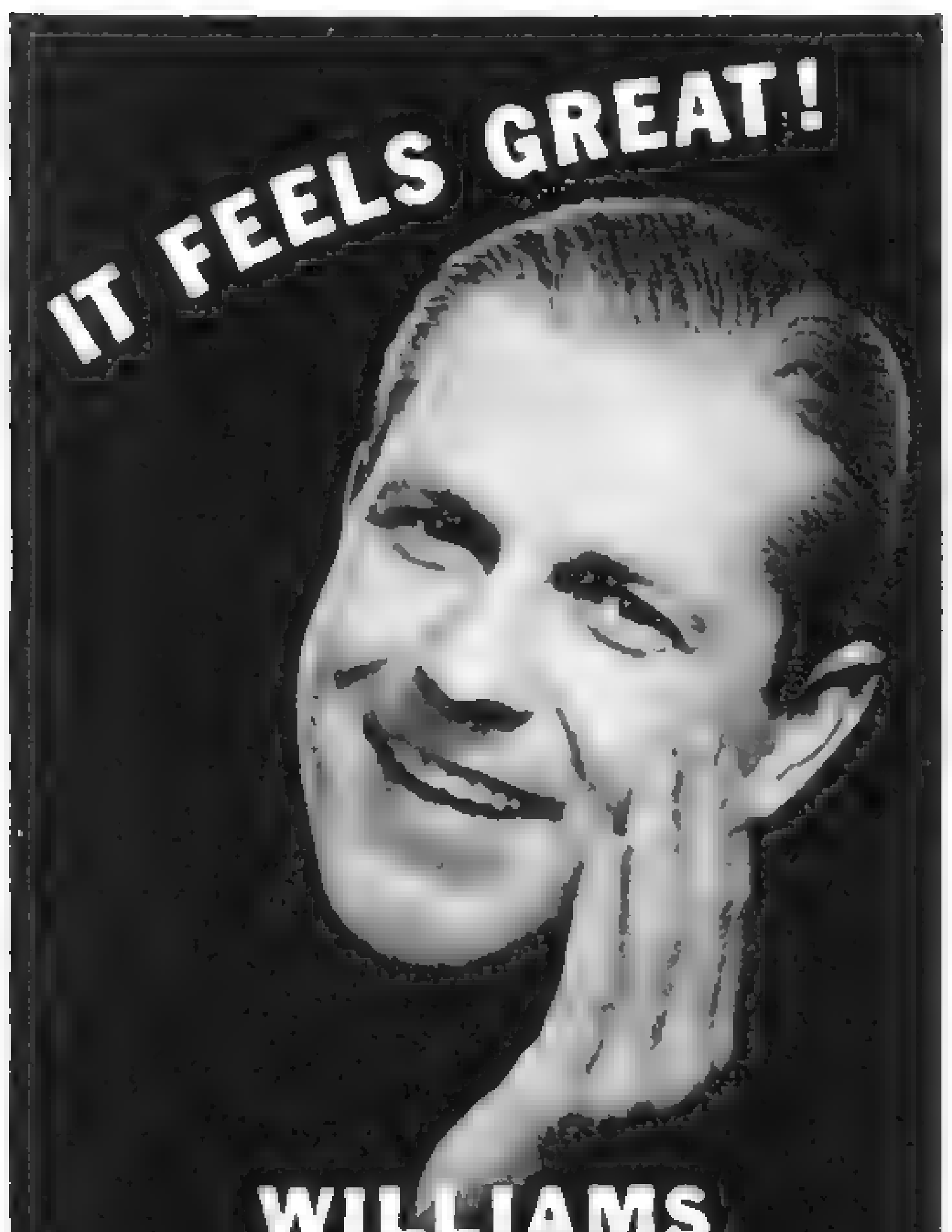
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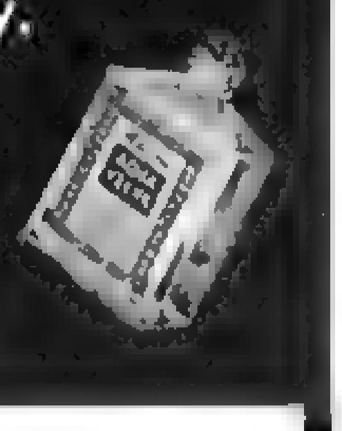

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(LaSalle, MONTREAL, Can.)
I am enclosing 3¢ in stamps. Please send me a sample bottle of AQUA VELVA.

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STREET ....
CITY........................STATE..............

them tremendous color, we might look at one subject which should concern fact and not political viewpoint. Question: what effect had the president's first broadside on the stock market?

Answer: The independent *World Telegram*, one of a chain of a score of liberal newspapers whose directors have at times voted to support a Republican and at another time a Democratic candidate for president, ran this headline:

Rails Go Higher
As Others Hold
In Active Deals

but its rival, the (Hearst) *Journal* had a line across a large part of a page which cried out sensationally

Roosevelt's Speech
Hits Market

and continued with:

Rails Strong As Rest
Of List Sags

and the text ran on to tell you that "President Roosevelt's challenge to critics of the Raw Deal . . . unsettled the stock market today . . . Declines were in most instances narrow . . ."

The anti-Roosevelt *Sun*, however, said that "Buying of railroad shares was the feature of a strong and active stock market." The *Times* spoke of "feverish activity," and "no signs of discouragement; on the contrary . . . many sections of the stock and bond lists rose to new heights for the movement." Now turn to the pro-Roosevelt *Post* which exults in a 1-column head:

F. D. R. Words Bring
Security Price Advance

Here we are dealing with facts and figures, with statistics, with the question of whether stocks went up or down, whether they were "hit," or advanced, or fell, and again the headlines instead of telling the simple truth attempt in some instances to color the facts, in others to pervert them entirely.

The same sort of headline writing occurred when Al Smith spoke at the American Liberty League meeting and the same sort of headline writing will mark every day of the campaign. In other words, some editors and publishers are not confining their love and hate, approval and venom, to the editorial page, but because of their own affiliations and prejudices, are handing them on to you, in direct violation of every moral and ethical code which they have signed and which they proclaim daily on their editorial pages.

Of course, many complain, New York is not the yardstick for the nation. Because William Allen White's Emporia *Gazette* is an honest newspaper, because the Baltimore *Sun* and the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* and a dozen other newspapers are more often compared with the London *Times* and Manchester *Guardian* than any New York newspaper, one should perhaps look for the great, free, liberal, untrammelled newspapers outside the metropolis.

Fortunately or unfortunately the New York newspapers are the only ones outside the Christian Science *Monitor* which circulate throughout the nation and help formulate national opinion, although in many sections smaller newspapers are vastly more powerful. Let us examine for example the spectrum of the news in the Detroit *Free Press* and the Chicago *Tribune*.

The *Free Press* whose readers expect plain uncolored news, recently purchased a whole page in one New York newspaper to air its opinions, which were that it considered the president of the United States a Communist, a Fascist, a man without any program, a spendthrift, a demagogue, a destroyer of industry; at almost the same time the *Free Press*, seeking business, purchased another full page to advertise the fact that industry is far from being destroyed, that, in fact, it was enjoying a prosperous year, that it leads America in new passenger-car advertising, and that in business generally, "Detroit is back."

Joyously the Chicago *Tribune* greeted the new year with the story that:

Joyous Crowds Storm
Loop To Welcome 1936

It spoke of merrymaking, "the good old normal healthy American spirit resurgent and getting over the handicaps of the depression and some of the New Deal experimentation." In short the *Tribune* policy colored even the news of cocktail and champagne parties of New Year's Eve.

The financial page of this same newspaper publishes two stories of a different tenor, as the following headlines show:

Traders Sing As Stocks
End Year In Spurt

which is followed by a "Happy Days are Here Again" story from New York and on the next day by a business review with the following headlines:

City's Leading Banks Report Large Profits . . . Stocks Hurdle All Obstacles . . . Year Records Definite Revival in Real Estate . . . Rail Outlook Brightens . . . Electric Power . . . Hits New Record." The page line of the business review and its first subhead are illuminating reading. The former says, "Business enters 1936 in greatly improved position" and the latter concludes that "Only Federal Government brings fear," which, any lay reader can see, is a statement of fact followed by a second statement which some believe, others deny. It is a bit of editorial color.

Thus public opinion is formed and led in the Middle West. (Or shall we wait for the election returns before we say formed and led?)

Next to politics, a test of the coloration of news can be made in business items. If you buy a dozen newspapers and find strangely

Continued on page 198B

SMART AS A WHIP

Blue Grass

Perfume

To Elizabeth Arden, Blue Grass calls up the warm romance of the Kentucky racing country; to you, perhaps, some other vista equally enchanting. Blue Grass, with its clean, spirited fragrance, has created an altogether new vogue in perfumes, and has been enthusiastically accepted. Miss Arden has never made a perfume so instantly beloved.

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Getting Bald? Nonsense!
NO MAN SHOULD GROW BALD!

TO the aid of receding hair lines and thinning crowns, comes Pro-Ker. With it a plain scientific statement: "Now no man should grow bald."

Pro-Ker is no sweet smelling tonic. Or massage. Or dandruff "cure". The day for such hit-or-miss methods is past. Pro-Ker is a scalp normalizer. "Normalizing is the *only* way you can save your hair," states Charles Nessler, leading hair biologist, inventor of the permanent wave.

NORMALIZE YOUR SCALP

1
Hair grows in

3
Is replaced

First of all, stop trying to stop falling hair. Hair *should* fall and be replaced. That's the normal hair cycle. You see it plainly in animals. Their fur sheds and grows back. Yet until Charles Nessler's research showed the same law true for human heads, tonics and treatments damagingly tried to keep hair from falling out. Is it any wonder even monarchs' and millionaires' heads went nude?

Pro-Ker is the first treatment based on Charles Nessler's hair replacement principle. First to help your scalp replace falling hair with new healthy hair. Today Pro-Ker is working successfully for thousands, because it follows—not interferes with—nature's laws.

A FULL HEAD OF HAIR ALL YOUR LIFE

Age and heredity are no reasons to lose your hair. Keep your scalp functioning normally, and you should have hair all your life. Don't worry about dandruff, oiliness, scalp itch. These secondary conditions are quickly relieved once you help your scalp back to normal with the Pro-Ker Treatment. Get Pro-Ker at any drug counter. Simple to use. Don't neglect your hair now that there *is* a way to help save it. $1.00 large bottle. $1.50 double size.

An Excellent Hairdressing *Free from Alcohol*

IF YOUR DRUGGIST CAN'T SUPPLY YOU—

Send check or money order for $1 or $1.50 bottle to Pro-Ker Laboratories, 404 Madison Ave., N. Y. Pro-Ker will be sent you postpaid.
In Canada: double size only $2.00. Raymond Harper, 67 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

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10
Charles Nessler's
PRO-KER

Charles Nessler's
PRO-KER

The Color of the Press

Continued from pages 46-198A

divergent reports concerning a gigantic corporation, or, frequently, no report at all in the majority of papers, you may be sure that the reporter is not to blame, but that the "sacred cow" list has been consulted.

In the same weeks of the Roosevelt-Smith-Borah-Robinson *et al.* oratory there was also news of Federal Trade Commission fraud or cease-and-desist orders against soap, beauty cream, laxative, cold and baldness cure manufacturers, food packers, and one government branch made a most sensational announcement on what sort of gasoline you should use in your automobile, and there were patent and other suits against one or two billion dollar corporations, and some papers reported all these important events and others killed them and still others used the new method of burying them alive in the want ad pages.

In 1935 the weekly tabloid, *People's Press*, published the long suppressed story of the death of several hundred men in a West Virginia tunnel construction. The daily press said nothing until the matter was taken up in Congress.

The evening papers of January 20, 1936 told the story of the hearings before the House of Representatives Labor sub-committee. The New York *World-Telegram* carried the United Press report which it headlined

1,000 Deaths in Tunnel
Laid to Dry Drills

The story mentioned Rinehart & Dennis, the contractors.

The *Post* brought the story to Page One for the first time. It mentioned the Kanawka Power Company for whom the tunnel was built.

The case had now apparently reached the front page and national importance—at least in the liberal press. But the New York *Times* of the 21st does not list the government hearings in its news index and a triple search of its columns fails to reveal that it carried a line about the story. It did, however, print about 46 columns on the death of King George V and an additional half-column editorial.

The hearings continued. On the morning of the 22nd Mr. Hearst's New York *American* had a four column spread with pictures on the front page of its second section:

Suppressed U. S. Report
On "Death Tunnel" Bared

The *Times* carried some 33 to 35 columns on the British king; it reported that George V's dog and parrot sensed the general mourning; it gave four columns to a "follow-up" story from Mr. Ellsworth, the explorer; it mentioned Secretary Ickes as calling Governor Talmadge of Georgia "His Chain-Gang Excellency," and the brilliant reply of the latter, ("Aw, he's just one of them boondogglers") and it published indignantly an editorial upholding Secretary of State Hull in withdrawing the secret documents which the indiscreet Mr. Nye had brought into the munitions hearings in his attempt to tell the who, what, why, when, where, of America's entry into the world war. But the *Times* had no editorial on the West Virginia deaths and in fact no item of news, so far as three searches of its columns reveal.

The *Herald Tribune* carried a mere 27 columns or so on the British news; it found space for a letter absolving the financiers of the world war and blaming America's entry on the principles of human rights and liberties; it told about a boa constrictor that starved "rather than eat buddy," the latter proving to be a white rat; but it had no editorial and not a word of news on the silicosis hearings.

Comment on the press in its relation to this story seems superfluous. Let us hurry on.

I have before me as I write all the headlines on the Nye investigation but I have not the space to quote them, so the reader must take my word that they point the same story: there is editorial coloring in many newspapers, pro and anti. One proclaims that "Nye exonerates Morgan of wrong," another says "Morgan loans put U. S. into War," a third, "Morgan shown averting tie-up in war supplies." Sometimes the same Associated Press report is headlined pro, sometimes anti Morgan, pro or anti Nye, and editorially Morgan is either muckraked as a war maker or glorified as a fine American patriot. Here it is no longer a question of Republican or Democratic newspaper, it is a matter of social convictions.

I could do the same thing with the Scottsboro case, showing bias, race prejudice, perversion of the news and headlines as well as favorable treatment and just plain uncolored reporting. And from San Francisco I am informed that the Associated Press has had to establish its own waterfront news service to check the reports it gets from the *Chronicle*, *Examiner*, *Call-Bulletin* and *News*. On the other hand the Newspaper Guild suit against the Associated Press in New York is omitted by the majority of newspapers. Possibly when a newspaper man bites his boss it's not news.

In short, think of a story, multiply it by five or seven newspapers, add the headlines, place them in parallel columns, and watch the color come out. It can be done with almost any big story.

You can have a lot of fun with it. I've had lots of fun with it for years. But it's a sort of grisly humor. It smells of the well-known charnel house about which newspapers speak when they attack their enemies. It deals with

"I am the proud possessor"*

"I am the proud possessor of a Rolls Razor. I have been using it for seven months with perfect satisfaction. I have also induced several of my friends to buy one."
ROBERT E. BOSTICK, New Orleans, La.

**An unsolicited, unpaid-for testimonial*

Thank you, MR. BOSTICK! You are one of our legion of friends . . . telling others of Rolls' advantages . . . its superb, permanent, self-sharpening blade . . . its infinitely smooth shave . . . you are among our best salesmen.

Do you know the *whole* Rolls story . . . the rich creamy soap . . . lathers in almost any water . . . an ample cake . . . enough for many months of deep lathered shaving . . . complete with permanent, refillable bowl . . . for $1 . . . and refills cost only 60c.

Imperial Rolls Razor, Nickel Plate, $10
Descriptive booklet No. 6 free on request.
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ROLLS RAZOR

THIS SEAL MAKES EACH BOTTLE AS TAMPER-PROOF AS AN EGG

SNAP
Telltale metal seal breaks when cap is unscrewed.
SNAP

WHEN YOU BUY
Schenley's
GOLDEN WEDDING
REGISTERED BRAND
OLD QUAKER
See Page 129
YOU'RE SURE OF GENUINENESS
Alseco
ANTI-COUNTERFEIT SEALS
ALUMINUM SEAL CO. NEW KENSINGTON, PA.

skeletons—but in newspaper closets, not in those of newspaper headlines' victims. It is fun to discover the "protective coloration" of news but this coloration makes public opinion, makes you think what you think about most things, makes you vote the way you do, fixes your mind on social legislation, on every great problem facing you and America today, even drags you into war. We all say glibly that this or that force led us into war, but those who refuse to place the blame on munitions makers or bankers or diplomacy or other elements always conclude by swearing that America would never have entered the last war and will surely not enter the next war unless there is sufficient public opinion in favor.

This is true.

But the press makes public opinion. The newspaper press is the original mould, and the press is more often colored than uncolored in making public opinion.

The press was the primary element in creating the hysteria which led us into the war and if you are too young to remember that event, try to think back to 1933, the time following the "bank holiday"—(there's one of the world's finest euphemisms for you)—and the announcement of the New Deal and Blue Eagle. Can you remember the tidal wave of emotion which flew over America at that time? That tidal wave was a comparatively small gesture of the voluntary coördinated American press. It is the greatest power in America.

In the years 1915 to 1917 the Allied colors were injected into the newspapers of America and I will leave it to a Congressional investigation to tell you by whom. My point is that the news was colored then. My point is that news is being colored today. For one or a hundred reasons the news is colored, and if you read colored news in about 90 per cent of the American press, how are you going to be part of the "intelligent public opinion" which guides this country?

And yet I think there is a simple solution to this problem.

The sensitive spot, the chink in the armor, the Achilles heel of the publishers is the government subsidy of from eighty to a hundred million dollars a year. This subsidy is apparently so guarded a secret that many newspapers do not know of its existence, otherwise how account for annual indignant editorials against the deficits of the postoffice department when for decades every deficit has been caused by this free gift to the free press? In 1931, for example, the postoffice system made a profit of $47,000,000 on letters but reported a deficit of $146,000,000. Outside the seventeen million air mail, nineteen million sea mail, and twelve million loss through franking, the government presented the publishers with $97,000,000.

Now, no one in America, not even Colonel McCormick of the free press committee of the publishers association, is a greater advocate of the free press than the present writer, and I would not for a moment suggest any check or barrier, blinder or halter, shackle or manacle on our free press, not even a dozen or two of the $28,000,000 a year "good will" funds with which the N.E.L.A. dazzled the eyes of some four-fifths of the publishers of the United States annually. All I would suggest is going back to fundamentals.

A wise American Congress in 1879, when congressional activity carried considerable idealism, passed the second class mail bill because it believed that the greatest force for public enlightenment was the printing press. Its product was therefore carried at a ridiculously low price.

I now propose that the subsidy be withheld from colored newspapers. As a corollary, I propose that plain newspapers be carried free.

If this raises the question of what and how and when and where, the answer is that there are some 40,000 working newspaper men in America who do know when they are writing plain or colored news and who do know what men and institutions color news, and who know when news is honest and when it is tainted, and who is responsible, either way.

The job of passing on the matter will be a thousand times easier than the questions before the Supreme Court. I would almost be willing to catch any man with a high school education and make him judge. He would have to order first, the abolition of the sacred cows, second, the abolition of BOMS, or "business office musts," third, he would arm himself with the Canons of Journalism to which every newspaper subscribes and read the paragraphs about "headlines," "impartiality," "sincerity, truthfulness, accuracy," "fair play," "decency," "retraction of error," etc. Then he could go on and judge.

In fact you can make the test yourself, at home, by listening to a political speech and then buying three or ten hometown papers and comparing the stories and headlines. Comparisons are odious. They will show up the honest, the slightly tainted, the actually corrupted, the yellow jaundiced. The parallels are deadly.

Colored news is the antithesis of free news which spreads enlightenment. Every newspaper proprietor knows when he colors the news. Forty thousand newspaper workers know when news is corrupted. It is therefore easy to distinguish between the plain and the colored press.

The subsidy should continue for the newspapers which do not color the news. But no subsidy for the tainted newspaper, is my program. And surely no honest publisher will object to it. And we may get a really free press as a result, instead of a small minority of free newspapers. ##

YOU'LL SLEEP BETTER
ON A PERFECT SLEEPER
It has no tufts!
$39.50*

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**West Coast prices slightly higher.*

WHY not give yourself the gift of thousands of nights of luxurious rest — with a Perfect Sleeper? This smooth, soft mattress is tuftless through and through. Patented inner-springs give you the maximum of comfort. Covered with beautiful materials and built to last — but not expensive. Box springs to match. At your department or furniture store. Sleeper, Inc., 30 Factories from Coast to Coast.

PERFECT SLEEPER *Mattress*

PATENTED the original and only completely practical tuftless inner-spring mattress

SLEEPER, INC., Dept. G-3
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Chicago, Ill.

Please send, free and without obligation to me, your illustrated four-color "Billy Sleeper" booklet describing the Perfect Sleeper mattress; also studio couches.

*Name*____________________
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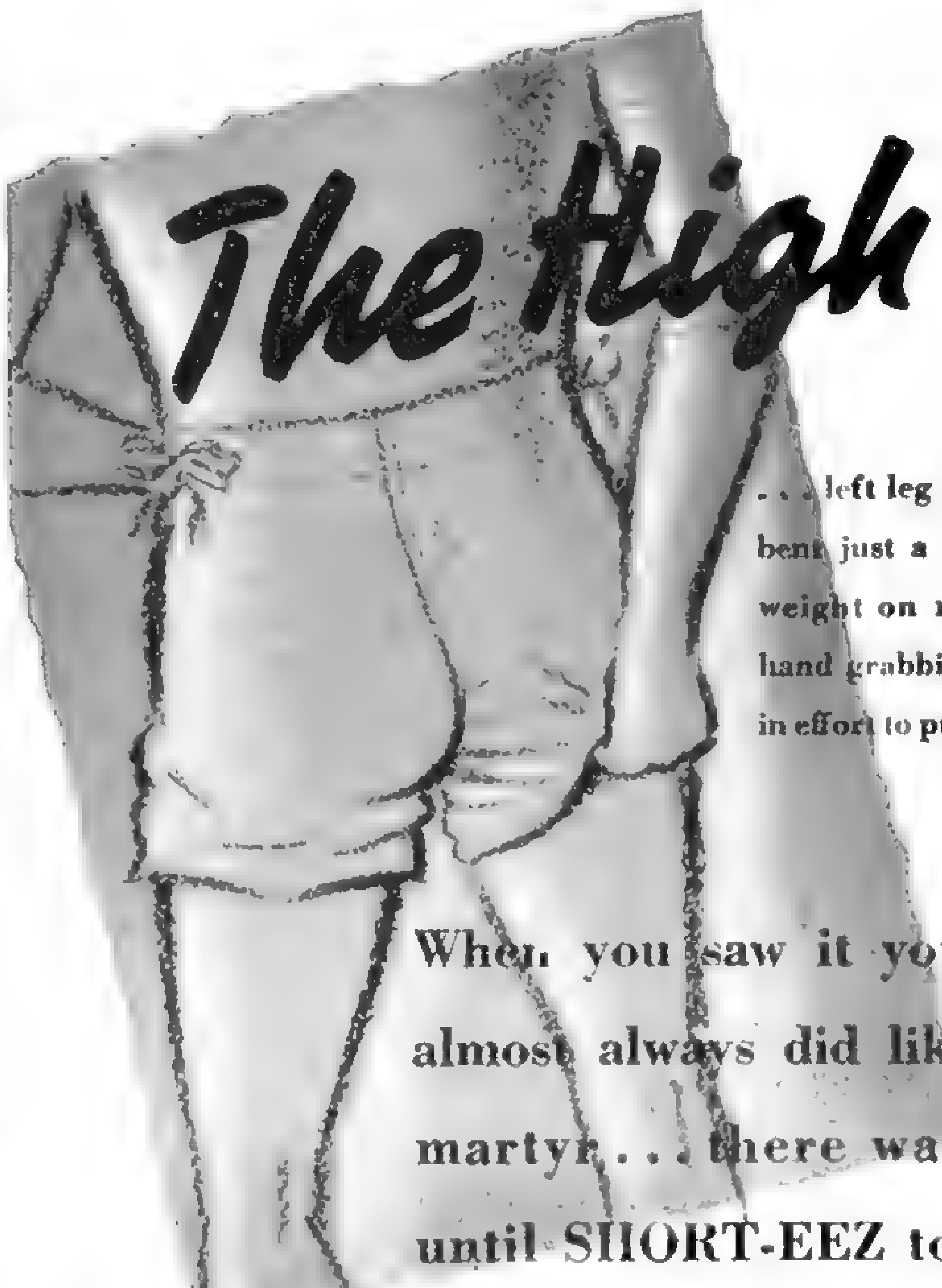
*City*____________ *State*________



. . . left leg slightly forward and bent just a bit at the knee, full weight on right leg and right hand grabbing your trouser seat in effort to pull short from crotch.

When you saw it you sympathized and almost always did likewise. You were a martyr . . . there was no relief . . . not until SHORT-EEZ took the bind from shorts with its one-piece seat.

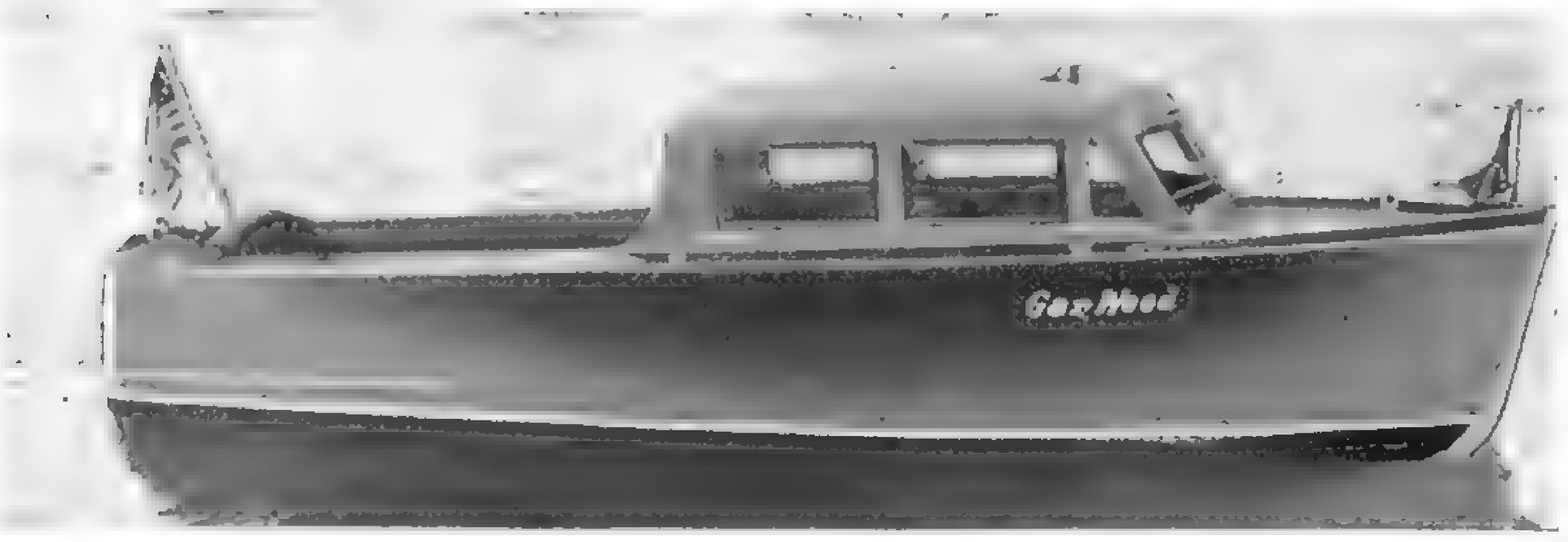
☆ *SHORT-EEZ comfort available at all good dealers.*

Superior **SHORT-EEZ**

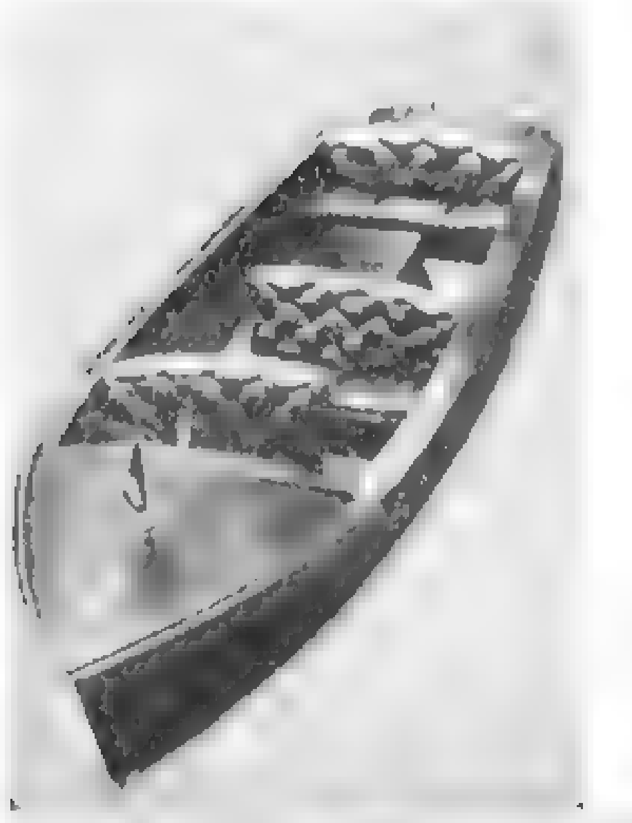
MADE BY SUPERIOR, Inc., PIQUA, OHIO

NEW GAR WOOD DE LUXE UTILITY

ideal for Sportsmen; with or without cabin



One of 67 Beautiful Trophy Fleet Models . . . Each the Outstanding Quality Boat in its Class



This 20-foot Deluxe Utility has every feature of performance, dependability and convenience which Gar Wood's lifetime of boat-building and gruelling race driving dictate as essential to enduring owner satisfaction. The fully streamlined cabin is built INTEGRAL with the hull, and is one of the features which makes this a great hunting and fishing, as well as a family boat. Its fully adjustable windows and after deck space are outstanding features. Perfect ventilation, yet complete protection against wind, rain and foul weather. See it at your nearest Gar Wood merchant, or write direct for new catalog showing the complete line of 67 models — cruisers, runabouts, utilities and speedsters.

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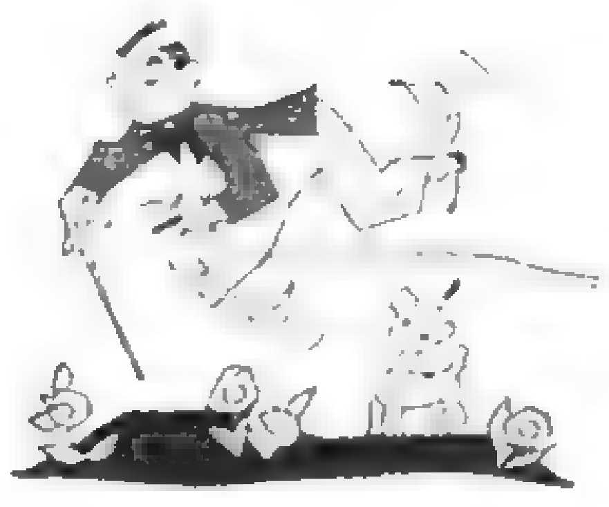

PUT "*Spring*" IN YOUR WALK!

$5 TO $6.50
Some Styles Slightly Higher

New SHOE STYLES! Latest Freeman Style Book pictures them. Write for it, also name of dealer. Freeman Shoe Corp., Beloit, Wis.
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Once you feel the balloon-tire springiness of these crepe rubber soles, you'll know the shoes *you* want for Spring! And once you run your finger tips over this shaggy-soft leather, you'll know why it's winning fame as Freeman *Shagbuck*.*

White will lead the fashion parade this season—but the "Nabob" (pictured) is styled in brown too, with wine-colored soles; and in gray, with blue crepe bottoms. Very smart—and veritable Freemans for wear!

FREEMAN
WORN WITH PRIDE BY MILLIONS

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 110

a singing comedian, so the picture ought to have some singing. This is very simple. Hire a quartette. The Yacht Club Boys are noted for their comical songs; they even embellish a picture with the grace-notes of satire. So let's have a few reels of the Yacht Club Boys reciting their patter-songs and then Al can kiss the heroine. Cab Calloway also sings.

But why pick on Al? Eddie Cantor has his Parkyakarkus, Jack Benny has Ted Healy & Co., Harold Lloyd has Lional Stander of the bogeyman voice, and Adolph Menjou.

And this is not to say that the results are always displeasing. The street-singing sequence in *The Singing Kid*, where the four Yacht Club Boys rush through the crowded city trying to prevent Al from singing his old Mammy song, is bright, alive, pointed, and just the sort of thing I've been crying for in musical pictures. I simply wish to point out that the real comedian, who could antic through an entire picture, carrying all the laughs himself, using the rest of the actors merely as stage-props, is practically gone from the scene. There remain a few puffed up reputations, actors who are literally supported through their productions by the subordinate players.

Have conditions so changed the requirements of the motion picture art that it is no longer possible for a comic personality to hold an audience throughout an entire picture, or are we in a period of small talents?

Obviously, conditions have not ruled out the comic personality when Chaplin can still produce the best laugh picture of the year with one actor—it happens to be himself—as the continuous center of interest, as the laugh-maker in every scene. I won't go into another discussion of *Modern Times*, but I want to point out that the world still reacts to true wit, to natural comedy. It is not yet essential to put every funnyman in a chorus girl's dormitory to get a laugh, when Chaplin can hire a few actors, build a few everyday backgrounds, and get his effects.

There are two or three other personality-comedians who retain their hold on audiences. W. C. Fields is funny, and Harpo Marx is funny.

What happened to the rest? Harold Lloyd once was funny. So was Eddie Cantor. So were Laurel and Hardy. Have our ideas of comedy changed? The professors who study the psychology of laughter have often pointed out that there are certain basic human reactions upon which practically all comedy situations are built. These can't change.

It appears to me that the answers in the cases of Harold Lloyd, Cantor, Jolson, and Laurel and Hardy vary.

Lloyd, Cantor, and Jolson had one thing in common, and in common with their period of greatest personal popularity. That was frenzy. Cantor and Jolson got their effects through positive charges. Lloyd, and the other dead-pan comedians of the period, notably Buster Keaton and Larry Semon, got their effects through negative charges. Cantor and Jolson were themselves super-frenzied, they sizzled energy, they were the comedians of exaggeration. When we say today that they are played out, that "they haven't got the stuff" any more, we are exactly describing our feelings about them. I still remember the first time I saw Eddie Cantor on the stage. It was in one of his biggest musical review hits, where he had the skit in which he was a gyp clothing store salesman selling a suit to a reluctant customer. I don't remember the details of the joke, but I retain a vivid impression of wild-eyed, extravagant insistence, of Cantor overwhelming the customer and the audience because the passion, the fury he expended in selling that suit was comically out of proportion with the importance, to an outsider, of such a sale. It was essentially humorous because it drew upon the feeling that life all around, at that time, was bombastic, exaggerated, violent, and trivial.

Al Jolson plopping down on his knees and trembling in every muscle while he caterwauled Maaaammy became a symbol of the period because he was giving all he had, in an emotion which everybody knew was false.

Harold Lloyd and Buster Keaton were comical because they wanted to go slow. America was running instead of walking; Jolson and Cantor were funny because they ran even faster, showing America how silly it was to run instead of walk; Lloyd and Keaton kept on walking, showing America how silly it was to run instead of walk. But the comical device in their pictures came when the other characters wouldn't let them walk. Somebody was always bumping into them, pushing them, making them run. Solemn-faced, goggle-eyed, they would turn with slow surprised expressions to say "what's your hurry?" but would find themselves shoved out on a building-rail, teetering and balancing frenziedly.

With the passing of the frenzied period, the basis for that type of comedy was lost. Other comedians who persisted in making this the basis of their jest, found themselves somehow out of time.

Lloyd didn't catch on at once. Last year he made a silly little picture which was essentially a comedy of situation; it got by, but it taught him that his solemn goggled face alone was not enough to keep his audience laughing. This year he learned. He surrounded himself with stooges, got some mechanical gags, and caught

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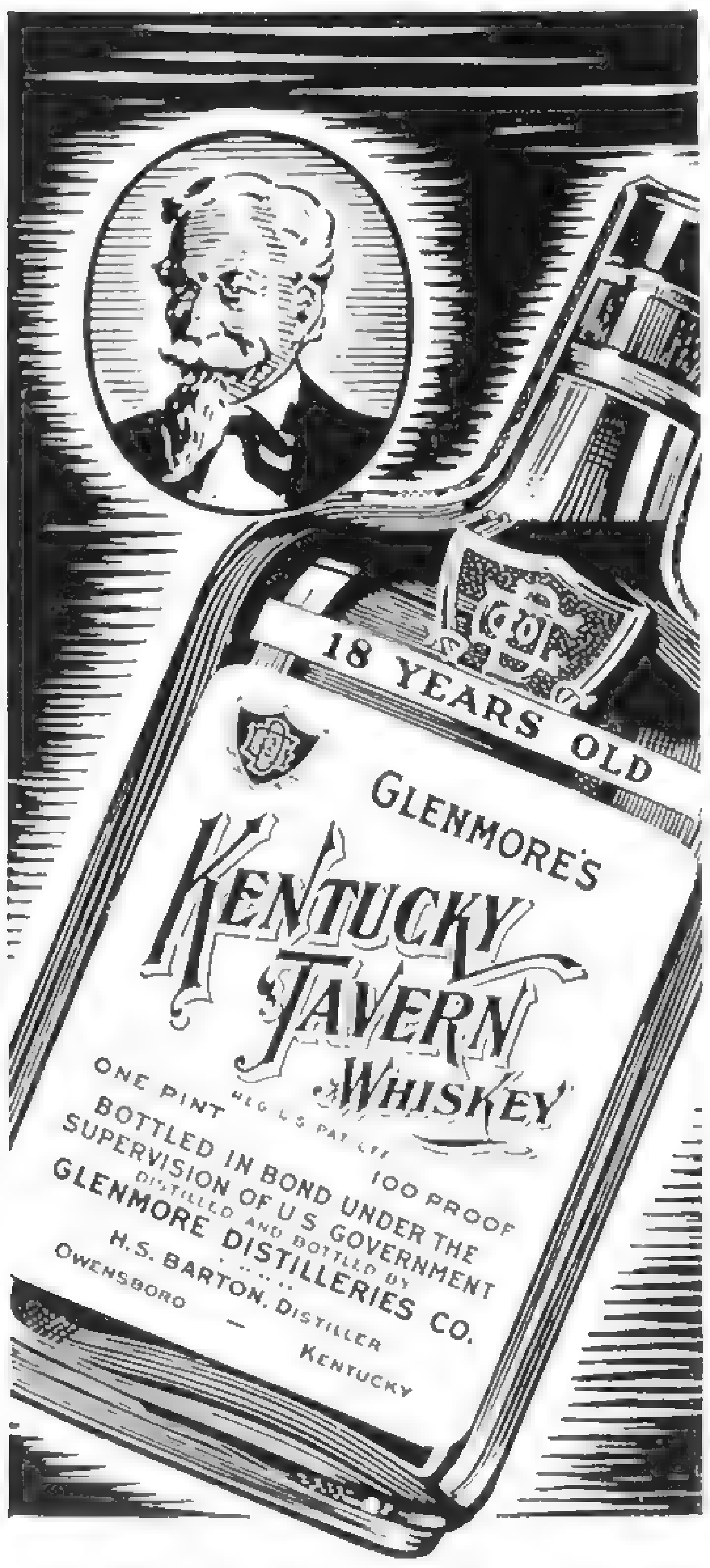

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up with the parade. Let the others make the laughs, he takes them and is still the star.

Laurel and Hardy were extremely funny when they were in stride. They have run down through no fault of their formula, but because their recent material has been weak and badly assembled.

Not long ago, Disney made a cartoon which was a savage comment upon the mannerisms of the Hollywood laugh-makers. Mickey Mouse and his pals, the big bad wolf and the enraged duck, were pictured in a polo game against the human comedians of the screen—Chaplin, Harpo Marx, Laurel and Hardy. Chaplin got fairly gracious treatment—a light caricature of his use of the cane. Harpo Marx, mounted on an ostrich whose face was the twin of his own, was allowed to get a few laughs with his triumphantly nonsensical inventions. But Laurel and Hardy were pitilessly satirized, their narrow repertory of expressions reduced to a cartoon formula—Laurel's grin, Hardy's fumbling with his necktie. And Hardy was introduced by a close-up of a horse's behind.

The cartoon was no sly commentary. It had a vicious undertone; and when the whole lot of Hollywood comedians were slammed off the screen in a terrific final collision, Disney seemed to have expressed his opinion of Hollywood. The horses were triumphant, riding their actors at the close of the cartoon.

Maybe some day the stooges will do the same to the stars.

FOR THE NABES

The intelligence appeal of the average picture may be pretty low, but it must be admitted that pictures have crept up quite a bit on the scale of sophistication during the last decade. Radio now is just about where pictures were fifteen years ago. But the fifteen years of grim forbearance of the movie fan is rapidly being lost as the radio features invade the cinema. When a guy rushes to his neighborhood movie to escape the inanities on the air, why should he have to sit through two reels of the Voice of Experience, and another two reels of Major Bowes amateurs, before he can see an honest-to-god movie? ⵌ

The Ants at Princeton

Continued from page 35

Harvard players, and at each starting signal nipped them with such vehemence as to completely destroy their charge and spoil any vestige of an offense. (Some of them, by penetrating the players' nether garments, gave rise to a famous phrase which would be indelicate to set down here.)

Captain Saltonville, his face black with ants so that he could scarcely see, cursed his generosity. But still he saw the score roll up 6-65, 25-65, 55-65, 64-65—until Princeton was ahead at last. Then he decided on a desperate measure.

He would "get" Aunty. He would violate all the traditions of his family and play dirty.

The signal was given and in he rushed.

"Bim!" went his fist, under the scrimmage, "Bim! Bam! Bim!"

Something warned him even at the moment that he was being rash.

And presently the huge throng was treated to a strange sight. Out of the pile burst Captain Saltonville, running at full speed, and after him, with a ferocious light in his beady eyes came the ant. Past his own goal posts ran the Cambridgian, and then with a glance behind and a terrified cry, up he went over the barrier into the stands, up the aisle he climbed with the ant always behind him.

Terrified, the crowd watched knowing that eventually Captain Saltonville would reach the top of the stadium with no alternative to a fifty foot leap to the ground.

The stricken Massachuten reached the press box and paused, white with anguish. Nearer and nearer came the ant, impeded only a little by the efforts of Harvard men to head him off.

And then another anonymous figure walks into this story. It was a young resourceful sports writer.

"If you will give the proper statement to the press," he said, "I think I can calm him down."

"Anything!" cried Saltonville.

Carefully the reporter dictated and Saltonville repeated after him into the mike, his blood quivering with shame at the words.

"This anim— I mean my honorable opponent, is superior to me . . . in industry, character and courage. . . ." He hurried on for his adversary was within hearing, "He is a gentleman and sportsman and I am proud to have encountered him even in defeat."

The ant heard and stopped. Flattery is sweet and his fighting nature was mollified.

The pressman spoke for him.

"Do you mean that, Captain Saltonville?" he asked.

"Of course I do," faltered the son of John Harvard, "That's why I hurried up to the press box. I couldn't keep back the truth any longer."

And that is the true story of the ants at Princeton. That they became a nuisance and had to be exterminated the following spring does not detract from the credit of their achievement.

The extermination order did not of course apply to "Aunty." You can see him any day now, if you are curious, for he has specialized in the future of his own people and holds down with credit the Harkness Chair of Insectology at Yale and in his spare time coaches the team. And Captain Saltonville is still remembered as one of the fastest running guards the Crimson ever knew. ⵌ

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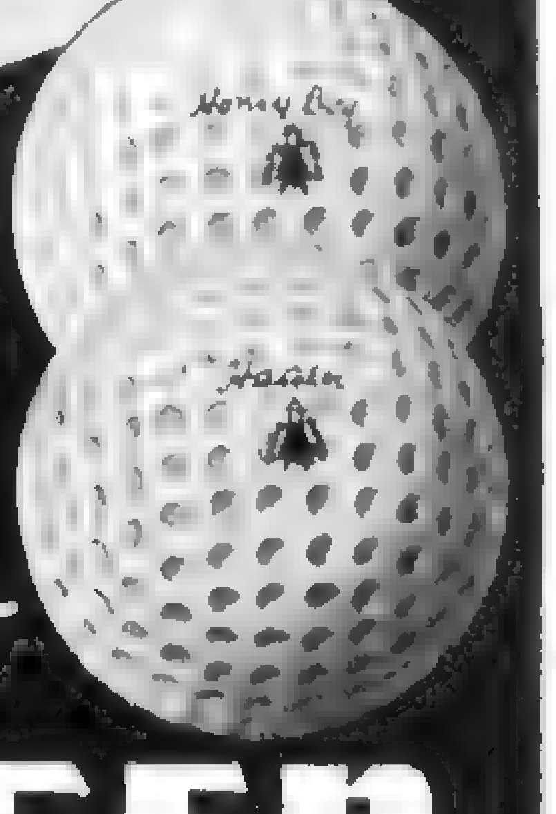

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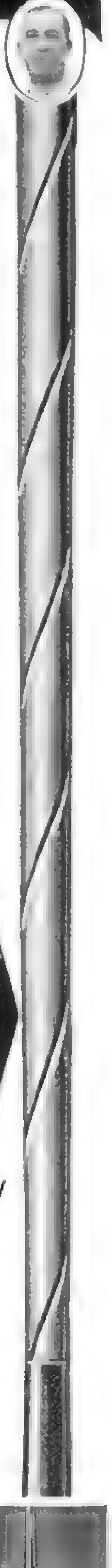

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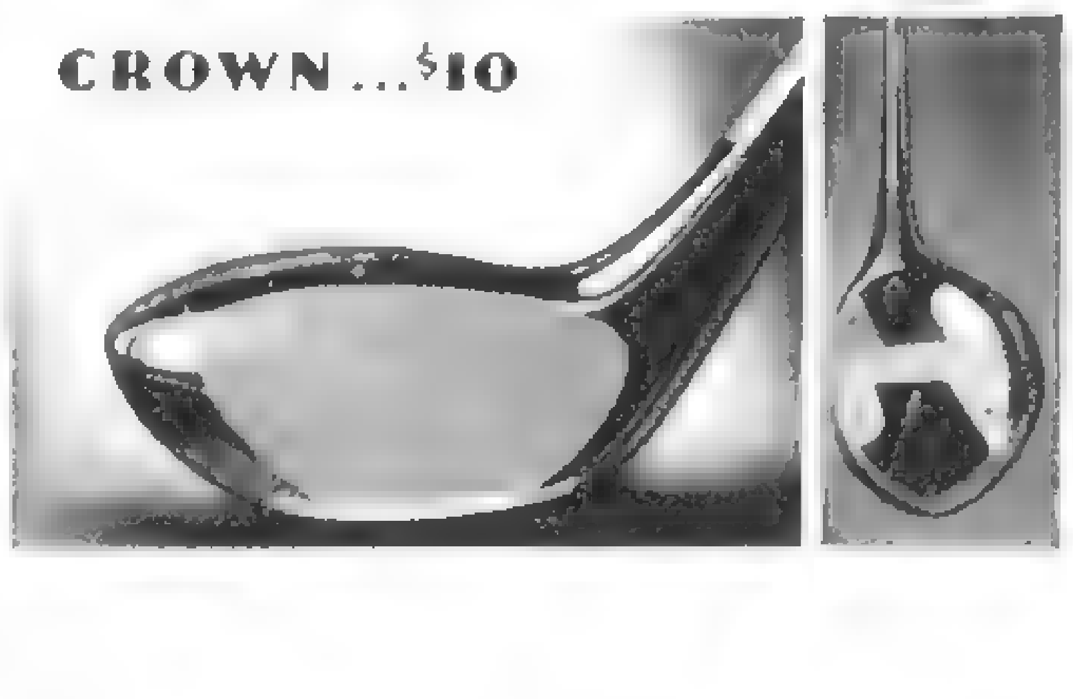

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The Talking Encyclopedia

Continued from page 112

"Dead, sir?" asked the pupil.

"Yes, dead by starvation."

The pupil produced ten dollars, and Morse ate. "This is my first meal in twenty-four hours," he declared. "Don't be an artist. It means beggary. Your life depends on people who know nothing of your art, and care nothing for you. A housedog lives better, and the very sensitiveness that stimulates an artist to work keeps him alive to suffer." However, Morse did achieve fame as a painter and sculptor, doing about four portraits a week at sixty dollars each. He was one of the founders of the National Academy of Design, and, perhaps with an eye to keeping girls out of a busy man's way, founded Vassar college.

When there was a competition for panels to be painted on the rotunda of the capitol in Washington, John Quincy Adams, feeling that there might be no American artists good enough for the job, suggested that foreign artists be invited. A blistering reply to Adams appeared anonymously in the *New York Evening Post.* Everyone believed the defender of American home-grown art to be Samuel Morse, and as a consequence he was somewhat razzed, and failed to get the job. He got sore, chucked painting temporarily, and went to work on his invention of the telegraph. It turned out later that the letter had been written by James Fenimore Cooper.

There is however, one instance the wife can bring up in which the happy home life brought about an enrichment of human activity. Alvan Clark, descendant of the Mayflower's mate, was a fairly successful painter at the age of forty. One day the dinner bell in the Clark household was dropped, and cracked. Alvan Clark helped his sons melt the bell and mold a telescope, through which they could see the satellites of Jupiter. The painter became so interested in making telescopes that he gave up art, and his descendants, today, make the largest lenses and the most delicate astronomical instruments in the world.

The astronomer is probably the most austere of amateurs; he must put by women to indulge his night-time peerings at the sky. Only a few years ago, Masani Nagata, a melon patch foreman in Brawley, California, discovered a comet through his three-inch telescope. The comet bears his name.

Merchants, barbers, and teachers, as well as monks and painters, are among the great amateurs, but it must be admitted that a few of them were stimulated to activity by women folk. Elias Howe was a railroad engineer, and, like the Rev. Lee, got bored with watching a woman's handiwork. In this case the woman was his wife; she was eternally sewing. He invented a sewing machine, in order that she might get through earlier.

A charming Southern woman spurred young Eli Whitney on to the invention of the cotton gin, it must be admitted. Whitney was a scholar who liked to work with tools. One time, while travelling, Whitney met a nice lady and again it was a case of too much crocheting. He made a trick embroidering device for her. The Southern lady said he could make anything, and it was suggested that he try his hand at a cotton ginning machine. He did.

But while women may applaud the amateur inventions of a bright young bachelor, it is a rare husband whose wife encourages his tinkering. Richard Arkwright was a barber who eked out a living at penny shaves in a basement shop. Later he made wigs, and peddled a hair-dye. On the side, he tried to discover perpetual motion. One of his machines gave him an idea for a cotton spinning device, and from then on the hair-dye industry suffered. His wife got sore, smashed all of his models, and left him. Subsequently, he succeeded.

Charles Goodyear's family stood by him all through his years of experimentation in search of a method of tanning rubber. Goodyear owned a hardware store before he got the rubber mania. One day he bought a rubber life preserver and found out (before he got into the water) that it melted in warm weather. Immediately, he began experimenting with rubber. He had several partial successes, went broke several times, and finally discovered how to vulcanize rubber. His first batches were cooked in his wife's baking oven. She didn't mind.

Goodyear was so obsessed with the possibilities of rubber as a fabric that he was described as "the man who has on a rubber cap, rubber stockings, a rubber coat and a rubber vest, rubber shoes, and carries an India rubber purse without a cent in it."

The classic example of the amateur everything is Ben Franklin, bachelor. No one can say there was a lack of women in Franklin's life, but he allowed himself plenty of leisure, and there was no one around to stop his bubbling mind from adventuring into all fields of knowledge. He invented a glass-bowl xylophone called the armonica, bifocal spectacles, lightning rods, electric treatment for paralysis, the Franklin stove, street lights, and daylight saving. He observed that 96,075,000 candles would be saved in the city of Paris every year by daylight saving, and, for its enforcement, suggested that "Every morning, as soon as the sun rises, let all the bells in every church be set ringing, and if this is not sufficient, let cannon be fired in every street, to wake the sluggards effectually."

He had no wife to be left snugly asleep while he tiptoed off to work. #

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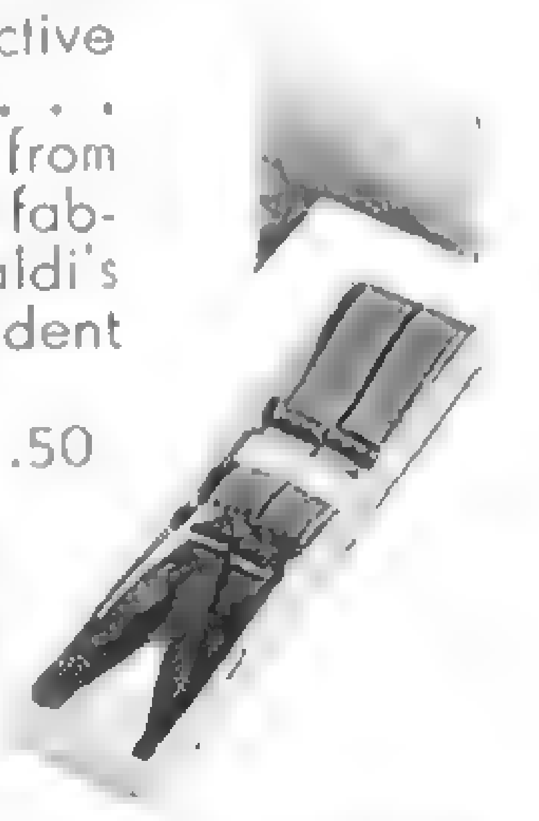

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 101

of narrative form that they can write naturally with the ease, effect and selective sense of gifted authors who have taken years to learn their trade. What I take to be the adult contributions to the book are, indeed, a very large blot on what seems to me to be very well selected sayings and observations by the children set down at various times and later worked into a coherent narrative. For the adult humor in the book is not very bright or new. It is greatly inferior, for instance, to the adult humor of the same general kind in Nancy Pope's *We Three.* It does not seem likely to me that the children would be repeating the adult witticisms of the book; for these adult witticisms are of a sort which have no meaning within a child's experience and therefore do not (as a rule) register with them. Children have their own sense of humor and their own witticisms and they have a way of correlating unallied observations in a way to sound excruciatingly funny to adults even when they (the children) have no remote intention of being funny. What is more, children resent being laughed at as though they were idiots when they have said something which makes serious sense to them but sounds cute or quaint to grown-ups.

Two novels of the season have as a theme the love of a young woman for a married man. One is *Time for Love* (Harper $2.00) by Ramona Herdman and the other is *The Weather in the Streets* (Reynal & Hitchcock, $2.50) by Rosamond Lehmann. Both are novels of honest vision, warmth of spirit and distinction, but, without my making any invidious comparison, Miss Lehmann's novel merits all one's best adjectives and is, unqualifiedly, a masterpiece. Here for the first time is conveyed with convincing and poignant reality the expressed and unexpressed thoughts, sentiments and emotions of a sensitive woman who is deeply in love and is loved and yet has no social character or standing in the relationship, neither as acknowledged mistress nor as a wife; nor, indeed, as (loathsome word!) a kept-woman. She cannot be identified with the man she loves in any way; her moments of happiness must be clandestine; she cannot look forward, except vaguely and forlornly, to a home with her lover and herself as a center; she cannot have children without causing disastrous complications; she cannot ask or demand anything for she was not seduced or betrayed or lied to: she chose her own lot with her eyes open; the husband from the very first, had laid all of his cards on the table and, older and wiser than she, had, while declaring his love, honestly been distressed at the idea of her falling in love with him and had sincerely hoped she wouldn't.

Her love, therefore, had to be deep to withstand the disadvantages, the affronts to the ego, which were inherent in her situation. The man had said from the first and continuously that he loved his wife and, despite her real and fancied illnesses, felt his obligations as husband and provider so honor-bound that he would never leave his wife—she would have to leave him if separation should occur. Miss Lehmann's heroine accepts her plight first with eagerness, then with impatience, then with resentment and finally with resignation, feeling that her need for the man she loves transcends all else and resolved to take what life has offered her before it is too late—and to take it without too much questioning and with understanding.

The theme of *The Weather in the Streets* is so commonplace that it takes the quiet honesty of Miss Herdman (as exemplified in *Time for Love*) or the superb artistry of Miss Lehmann to give it any sort of weight or value in a novel. Miss Lehmann has taken this tricky and difficult theme (tricky and difficult because it is so trite and so readily lends itself to false heroics and heroinics, tear-jerking and sentimentality) and has brought her characters so completely to life that you find yourself thinking of them not as figures in a book but as real persons whom you admire, sympathize with and have affection for. She does this by a difficult technical method: that of using dialogue throughout the greater part of the book, going into straight narrative or description only briefly to indicate change of time and scene. She resorts to the interior monologue occasionally where the interior monologue is the best medium for revealing her characters.

But with her use of dialogue she has taken a valuable tip from Eugene O'Neill's *Strange Interlude* and now and then (when there is a disparity between the expressed and unexpressed thoughts of her characters) given us conversation together with what is going on in her heroine's mind during a conversation. She does not overwork the method or make it tedious. The only fault I find with her use of it is her inconsistent use of both the first and the third personal pronoun, sometimes using "I" and "she" in the same paragraph and in both instances referring to the same person.

What is particularly new and refreshing about Miss Lehmann's handling of her theme is that she is just and fair to the man in the case. Women writers are partial to the theme and Miss Lehmann is unique among them in not using the theme to work out their petty grudges against the male sex.

They are inclined to picture the man as a cad, a selfish sensualist and a weakling. Their

Continued on page 202B

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 101-202A

heroines are invariably girls or women with the most delicate sensibilities, the most noble sentiments, the truest passion and the most subtle intelligence. Their yarns are never convincing because of this fact. It is impossible for the reader to believe that a very paragon of women would be attracted to, taken in by, or remotely in love with the boorish bounder used as a whipping-boy in fiction for all the undesirable traits women find in men as a class.

Miss Bessie Breuer was a particular offender in this regard in her subtly written and somewhat cloyingly lyrical *Memory of Love*, wherein the sensible reader's natural reaction was that the gal in the case must be a defective little slut (and not the intelligent angelic nymph described by Miss Breuer) to fall for such a cheap phony as the hero of her dreams.

Miss Lehmann not only makes a married man the object of her heroine's very deep affections but gives you every reason why this love is justified. The man is essentially lovable, honorable, sensitive, intelligent and right — right not only with the girl but in all his relations, right with his domineering and somewhat hateful mother, right with his associates, right with servants and employees, right with his wife, and right with all the world as it is possible in his circumstances to be.

Miss Lehmann's point, implicitly, is this: given a situation like this with the social mores such as they are in England and America, a situation in which there is a true, justifiable, and creditable love between a young unmarried woman of certain good type and a man worthy of the girl's love and who is in love with the girl and yet loves his wife if not actually in love with her, this is pretty much what is likely to happen; this is how the girl will feel, this is what she will think about, this is what the weather outside is like. A magnificent job of fiction writing, worthy of many honors and many readers.

Miss Herdman eases a little to the conventional side of the feminine treatment of her theme, in that the hero is depicted as being too irresolute, too lazy, too unresourceful to do anything about the complicated situation which is slowly driving him nuts. The heroine is in love with a married man who works in the same office, has been in love with him and his mistress for a number of years. He has a selfish, always-taking-never-giving social wife, a home with grown-up children who make demands upon his time, energy and affections, a doting mother whom he has to see every week, a job in which he is not getting anywhere comparable to where he ought to be with his abilities — and a mistress. The mistress is not only his emotional outlet but the one who is always bolstering up his morale, urging him on in ambition, taking the raps for him at the office. The mistress thinks he ought to give his vain and silly wife the air, cut off from his subjection to his too motherly mother, make a clean break and make a new start with her. He never does this because he is so busy with petty complications that he never has time for love—love is something he must snatch on the run like pie and coffee at a railroad lunch counter. That's Miss Herdman's implication. And except for some spots of faulty imagination here and there and some few tired pages splattered with clichés, the novel is a far cut above the average and entertaining.

In my private diary for 1922 there is the following entry on Jan. 7:

"Read a short story in the office by Sarah Haardt who lives in Montgomery, Ala. So fine is it in manner and substance, so honest and original in point of view that I tingled with emotion on reading it. Not because of the story but at the revelation of talent which I feel certain is, in time, to develop into something sure and important."

I was at that time associate editor of *McCall's Magazine*. Miss Haardt wrote to me saying she had followed my critical writings in the Chicago *Tribune* and the magazines and that on reading that I had gone to New York to help edit a magazine she was sending me three stories which she hoped I might find usable or give her some critical suggestions about.

One of these stories was particularly good, evoking in me the response recorded above. It was not, however, a story which would be likely to appeal to a large popular audience, there being not enough action or plot in it to satisfy the expectations of vast numbers of women who depend upon the women's magazines for their literary entertainment. I knew that even as an associate editor and with the support of Harry Payne Burton, the Editor, he and I could not get the story past the objections of the solid phalanx of women sub-editors who had a very exact idea of what the average reader of the magazine looked like, how old she was, what her station and husband's income were and what her tastes in reading were.

So I wrote Miss Haardt, explaining matters delicately, praising her work and telling her I was taking the liberty of sending H. L. Mencken, an editor of the *Smart Set* one of the stories together with a note extolling its merits and that if Mencken should take the story he would undoubtedly ask for more.

Mencken did take the story, thanked me for sending it to him and wrote Miss Haardt asking for more. Over a period of time she sold him a fair proportion of her rather limited output of delicate and distinctive studies of Southern life.

Later she moved to Baltimore where she met Mencken and they were married. Since her death Mencken has collected her short stories and has written a biographical preface for them and they have just been issued in a volume called *Southern Album* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00).

Not long before Mrs. Mencken's death, I wrote to Mencken calling attention to this diary entry and its consequences. I got back an acknowledgment from Mrs. Mencken, through Mencken, of the episode, Mrs. Mencken saying she remembered my first letter vividly and my good offices in selling for her her first published story. But Mencken forgets this in his biographical preface to Miss Haardt's stories. And (sweet irony!) Mencken refused me permission to include any of Miss Haardt's stories in *The Smart Set Anthology*. The letter said it was Mrs. Mencken who declined but the letter was from Mencken who said Mrs. Mencken did not think these stories were worthy of being preserved in book form. This is curious in that I would have chosen one of the stories Mencken has included in the present collection.

His given reasons were not, then, altogether, valid, any more than was the reason he gave when he refused me permission to use any of his *Smart Set* stuff on the ground that it was "vealy." He could, of course, refuse his permission on any grounds or none. It was, and is, his perfect right. But I think his refusal had nothing to do with me or the anthology or the reasons he gave but was because of his protracted peeve with George Jean Nathan who had graciously consented to co-operate in every way with the compilation of the anthology.

Apropos of this it is interesting to go over the old issues of *Who's Who in America*. In these Mencken signalized his break with Willard Huntington Wright ("S. S. Van Dine") by removing Wright's name from his (Mencken's) biographical sketch (thus altering the record) as collaborator with Mencken and Nathan on the book *Europe After 8:15* and later he signalized his break with Nathan by removing Nathan's name as collaborator on *Europe After 8:15*, *Heliogabalus*, and all other associations of ten years of partnership.

As Louis Paul says there is plenty of room for William Saroyan. He is unique; he is an interesting personality and an interesting phenomenon; he has profuse talents which he uses freely in his own engaging way. I resent, therefore, the petty malice of rival authors who are in competition with him not in matter, form or kind of talent but in publicity and attention only, and who resent and belittle him. But he will come through whether he has or hasn't the support of other writers who are envious of his productivity and his gift for calling attention to himself. There is some swell stuff in *Inhale and Exhale* (Random House, $2.50) which is a collection of seventy-odd stories, sketches, letters and jottings. It is all refreshing and entertaining.

Edmund Wilson is one of the most gifted and readable reporters in the country and even though his bias has become leftish, he is still honest enough, observant enough and dispassionate enough to present pictures of current scenes and happenings which are marvels of reportorial art. Some of the best examples of his work are to be found in *Travels in Two Democracies* (Scribner, $2.50) wherein there are sketches from his recent trip to Russia as well as reports on events of dramatic and significant import in this country.

The best sign of the growing-up of the public mind of America is that Havelock Ellis' famous *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, formerly sold privately, and only to physicians, at $28, is now available to the general public in a handsome boxed set by Random House at $15. Some of it is now out of date but it is a landmark of social and scientific achievement in our times.

Without having room to mention their merits in full I should like to recommend to you:

Honor Them, Then (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00) by Eve Walters—a savagely intense portrayal of how a young girl's mind was warped and poisoned by a mother she adored;

Locos (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50) by Felipe Alfau—an amusing, fantastic Saroyanish tour-de-force about characters in fiction who live a life of their own;

Faith, Hope, No Charity (Harper, $2.00) by Margaret Lane—don't miss this lovely, amusing, tender tale of love in hard times in London;

Daughters of Albion (Doubleday, Doran, $2.75) by Alec Brown—a family saga of the break-up of the bourgeoisie in London by one of the leading Communist writers in England;

Jamaica Inn (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) by Daphne Du Maurier—a weird, atmospheric, Poesque yarn of mystery and terror on a lonely Scots moor—gives you the creeps nicely and there's a mystery involved to boot;

The Living Jefferson (Scribner, $3.00) by James Truslow Adams—a timely biography of one of the founding fathers who loathed dictatorship and too centralized government and fought for individual liberty;

Obiter Scripta (Scribner, $2.50) by George Santayana—a collection of the gentle hedonist's essays that have not hitherto appeared in book form—rather better reading than the long essay in the novel form in which he is not quite at home. #

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Portrait of a Worm Fisherman

Continued from page 48

The oxen surged ahead with the calm insolence of the Irresistible Force approaching the Immovable Object.

By this time I realized that I was not only a witness but an umpire to the strange clash between two schools of art. For it was no coincidence which caused Mr. Bugby to be fishing on that particular side of the pond when Ned returned for a second load of timbers. It is doubtful, in fact, if Mr. Bugby would have been fishing at all in the middle of a hot afternoon except for a purpose. The truth is that Mr. Bugby was proceeding to put a worm-fisherman in his lowly place; and any trout which might have succumbed as a result would have suffered the usual fate of the innocent bystander.

A tiny flash of crimson, as frail as hope straining against space, described an ever widening arc at the end of the tapered line until the Ibis finally settled toward the water with an artful little flutter. Whisked out almost before it was wet, it took wings again at the command of Mr. Bugby's plump hands; and this time, with minute allowance for trajectory and windage, it was wafted down within an inch of a half-submerged log some forty feet away. The afternoon was blazing, but no aesthetic trout could have failed of response to such talent—the water boiled and the tip of the rod went up.

A bald little man in his late fifties, Mr. Bugby had the air of a Buddha as he played his victim. With the same delicate touch he used in casting, he offered just enough resistance to persuade but never to manhandle a gallant foe. One did not need to be told that he had fished waters as exotic as those of Scotland and Norway when at last he netted a fifteen-inch beauty and allowed it to slide gently off the barbless hook into the bottom of the boat.

My admiration was so intense that for the moment I forgave Mr. Bugby the non-absorbent qualities of his famous paper towels. I foresaw that I would emerge from gents' washrooms the rest of my life surreptitiously using my handkerchief to finish drying my hands, but without bearing Mr. Bugby any further grudge.

Ned was speechless. His jaws worked a long while before he made the only comment left to him. He spat—and on an alder twig twelve feet away a drenched dragon fly scuttled off in alarm.

At the explosive sound Mr. Bugby glanced up as if he had just noticed spectators on shore. He smiled with bland innocence, nodded, lit a cigarette and picked up his oars for the perfect exit.

Ned eyed me with sudden and grim resolve. "How," he demanded, "would you like to go fishing with *me* tomorrow morning? Fishing, I mean, and not crocheting?"

It would have been cruelty to refuse, even though I held to the fly-fishing school of ethics. At sunrise, when I drove into the old man's front yard, the first thing I saw was a large tin can with a flaming red label—obviously a can of worms shouting its defiance to the world. Beside it on the door step was a short bamboo pole with a cotton line.

But Ned was nowhere in sight and I found him in one of the woodsheds which trailed out behind the house toward a barn bringing up the rear like a caboose. Chips were flying as the old man swung his adze, and an extinguished lantern hinted that the work had been going on since earliest dawn. The hoe-like tool, whetted to razor sharpness, rose and fell in easy rhythm; now gouging out a chunk which landed with a *thwack*, now taking off a sliver so thin that it floated to the floor. "By Godfrey!" grumbled Ned. "If they think I can't—"

"Oh, no!" I hurried to reassure him, suspecting that I had gone too far in my well-meant challenge. "Why, the Committee on Remodeling even sent me over with a little present for you. It's imported Irish rye—"

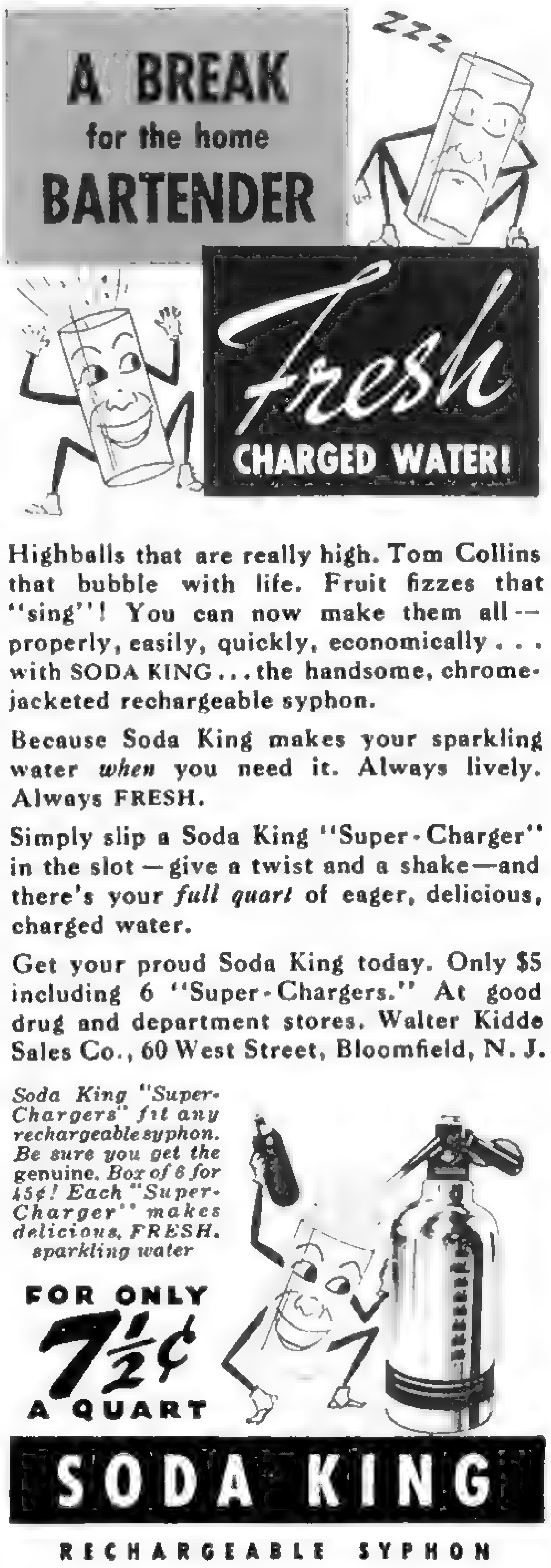
The cantankerous old fellow uncorked the bottle and sniffed. "Guess I'll take it over to Grandma Binns for cough syrup," he remarked, unimpressed. "Come on in and we'll have a drink."

The mysteries of "Forty-Below" were cleared up by his fond description as he set out the jug on the kitchen table. This beverage was the final product of a barrel of hard cider left outdoors on a sub-zero night until all had congealed except a few gallons at the core released by means of a red-hot poker. The more icy the weather, of course, the more fiery and vehement is the product. "Freezes the meekness out of it," Ned explained, the tiny veins in his nose already brightening with anticipation.

Although his bachelor kitchen was spotless, he blew politely in my teacup to reassure me against dust before filling it to the brim. I took two sips and the reaction was instantaneous. For if wine could be said to sing within the human system, or gin to set up a sharp yelping noise, the effects of Forty-Below could only be compared to a pipe organ, with all stops out, playing *Yankee Doodle!* Great, crashing chords thundered through one's very soul and ended in tingling notes as far away as the toes, while in response millions of hormones joined hands and began a sprightly dance around the spinal column.

"Warming, ain't it?" remarked Ned, noting with approval the tears which coursed down my face. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and refilled our cups. "We'll take some along for bait."

As we scrambled through thickets on our devious way up Hump Mountain, the old fellow wistfully told me his side of the story. It



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seemed that he nursed no bitterness toward fly-fishing. On the contrary he admitted with tart justice that it was an art which might take several years in the learning.

What he objected to was not the fly-fishing itself but the vulgar class of people it had attracted to a sport once remarkable for exclusiveness.

Indeed it had been a rare distinction in Ned's day to be recognized as one of the died-in-the-wool fishermen of a community. Only a very few loafers, drunkards or wife-beaters had any chance to qualify in the long run, since fishing at its best permitted no outside interests. Work of any sort, physical or mental, was especially apt to blunt the keen faculties required for perfection; and nothing must be allowed to interrupt the persevering apprenticeship of decades.

Thus it was that a finished worm-fisherman of the Golden Age seldom arrived in less than half a century to that intuition and generalship which, more than mere mechanical skill, constituted the glory of an authentic master.

Ned only claimed to be a likely journeyman himself, having devoted so much time to the adze, but he had known giants in his day. In contrast the crass intrusion of a paper-towel manufacturer was shocking and inconsistent, for how could one pretend to be a genuine fisherman while still bowing to the half-gods of respectability! Such an imposter could only hope to become one of the eager amateurs who have always been shunned by the true artist; and as for women trifling with a sport which has ever been their deadliest enemy, Ned found the idea too revolting for words.

After several perpendicular miles through second-growth and wild blackberry bushes I was bleeding from a dozen wounds, but a few gulps of Forty-Below served as an anesthetic. At the same time it didn't blind me to the fact that there was no brook yet to be seen.

"Seen?" growled the old man. "When you can *see* a mountain brook you know it's no good. You *listen* for real trout water and *smell* out the big ones in it, understand?"

Hugging this reprimand, I stayed in the background while he "wormed up" and spat on his hook. Dropping to his hands and knees, he edged into a thicket which completely hid the brook. Each move was painfully stealthy as he gave his worm a deft flip and eased it down through a funnel of twigs.

Before it had time to touch the water there was a splash as sudden as a gunshot and the tip of the rod jerked sidewise. Fractions of an inch became miles as the old man began to play his fish, sight unseen. Even an unguarded twitch counted in such close quarters, yet the writhing trout soon began its spiral ascent, scarcely touching a leaf as it emerged into the clear and flopped to the grass.

Ned crawled to reach the next bend. Then he reared up on one elbow as he cunningly worked his worm past twig after twig. The landing of a trout out of such a jungle constituted an engineering feat, but the old fellow made it appear easy.

I was encouraged to wet a line myself—and spent the next five minutes untangling it from the branches.

For reasons unaccountable, Ned would pass up a long stretch of brook, then take several whoppers in succession from a spot which appeared no better. Perhaps he really did "hear" and "smell" his way upstream! Finally I creeled a mere seven-incher, my only prize of the day, after rescuing it from a choke-cherry bush where the leader had become looped around a bird's nest. By this time Ned had enough trout for both of us and Grandma Binns. He tenderly covered them with ferns, after lining his basket with snow from a gorge which the sun never touched all summer.

More than a week passed before I saw him again and I could not help noting a vast change. He looked tense and preoccupied. He was about to pass me up in the village without recognition when I touched him on the shoulder and he started as if rousing from a sleep-walking dream. It was plain that the adze job had become an obsession amounting to temporary madness. I had heard of sculptors or painters going into such a frenzy while in the throes of creation, and I felt guilty for my part in inciting it.

The neighbors had become curious after remarking a lantern gleam in Ned's woodshed until late hours of the night. They guessed that something extraordinary must be forthcoming, especially since the old man would allow nobody a preview of his handiwork. The ancients of the community began to discuss great adze jobs of the past, and it was agreed that Uncle Johnny Caldwell was best qualified as final critic.

Aged ninety-six, he had made a study of the adze since and including President Polk's administration; and though he was practically on his deathbed from a recent "stroke," he got up as if by a miracle and put on his clothes. The last genuine masterpiece Uncle Johnny had seen was exhibited in 1859, but the artist had been killed at the Battle of Fredericksburg, and no other local talent had ever risen to the same heights.

The atmosphere of tense expectation communicated itself to the Parmachene Club, where the lounge-room was now complete except for the rough-hewn beams. Paul Revere lanterns, old flax wheels, hooked rugs and pewter sconces had crowded out the stuffed and varnished trout which once served as adornments; and only the ceiling lacked that quaint touch of antique handcraft.

When the day finally came, a large audience was on hand as

Continued at top of page 206

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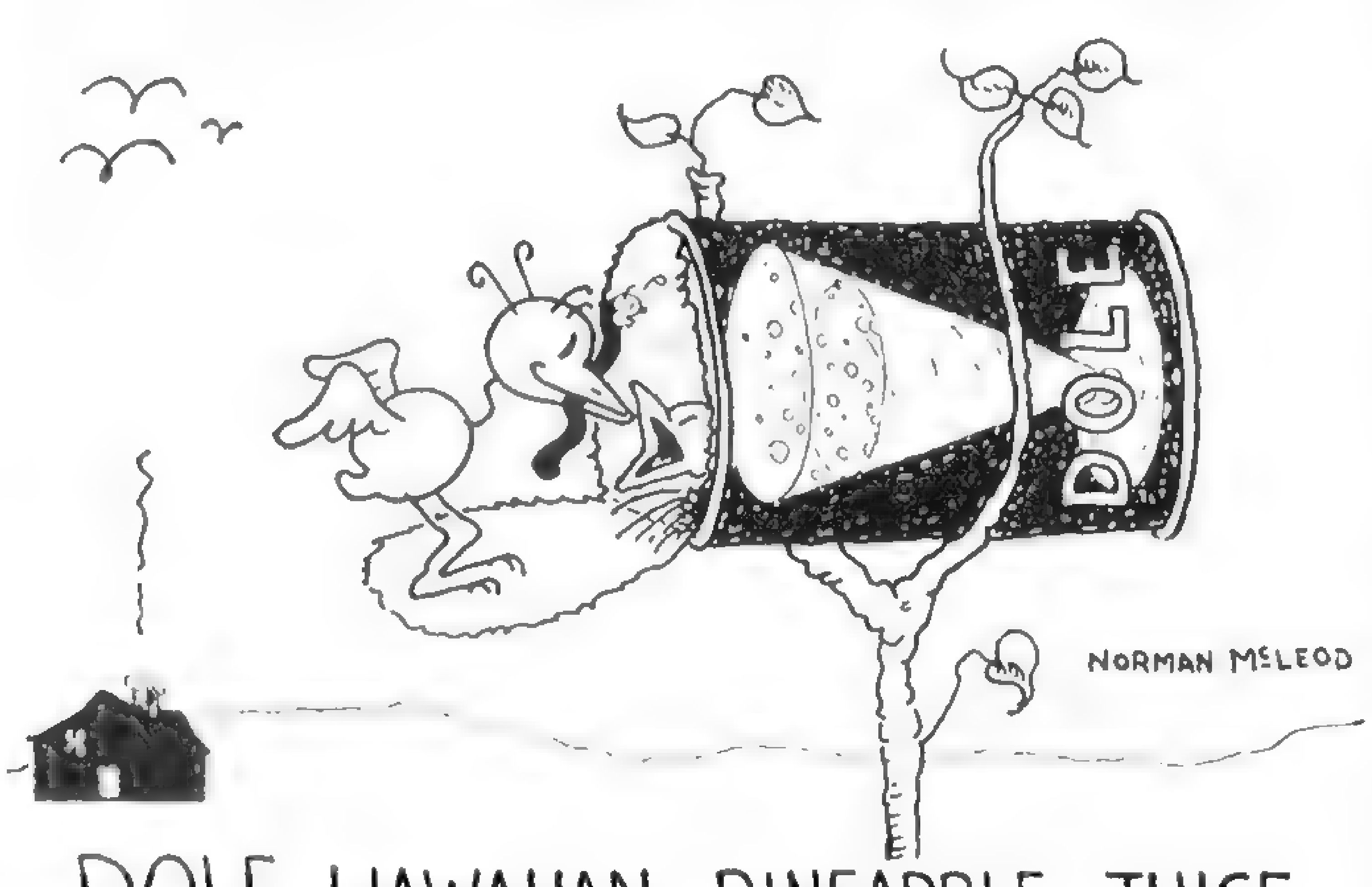

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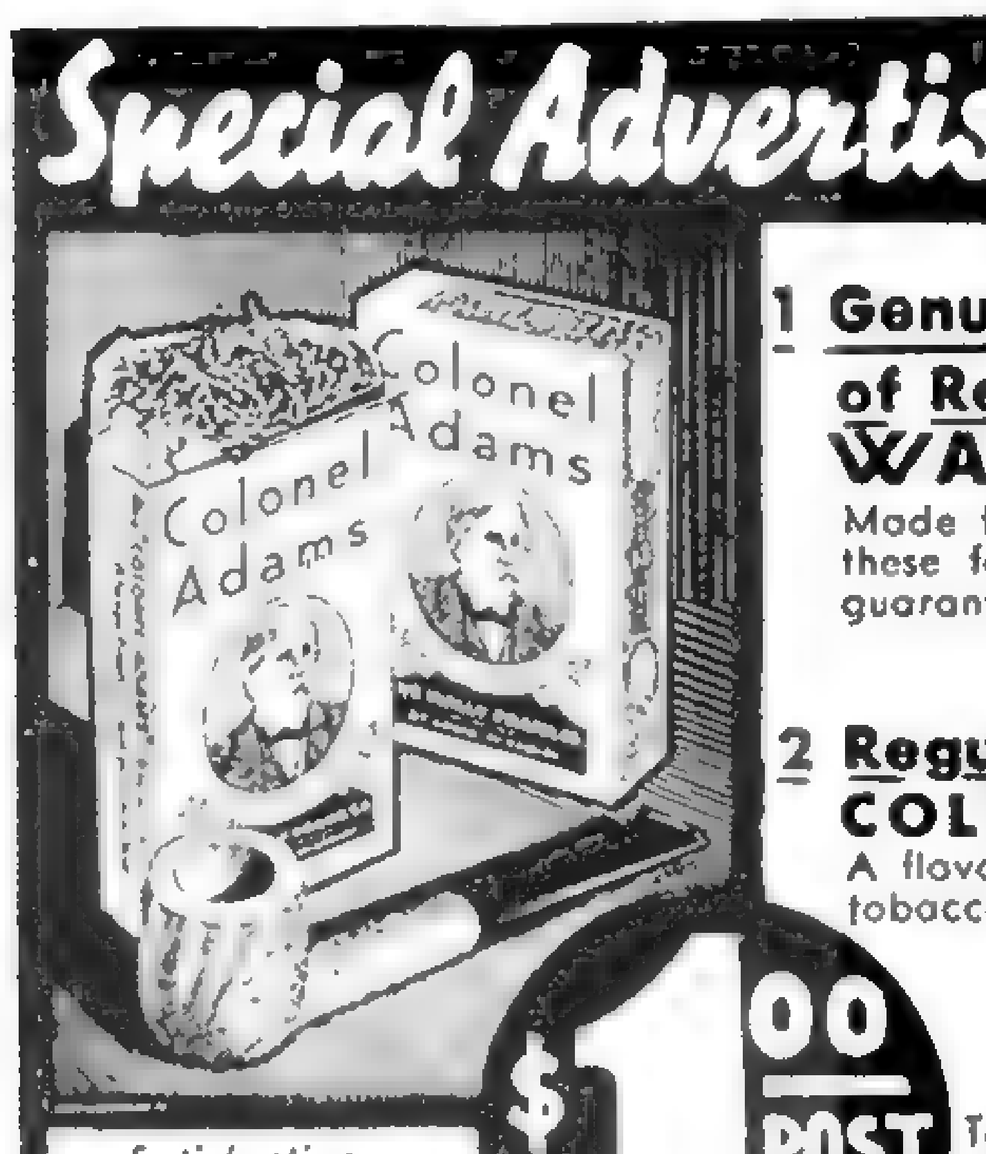

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Portrait of a Worm Fisherman

Continued from pages 48-205

suddenly as if it had sprung from the earth. The club members grouped themselves on one side and the natives on the other, both factions staring in solemn anticipation as Ned's oxen thundered up the driveway. The day was cloudless but he had covered his beams with patchwork quilts in protection even from the June sunlight. Looking tired and haggard, he began to unfasten the wrappings while the crowd waited with the hushed air of people watching for the unveiling of a statue.

As he threw off the last quilt and stood aside with dramatic calm, I glanced first at the faces of his audience. Uncle Johnny Caldwell uttered a squeak of astonishment and his eyes protruded so far that another "stroke" seemed imminent. Mrs. Brantome, of the Committee on Remodeling, appeared equally agitated but in quite another direction—she gasped, turned pale and shuddered from the very depths of her aesthetic and antiquarian soul.

The reason was apparent when I looked at the beams. For they had been finished with such perfection that any hint of a "dimpled and hand-hewn" effect was entirely eliminated. Each one had been hollowed out into a thin shell through which the sunlight glowed with rosy splendor; and only a microscope could have detected the adze-marks on a surface as smooth and polished as a plate-glass window.

"Goddamighty!" croaked Uncle Johnny at last; and then in an awed, quavering voice he paid the highest tribute of a century's criticism, "Why, you'd swear it'd been done by *machine*." ⌗

If You Must Get Married

Continued from page 109

civil or ecclesiastical. The one your correspondent is familiar with, was between Americans on French soil, so it combined the best features of each.

One of the parties to the contract having got his feet wet before, it fell into the civil class. There was great to-do about marching down to the City Hall and having the knot tied by the mayor, in person. This being a small town outside of Paris, the old custom had been followed of electing the best-liked peasant to the office. He was a nice old duffer with white whiskers and a good round stomach. He had been fitted out with an old dress suit, at high noon, and across his chest there blazoned the tri-color ribbon. But the difficulty was that he could neither read nor write so the local school teacher stood behind him and intoned the ceremony, after which, the Mayor repeated the well-worn slogans.

There was some delay as the groom had come in a blue serge coat and grey flannels and wore no hat. One of the guests, being French, was fully attired in white tie and tails and there was a considerable movement on foot, from the populace who crowded the square and looked through the windows, to substitute the guest for the groom. He was a much happier choice, they felt sure. But this suggestion from the Right was vetoed by the groom who had come a long way for his bride.

All the customs having been fulfilled, the party walked through the village down to their little house on the river. The place had once been a nunnery and was now a sort of artist's studio. On the long refectory table was one of those buffet lunches that only the French can prepare. I remember vividly strawberries as large as our blue plums, set in cotton and eaten off the stem after being dipped in sugar and kirsch. The local residents preferred the wines to the champagne, for some reason. The American guests, led by your correspondent, did very well by a strawberry *boule*. As I remember the directions given me by the hostess the bowl required a basket of fresh strawberries for each dozen guests and four bottles of Anjou Monople. The berries had been laid down the day before in sugar and a small amount of cognac. The Anjou was cooled in the brook and added just before drinking. I have tried variations of this and find most any light white wine will do and most any fruit. A better effect can always be obtained by letting the base stand over night.

The one advantage of bowls over straight champagne is the matter of economy. If you have enough butlers and enough shekels there is no sense in bothering about recipes. One of the standard punches for weddings, made on the basis of twelve as a unit, is as follows:

Take four fresh pineapples and put them in the bowl. Cover with sugar then pour in one bottle of good rum and one bottle of cognac. Add a jigger of Curacao and the juice of six lemons. When ready to serve pour in six bottles of champagne slowly so as not to lose the fizz. You can floss this up with sliced oranges or other fruit but these usually get in the way of the serious guest.

The Lafayette, or "Here We Come" punch is a good idea for small weddings. If you are affluent use straight champagne iced and poured over sliced oranges. If not so prosperous, use half champagne and the other half a good white wine. If the party is so small that the guests can observe you doing it, you will be driven to the ordinary champagne cocktail. For this you use a lump of sugar, a piece of lemon rind and a few drops of bitters on the

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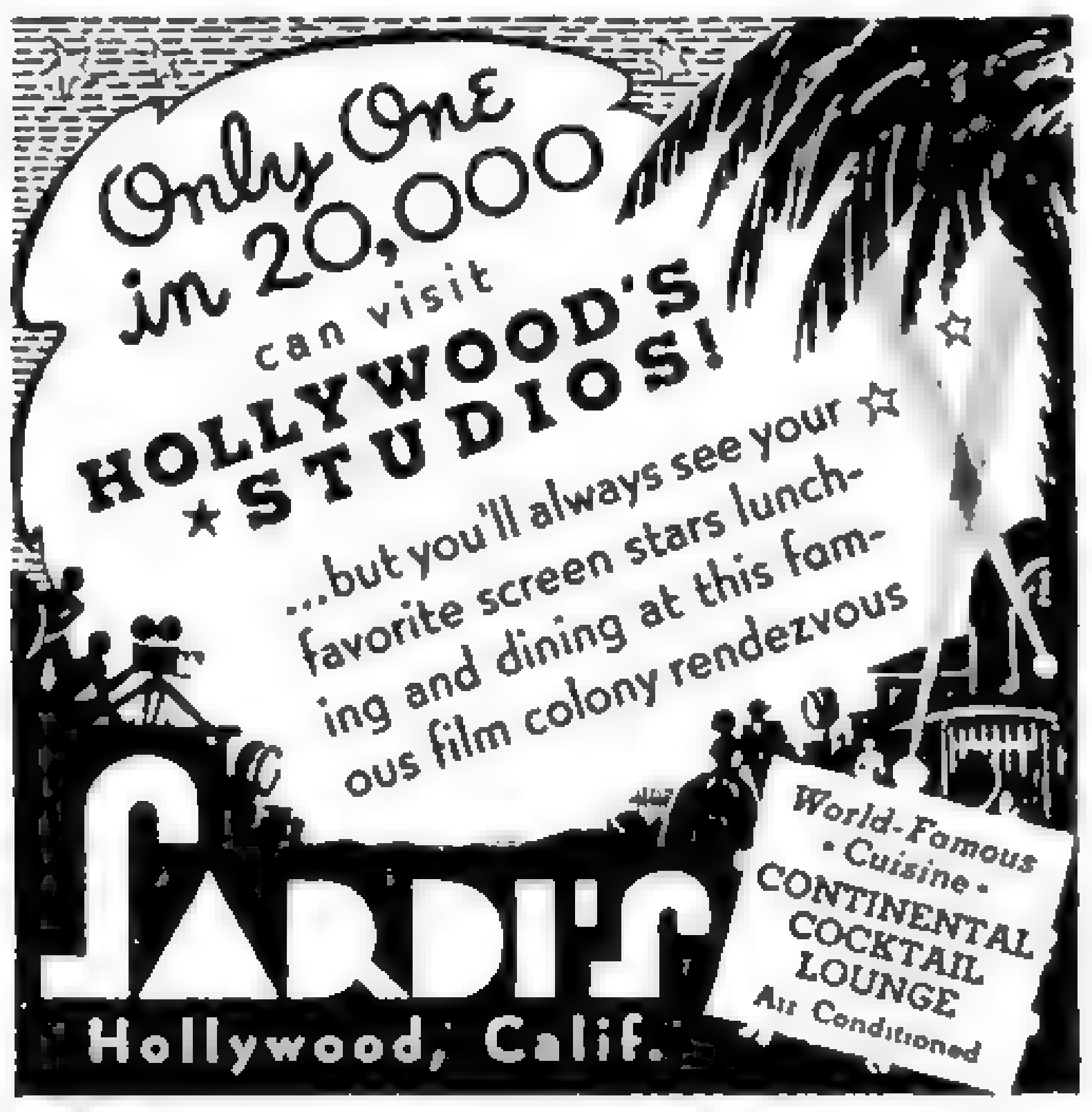
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sugar. Pour directly from the bottle into the glass containing the other ingredients.

We glimpsed a wedding or two winding down the dirt roads of Bavaria. Unfortunately we were not asked to participate. I would like to have tried the sponge cake and lager that preceded the ceremony and have dwelt long with the Piesporter that flowed freely as the bride's tears. The latter, you might as well know in case you contemplate a German bride, is one of the essential customs of the native wedding. The bride cries all the way to the house of her new lord because it is the legend that if she cries herself out before, she will shed no tears within her husband's house. Of course we all believe that.

There was another native wedding that I will always kick myself for missing. It was among those miraculous fields where the crops grow in long stripes like Roman ribbons, outside of Budapest. But I was intent on hurrying to some darned show that I could have seen a year later in Henry Miller's Theatre. There was a gypsy band and following all the folk for miles around, from grandpa to toddlers. Every now and then the procession would stop and the party would go into its dance, a sort of *czardas*, around the laughing bride and groom. The bride wore on her head a wreath of field flowers, red and blue and yellow, and as they danced around her the swains kissed the bride. They were trying to make her lose her wreath. But, dear readers, don't ask me what that signifies. I can't go into any of the ethnological stuff in a family magazine. Let's stick to the safe and sane customs which mean just what they mean.

For if I could tell you I'd like to speak a word or two of warning. For instance, don't ever marry an Eskimo. True, you don't have to do any courting and when you see a girl with five or six healthy offspring you are entitled to take her by her hair and drag her to your igloo. But her men folks are apt to come around, demanding her back; and too, there is absolutely no drinking following an Arctic wedding. She's lucky to get a bit of blubber or a gum drop.

Havelock Ellis, Frazer and a dozen others who have given their lives trying to find out why men marry, never have come to any conclusion satisfactory to this correspondent. They have got it down to a category of three: marriage by Capture, Purchase or Fascination. But even if you push the end valve down it comes out here. So be content to know what to drink on the occasion and don't bother to find out why it happened. Or you might learn that the ring is a symbol of the fetter that binds the chattel bride, the honeymoon a symbol of escape from the parents who haven't been paid, and the old shoes and rice, symbols of missiles that the cheated parents throw after you. And I wouldn't want to tell you about the way the tribal grooms have to chase their brides through the bush, after they've married them. That's known as the "pretense of unwillingness" and I do not believe you would be able to believe that.

But one thing you should know, and that is that of all the marrying nations, Norway seems to be the most civilized. They don't think about it much over there until the children are grown and out working and there is nothing to do on the long winter evenings. (They don't even have to be your children.) And when some friendly neighbors do decide to have a wedding, the element of feigned surprise is missing. There's no pretense, either of escape or shy courtship. The affair can be given over to serious celebration. The employee in Norway doesn't have to make any excuses about his grandmother's funeral to the boss. He just goes in and says: "There's to be a wedding down the street and I want to get drunk tonight. Don't look for me for three days." The couple go to the church and then home to a snack of hams, fowls and seventeen kinds of cheese and thirty-eight kinds of fish. You start with Aquavit, move down through champagne and the third day devote your time to Caloric or Swedish punch. There should be a Tin-Pan Alley song in there someplace: "Norway is my way, When at last it's wedding time."

Our own dear Southland, rich in customs, may make a gesture toward champagne "for the ladies," as they say, but no wedding would be complete below the Mason and Dixon line without the regiment of juleps. The best ones I have ever tasted were made with considerable ritual and I have concluded after sampling some at bars, that there is some sense back of the ritual. You first crush a lump of sugar and some sprigs of mint in a tall glass, then fill the tumbler with chipped ice and put the glass in a basin holding plenty of cracked ice. When the tumbler has been completely frosted from top to bottom, pour in the Bourbon slowly. Then add more mint leaves at the top.

There is a Broadway punch that is not so bad when you consider the provocation. The young man who served it had been acting in a play and so didn't have any money. But he felt he must have his friends of the press and the cast up to the knotting. Someone put a note on the bulletin board and the entire cast and ensemble made its appearance. So the host changed his idea about the liquid refreshments and concocted what he called a "Chiseler's Delight." He poured a few quarts of gin into a bowl with a piece of ice, added three times as much dry ginger ale, a few sliced oranges, a noggin of rum and then blew the whole thing up with a bicycle pump. The guests, products of the speak-easy era, all thought it was excellent champagne. ♯

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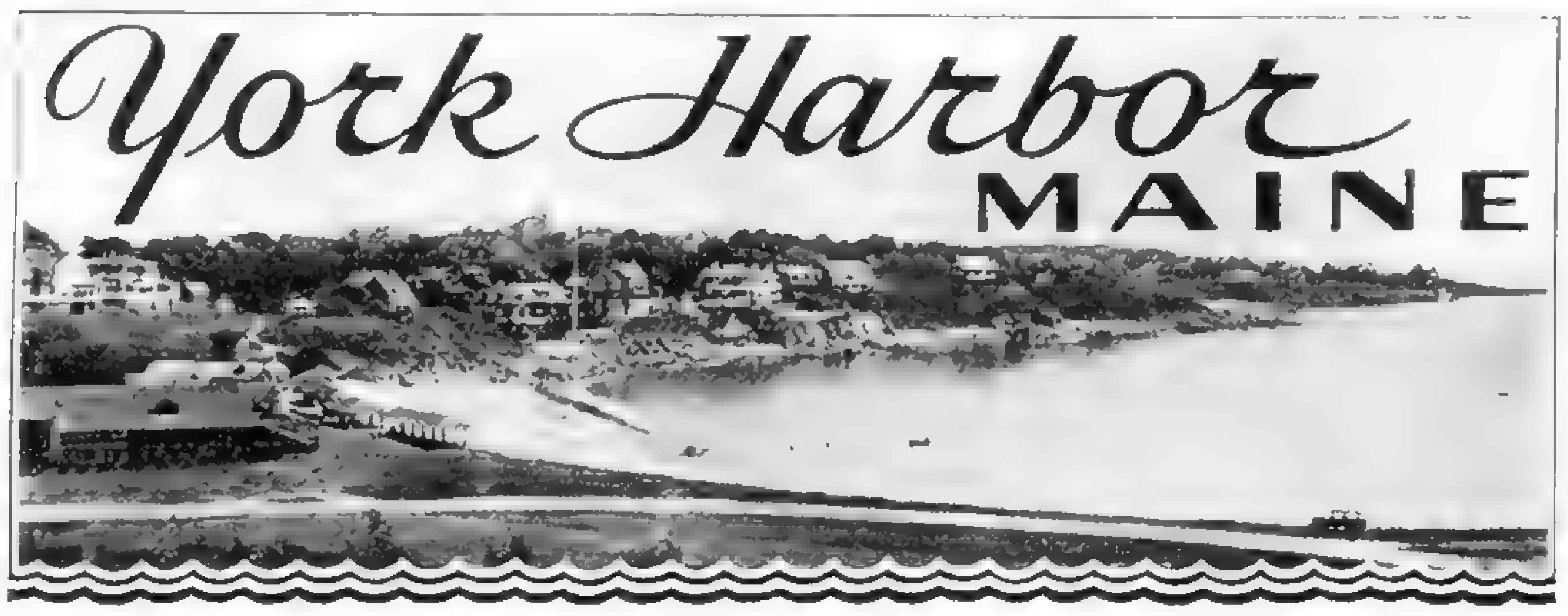

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Buckshot and Beauty

Continued from page 89

fashion for a few yards and later I developed a fearsome overhead stroke which it pleased me to call the Australian sidestroke (I had learned to read by that time). Or riding. Properly lifted, I could sit on a horse which stood still or walked; but if a horse chose to trot, I did not choose to run. I slipped off, as gracefully as possible. They were all farm horses, and I would not add to their burdens. Or skating. We went to a flooded cranberry field—a bog, as we called it.

One of my pleasantest memories is seeing stars, actually seeing them. (An artist has the capacity of seeing the commonplace in a new light.) My skates were, in the first instance, those humiliating childish things with straps; when I got real skates, they were "to grow on," protruding two and a half inches beyond the toe. Over those inches, I went. When the stars faded, I made out the rich red cranberries far below the thick transparent ice. When I got home, I wrote like fury.

My progress as a writer was, however, retarded at this point because I learned to row and to ride a bicycle, and these remain among my major accomplishments to this day. I got low marks in English composition that year and thought seriously of going up to Philadelphia and studying to be a motorman on the streetcar line to Willow Grove. The ice-boat saved me and restored me to my proper path in life.

The ice-boat was, I suspect, an idea of my brother's, who was a good swimmer and a good skater—and rapidly losing ground as a writer. No one we had ever heard of had built an ice-boat; the whole thing came out of one of those disillusioning books for boys which tell you how to make everything with a hammer, a chisel, and a couple of nails. We had the instruments and we collected the boards and for a long summer and the better part of one autumn, we hewed and hacked at the runners; we knew that everything depended on the runners.

As soon as my brother got one smooth and ready for nailing to the deck, which didn't exist, I would start to improve it—and every night I would sit by the flickering light of the kerosene lamp and write poems about the wonders of nature. (An artist seeks compensation for the hardness of life in the contemplation of the eternal beauties of the heavens.)

I assisted, if I may use the word, in the building of many other things: rabbit hutches, dog kennels, express wagons, just as I assisted my brother in transferring his stamp collection from albums to filing cards and back to albums again.

How easily these achievements run off the typewriter; how arduously they actually trained me to be a writer.

They represent hundreds of boards which would not true, thousands of nails which either bent under the hammer or suddenly projected half an inch outside (or more often inside) a box or wall, and screws beyond counting which stopped dead half way in, refusing to come out, repelling all efforts to hammer them down.

I do not speak of mashed thumbs and gashed toes: an artist suffers more in spirit than in the body. By the time I was twelve, and off to the big city, I was a completely developed writer.

This was rather fortunate for me, because city life offers so few opportunities for the creative spirit. You press a button—that, I submit, is not inspiring. The powerful artistic impulse is up against nothing; it spends its force like a blow in the air. Everything is arranged to make life too easy.

My original triumphs, however, carried me on and when I had won twenty dollars, as second prize, in a contest, and had to make a living, I became a professional writer. The talent lasted a little while, but I was soon displeased with my writings, editors agreed, and things would have gone badly for me if I hadn't, by great good luck, reverted to my earlier experience. I went to live for a summer on an island in the Adirondacks and it was my duty to work a pump which supplied water to the house. It was in the dark, oil-stained, gas-smelling engine-room over the water that my style was formed; it was there, in fact, that I composed the only book of mine which I can read a second time without a profound distaste. (I should add that reading it a second time puts me one up over three hundred individuals who bought the book and tried to read it once, and a hundred million others who have never heard of it.)

I am aware of the fact that an engine of that kind is the simplest in the world and that several hundred thousand people must have run similar engines without travail.

That is why they are not writers. To me it was monstrous. Like Cerberus it had three heads, none of which meant anything to me except disaster: one was a group of batteries (what for?); one had two mouths for oil and gas; and the third was an enormous wheel which had to be turned by hand until it chose to turn itself. You took an iron handle, slipped it over the hub of the wheel, and turned. One of two things happened: the wheel turned as long as you did and then stopped, or it kicked back. One of the deliberately malicious things about the mechanism was that you had to slip the handle

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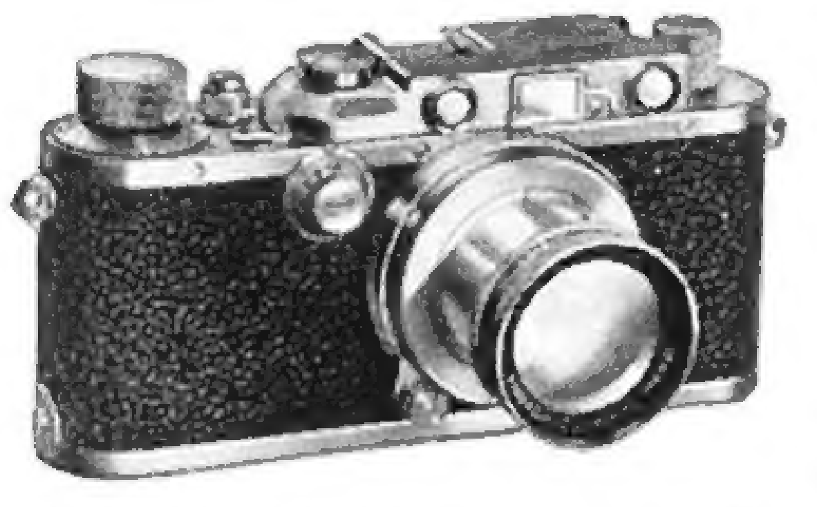

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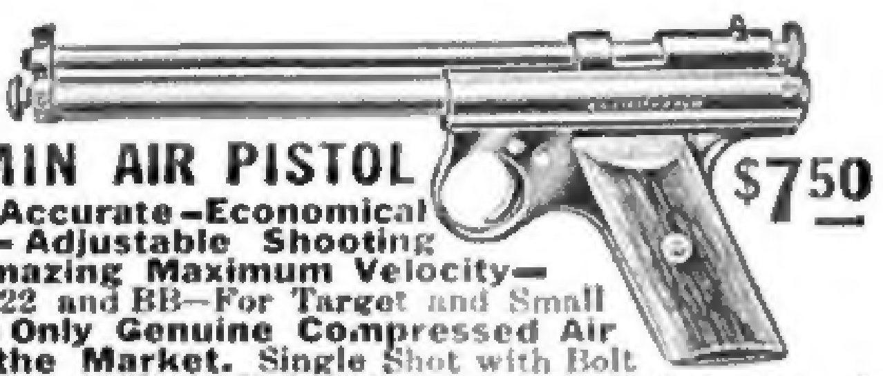

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off before the engine threw it in your face for you. Yet you had to keep the handle on until the engine was ready to move. (That is where I learned to be accurate, delicate, and certain; my timing, in prose style, improved enormously.)

One day, incredible as it may sound, the wheel reared back and split the iron handle in two. That was the day I wrote my chapter, still admirable in my eyes, on Jonathan Edwards. On another occasion, the wheel turned, the engine puffed, but no water came; it was the next week that I sold my first article to *The Saturday Evening Post*.

But in general, I stood and cranked for an hour or so, until an Adirondack guide came by in a rowboat, and I turned the business over to him. (*Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen*, says Heine, *mach ich die kleine Lieder*, or, in my own case, out of disasters with water pumps, I fashion my lovely lyrics.)

To get to this island, a boat of some sort was needed, and at first my old prowess at rowing was roused; it might have interfered with my work, so I bought a boat and an outboard engine. The boat was the shortest and the roundest boat seen since young Hawkins put off in the cockleshell of the *Hispaniola* in *Treasure Island*.

The man who sold it to me thought it looked like a dory, but my own opinion is that it was made for the South Sea trade, where natives ply boats which look like washtubs.

The putt-putt, however, was the salvation of that year's literary output for me. It was one of those into which you put a mixture of gas and oil and start with a piece of clothesline.

(I suspect there was a battery, too; but my experience with anything electrical is still at the stage of lighting a lamp and I am none too good at that—the fuses, whatever they are, constantly blow out.)

It was a remarkable thing about that outboard, that it always started beautifully when we left either our dock or the dock at the village; and refused to start if we ever shut it down out of sight of expert assistance.

Of course, it stopped often of its own accord, in midstream, and then, as the oars were usually forgotten, the deadly rope would get in its work.

For a good grip, the rope must pass between the third and fourth fingers—between them, not into them, as mine did. In the deserted reaches of the river, under a good hot sun, I spent many hours giving the engine a spin; and after the ninth spin each turn sank the rope deeper into my flesh.

There was an excursion boat which made one trip a day, nearly every day. On lucky days, we were towed home.

My chapters on revivalism in America and on John Humphrey Noyes are mute, but eloquent testimony to the power of that putt-putt.

It surprises me that with all this I did not become a poet. I did, in all frankness, note a slight tendency in that direction and, a few years ago, after an acute bout of trouble with a radio (on A and B batteries) and a furnace (whose pipes opened and sent jets of hot water right into the burning coals) I got as far as being a dramatist. But after living several years in New York, the creative impulse is definitely waning.

I still get a galvanic shock of inspiration when window-shades on which I have labored stay either up or down, but admit no golden mean or when I take a hammer and hit a pipe supposed to be lead (that stops the spurt of water till the plumber comes) and the whole pipe buckles under the blow.

With a book to write, I determined this year to go rustic again, to mortify the flesh with Aladdin lamps, open fireplaces, a coal range, and the other sources of inspiration on which I could count. Unfortunately for me, we had to get to the country and on the way a disaster has befallen me. This is, in a sense, a swan song, for I shall write no more—at least not for a long time.

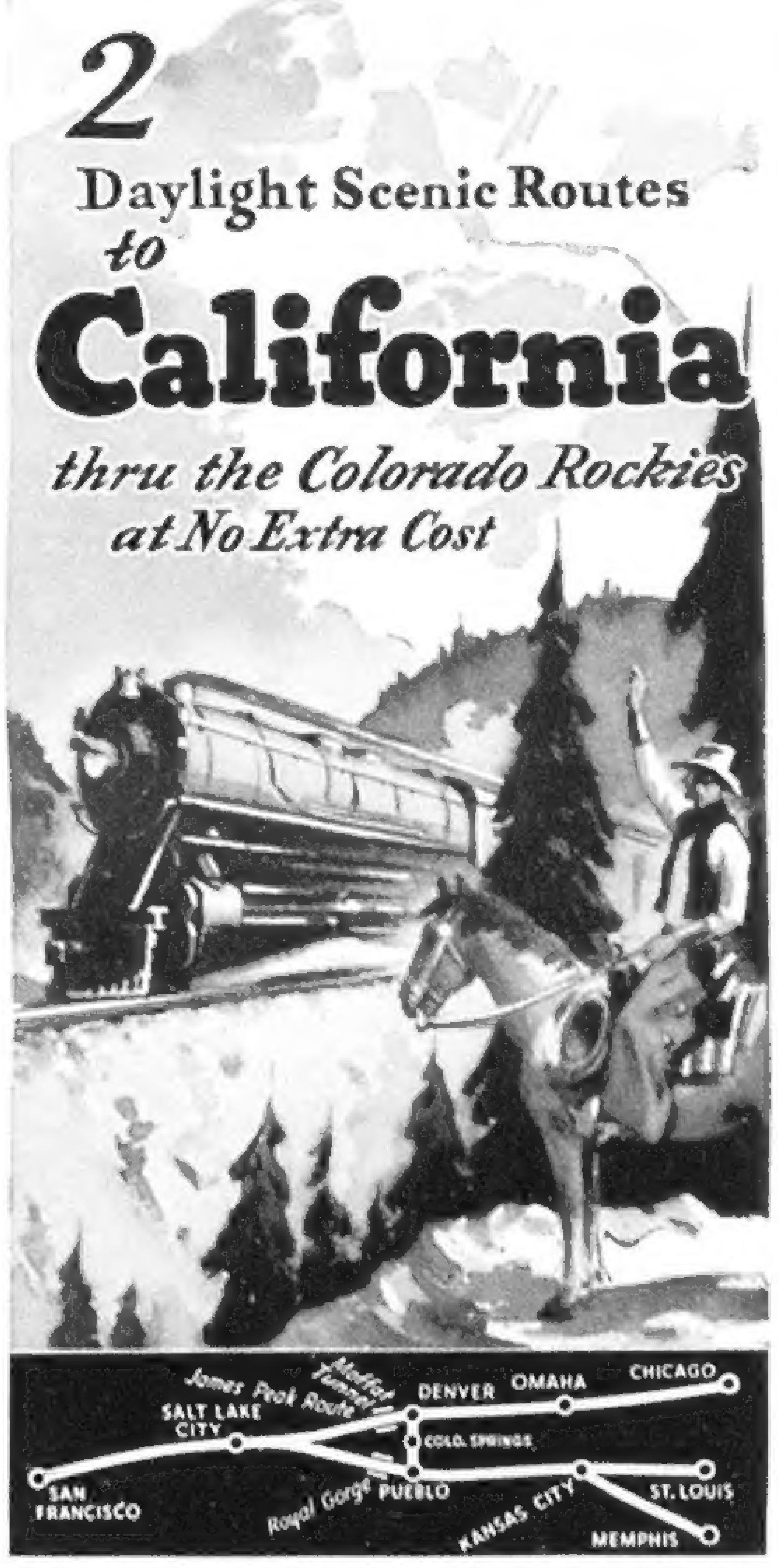
I have learned to drive a motorcar. A sense of serene triumph suffuses my soul; I can do what only twenty million other Americans can do; I can go into second up or down steep hills without stalling; I don't back very well and if I do back, I never turn the wheels the right way, but for all practical purposes, I can drive a car. Set it on a straight and not too frequented highway, and I am off, slowly at first, but rising to a respectable thirty-five miles an hour at times; taking a profound pleasure in the fact that the car does not leave the road.

There was a moment when my tendency to go into gutters when meeting another car (give 'em room, I say) made me think I could get down to work with full inspiration; but the other day I overtook and passed two cars in succession, not speeding, you understand, but in the normal way of driving. My career as a writer is finished.

It is clear that my writing is, essentially, a form of revenge; I am avenging myself, through my creation of beauty (the artist deals in beauty), for the callousness and brutality which life has visited upon me.

Fiction, essays, history, drama—they are all my substitutes for what I really wanted to do, they make up for my misfortunes with those rifles, for my disasters with pumps, my humiliations at the hands of tools and mechanisms.

Lots of writers are like me. I am sure. And there must be a few bricklayers who are avenging themselves, as they lay bricks, for their incapacity to a use typewriter. ⌗



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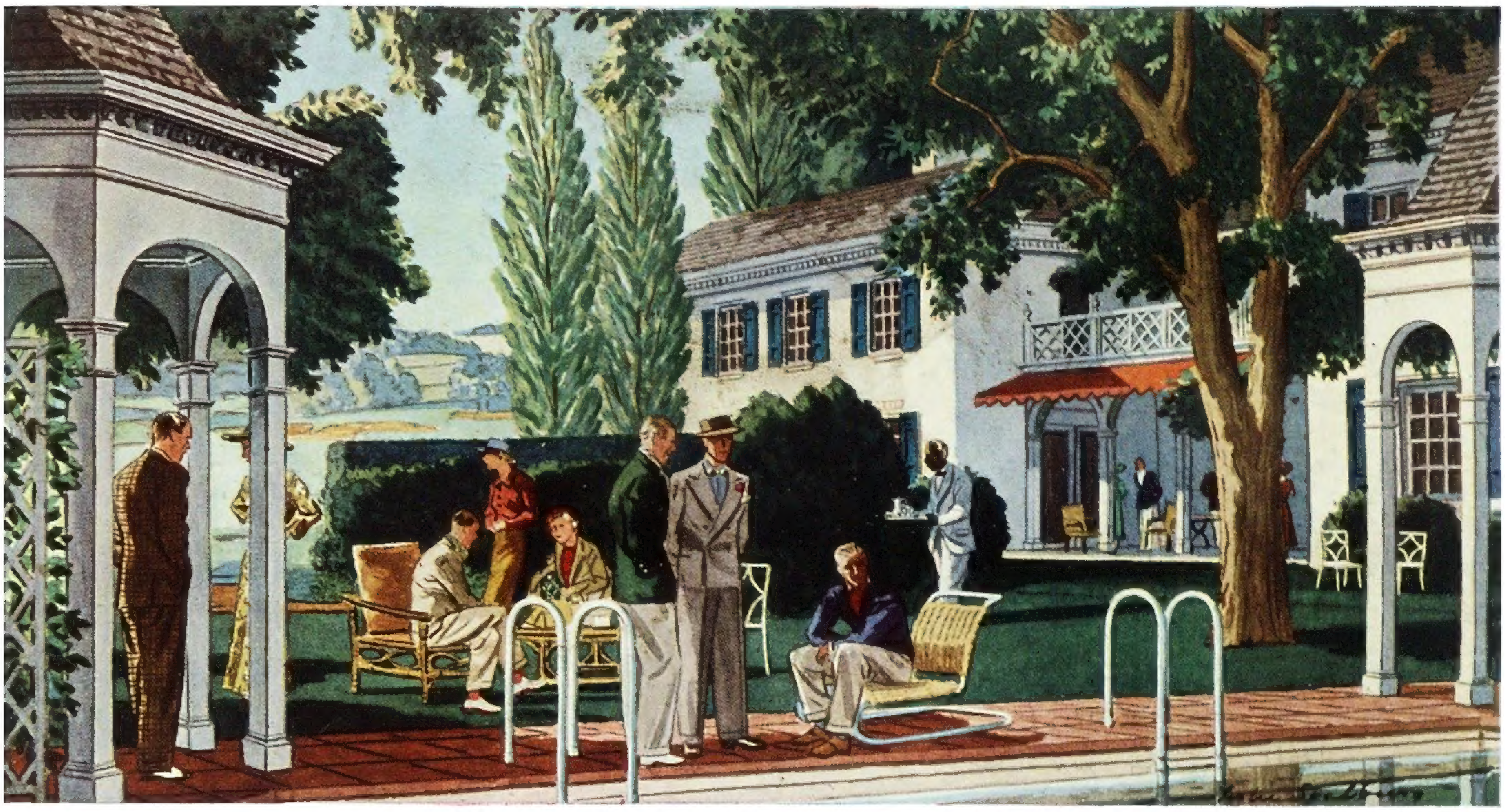

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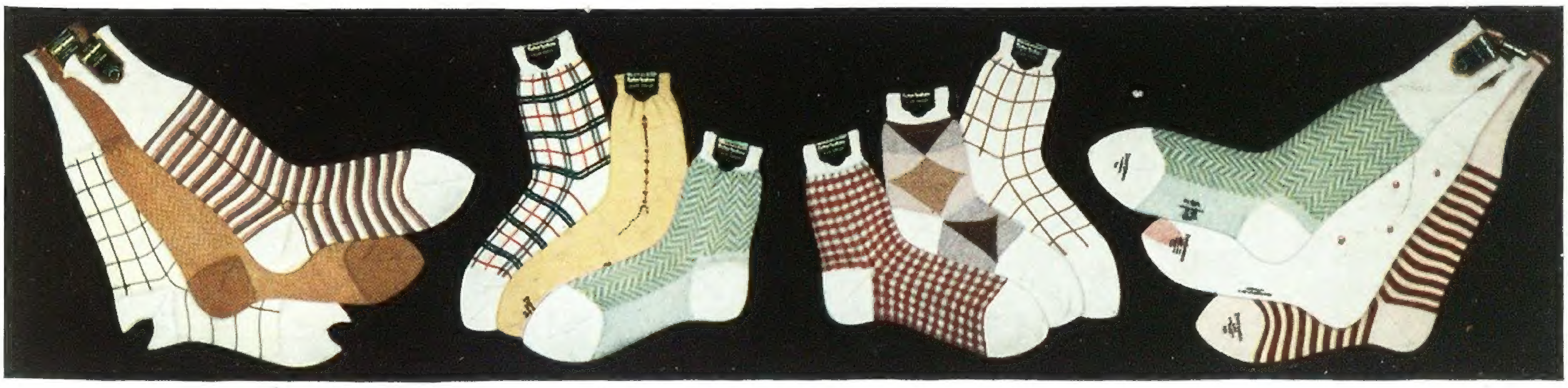

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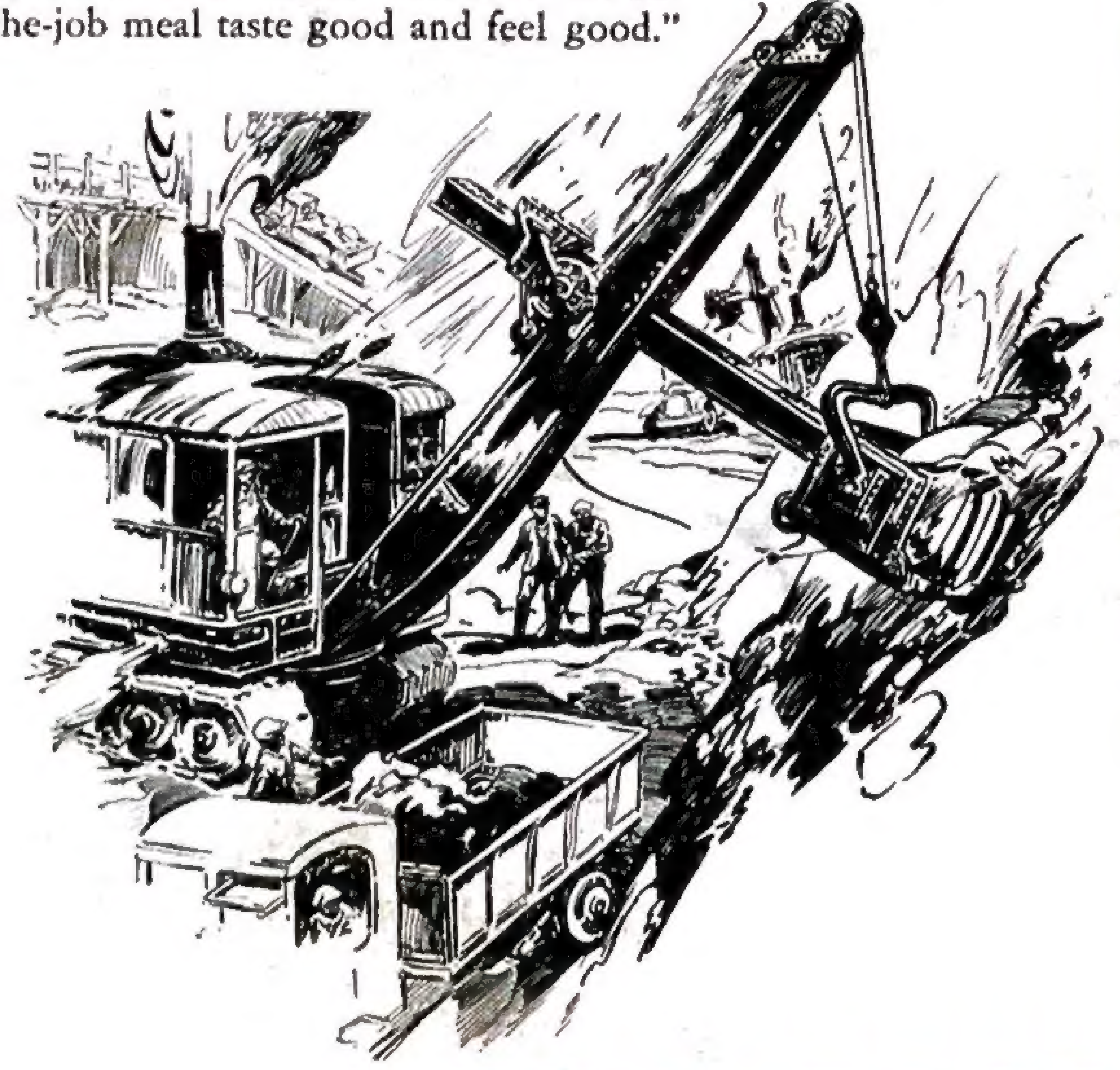

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